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ISSUE 24

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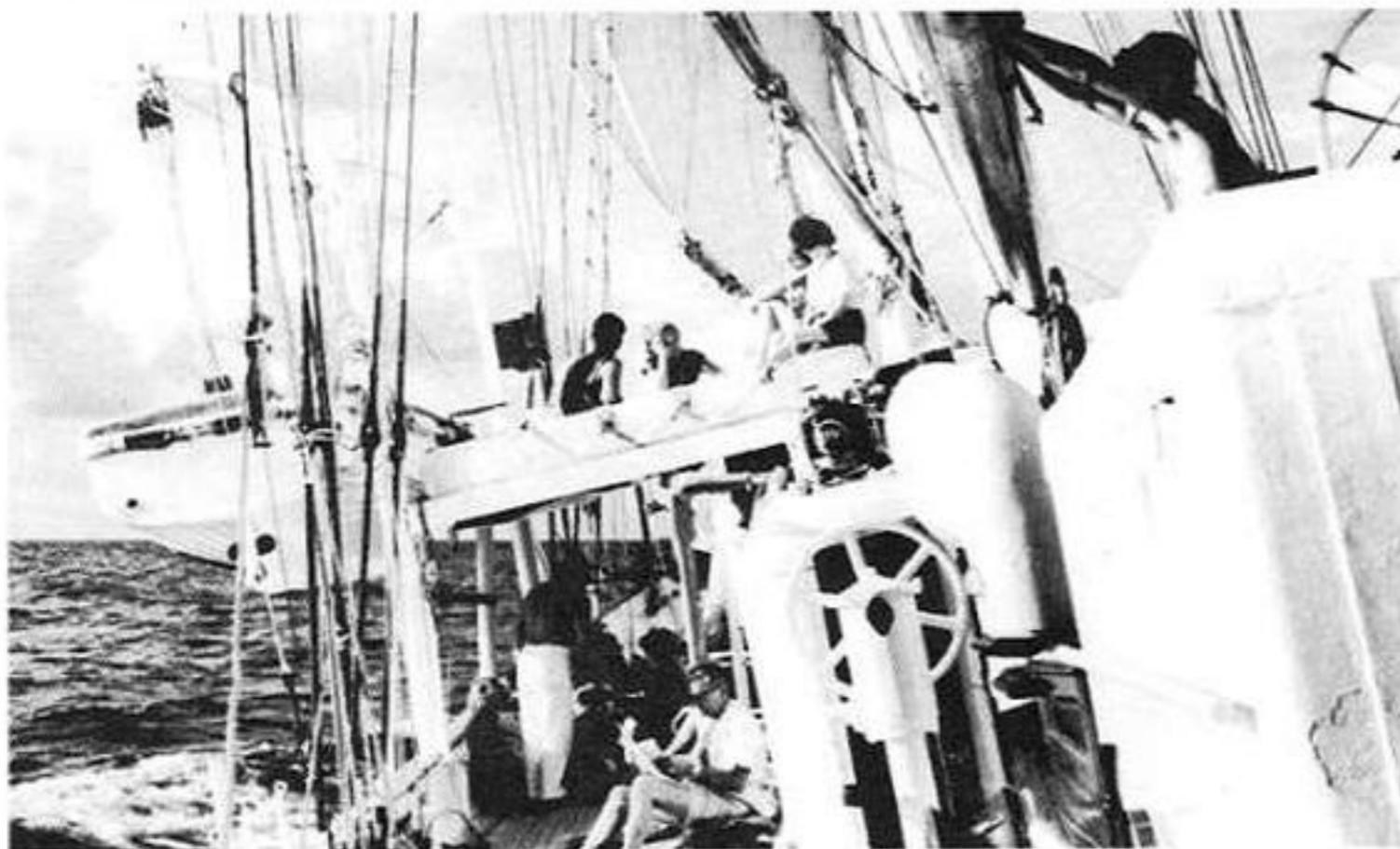
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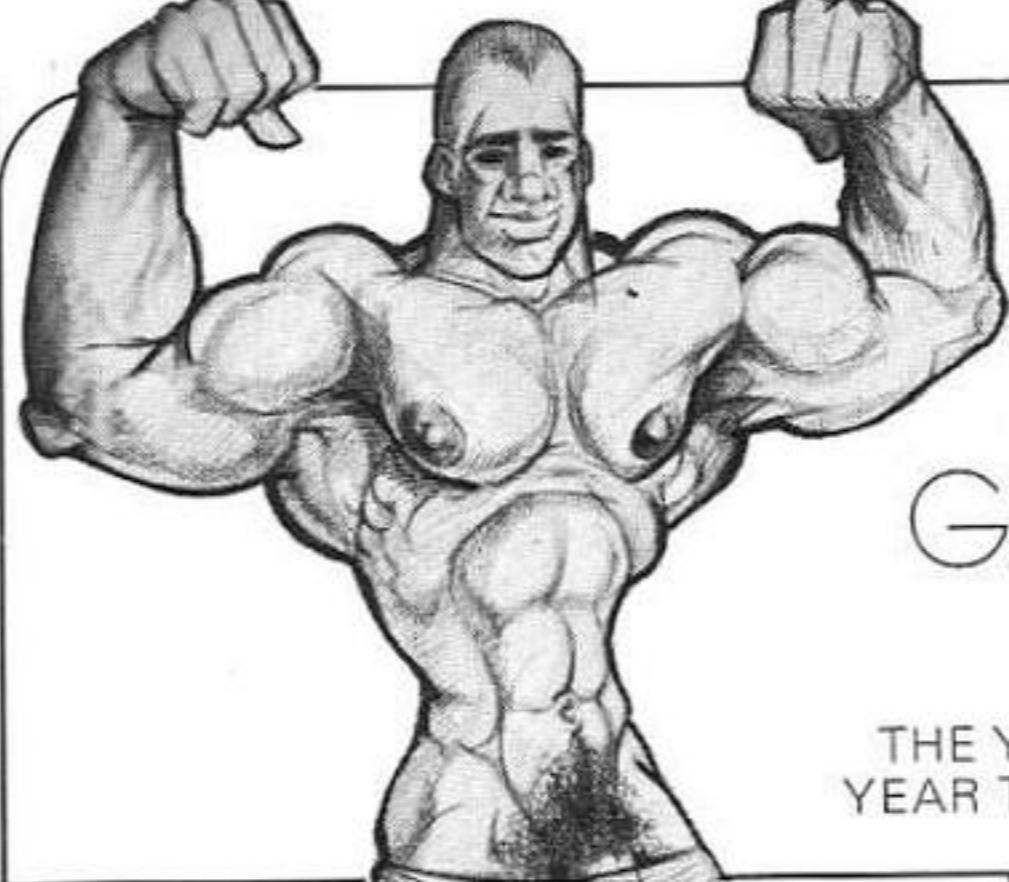
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coming up:

DRUMMER

GALA YEAR ISSUE

THE YEAR THAT WAS AND THE
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Flash Gordon should have had it so good!



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IS BACK FOR MORE WITH

THE BATTERED LEX BARKER

BOUND, TORTURED, SACRIFICED, USED,
THE MOVIES' TARZAN EARNED EVERY
BUCK HE EVER MADE!

DRUMMER'S THIRD ANNIVERSARY PARTY

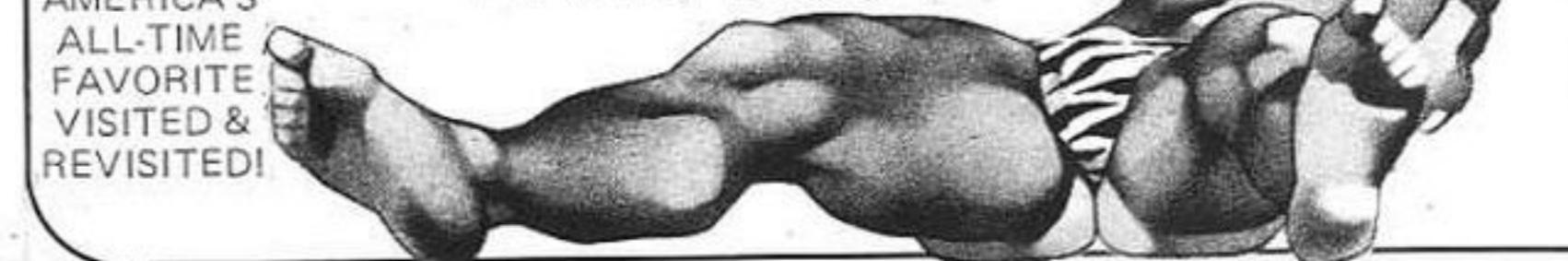


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VISITED &
REVISITED!



DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 3



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

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DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JACK FRITSCHER

ART DIRECTOR AL SHAPIRO

ADVERTISING MANAGER BILL CUSHING

CIRCULATION MANAGER CHRISTOPHER NOBEL

REVIEWERS ED FRANKLIN, JIM KEPNER, RUSS MALLOY,

LEE ALBERT, PHIL ANDROS,

TOBY BAILEY, G.B. MISA, ORLANDO PARIS,

BERNIE PROCK, RALPH MCPHEARSON, JAMES SPADA,

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KURT KREISLER, ARISTIDE LAURENT,

G. CALVIN MAGISTER, SCOTT MASTERS, ROBERT OPEL,

PHOTOGRAPHY MAL BERNSTEIN, ROB CLAYTON,

RÖY DEAN, J&R STUDIOS, RICHARD MOORE,

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GETTING OFF

By Dr. Jack Fritscher

LET US NOW PRAISE FUCKING WITH AUTHENTIC MEN. Authentic-fucking is an endangered sport. Good as Gay Lib is, the total gay lifestyle as it has been commercialized means that gay men basically screw around only with other gay men. Gone are the pre-Lib days when a gay guy adventured out to find a straight male to ball with. The gay lifestyle has been merchandised into a ghetto lifestyle.

Faggots fucking with faggots is the ultimate narcissism.

To feel comfortable only with gay men reveals something if not insecure or underdeveloped, then at least lazy, in a man's self-image and social-sexual awareness.

Narcissus, after all, finally drowned in the piss of his own reflection.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT JUICE

The romance of anything is that it is not available just anytime you whistle. *Gone with the Wind* will no longer be romantic when we can rerun it nightly on our Betamax. Gone is the romance that once was divine. Janis Joplin was a drug romantic because we all knew she was singing so hard on Southern Comfort that her voice couldn't have lasted another five years. Chicken, precisely because it ages into beef and can't last, is romantic. So is James Dean. Anything, anyone, out of reach creates in us a romantic wanting.

WANNA FUCK?

Gays, older gays tell me, used to be more romantic before liberation freed us to the frank upfront, "Wanna fuck?" When we were still black leather outlaws, in Authentic Leathers Bought Piecemeal in Authentic Motorcycle Shops, we were disguised and a man had to sort out in a oh-so straight bar who was available. Now Liberation Leathers are conveniently overpriced in the back of any bar so any freespending leather-drag queen can announce him/her/itself as, "Heeeeere's TANDY LEATHERS!"

PECS & ASS EVERYWHERE!

Whatever happened to the romance of the hunt? Today pees and ass are franchised. A man can get laid going down his porch stairs to the mailbox. Gone is the cruising that once kept you guessing, hoping, fantasizing. Gay Sex '78 has sold out the fast and easy way. Gulp your choice of Big Macs.

LIAISONS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM?

Drag queens and Leather frauds, you should pardon the expression, ought to drop dead. Ever see a guy in new chaps

Continued on page 72

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

PEN-PALS WANTED

I am writing this letter to request a favor. I'll try to be as brief as possible with my request, so as I'll not take up too much of your time.

I'm a bi-sexual male that is confined, and consequently I have lost all contact with the outside world. If you will print my letter, perhaps some of your many reader's will periodically scribble a brief page and send it to me to brighten my gray days.

To briefly elaborate; I am 5'9 1/2", 155 lbs., Black, well-hung 9 1/2" x 2 3/4", big nuts and thus full of cum. Am confined for grand theft, board date is April '79. Prefer sex with gays considerably more than I do with females, love to receive just as much as I do to give.

Prison life is very lonely indeed, especially for one with no mail, visits nor family. I would like to hear from anyone who would like to become friends.

Perhaps somewhere out there, there is someone suffering from loneliness too, and would write to me. Perhaps we could both bring a little cheer into each other's lives.

Someone said once that "Strangers are only friends I haven't met yet." I too feel that way, if you feel the same, please write to me. Will answer all.

Address all letters to: I.L. Trimble
146-742 Box 45699
Lucasville, Ohio 45699

CIGAR SMOKE FROM DRUMMER'S LAMP

Wow — a whole article on "Cigars" in last issue! And I thought I was all by myself in getting off on them. The article was GREAT — in fact, you'd better enter my subscription right away, first class mail.

Greg
Miami, FL

I read and greatly appreciated your article on cigar-smoking. One of the best experiences I've had in the past year was to meet a master who was into cigars. We met at a bar where he was standing in leather pants, engineer boots and motorcycle jacket, smoking a small cigar. When we got back to my place, he lit up another cigar, took a toke, and then gave me a toke; as it got red hot he took the cigar and grabbed my tit and burned it with the tip of the cigar. He did this all evening as the tips of my tits were burnt black. Finally he took the cigar and stubbed it out on one of my tits. The pain was ecstasy.

Incidentally if Bob of Redondo, is ever looking for a slave on the East Coast, his letter about shaving his slave, makes

me want to be a candidate, to be his second slave.

Buzz

A friend of mine sent me the Drummer features on cigars this week and I was really amazed. I've been really high on them ever since.

Cigars smoked by hunky guys have been my main turn on since I was a kid but until this year I didn't know that anyone else felt the same — it's just like discovering the gay scene all over again.

I am 30 years old, goodlooking, just under six feet tall and have a well proportioned body. Mostly I like to be the bottom guy but do sometime enjoy being the topman. I live in my own central London apartment and know the London leather/uniform scene well.

Please can you put me in touch with other guys who really groove on cigars?

If other editions of the Drummer are as fantastic the Drummer must be the best S&M magazine in the world!

All the best from London.

Dennis
London, England

KUDOS

I would like to take this opportunity to say that I look forward to each issue. The articles and pictures are really mind-blowing. Fortunately, there are many humpy guys available to act out fantasies, especially in larger cities. For those in smaller areas or with specific interests, the ads are a great help.

You are tops in your field, I cannot think of any close competitors. Best wishes with many more issues of the same.

E.S.

DEAR SIR: LETTER NO. 1

In reference to Issue 22, "Malecall" as to "Smooth and Naked," (Master) Bob, Redondo, promoted the idea for masters to keep their slaves shaved for a continued relationship, writing from his own experiences; HOWEVER, as a slave, I see where "the hair and the shaving" made (Master) Bob more of the slave . . . his need for a smooth, hairless body, his various containers of hair; "Master's" continuous need for the shaving did not give 100% power over the slave. If a slave can or should say this: I believe, Bob is Master at giving his 6 feet 2 inch slave's "full white ass my stout paddle." Bob masters in the whipping; slave masters in the hair and shaving. I respectfully present these observations and thank you, Sir, for your kind attention.

In reference to Issue 22, "Slave Auc-

tions," at the San Francisco Arena's Wednesday program/*Drummer* goes to the slave auction: As a slave again, may I write an opinion: the text with the pictures was weak for the action; the pictures good, varied but lacking any real follow-up of slaves' punishment themes . . . slaves' promotion, "Sale," not much on an "owner's" reaction/action with the stubborn or less-satisfactory slave he got in a "deal."

Sir, by these above personal responses, I do not wish to offend (Master) Ray, Redondo, and his slave, nor your writer and photographer on the auction coverage. I am a slave whose Master would not respond kindly to the type of criticism as I state above as he thinks — "slaves should be seen and not heard." He would exercise some muscle power and lay his belt across my bare ass a dozen times.

J.
Long Beach

DEAR SIR: LETTER NO. 2

I have frequently read your ad in *DRUMMER* and hesitate as a slave, to continue this letter. I doubt, Sir, if Leather Fraternity members accept excuses — excuses from a Master "yes," with "no," and punishment for excuses if given by a slave. I would like to belong to the organization but have no money . . . for none of your published plans, not even the \$1 for information, much less \$25 or \$50 as outlined in your plans. Sir, you must be saying, "This guy is a cry baby!" I am. I am writing this letter without my Master's permission.

Several weeks ago, I just sat down and typed a letter to you; you did not receive it; my Master saw it lying on the dresser, ready to be mailed; he opened it that morning and tore it to shreds. That evening, about 10 p.m., he sent me to our laundry room; there he ordered me to drop my jeans and jockstrap and bend over; he whipped my bare ass with his wide, leather belt and forced me to cry. I did. He didn't like my writing without permission and didn't like the idea of a "fraternity." He was furious. He made me sleep on the kitchen floor for a week as a follow-up punishment.

But, Sir, that's the way it is. I wouldn't expect from a Levi/Leather/Western any lasting sympathy and more expect, a solid, direct kick in the ass.

Sir, thanks for your patient attention to this slave. Just as apples, there are good slaves and bad slaves, but that's fate and a part of life too.

J.
Long Beach

WET LEVIS

Keep up the good work with *Drummer* magazine. Give us more piss stories, especially with wet levis. The Pissing In The Wind article was great!

Let me know when my subscription expires, please, I don't want to miss an issue.

J.C.
Sarasota, FL

RITUALLY YOURS

Heil Fritscher and his version of *Drummer*! But hey Jack, when are ya going to do an issue or several issues on initiations? I know I am not the only one who's looking forward to this, and maybe that guy from D.C. who's been running that unclassified ad for a while asking for information and stories about initiations will help you. Payne's little hors d'oeuvre, the movie and the booklet, needs to be followed up with a full course meal: stripping, paddling, real shaving, stuffing (garbage, etc. down the throat; olives, cocks, fists, etc. up the ass), exercises till they drop, tubbing, greasing, branding, and anything else you can think of, because if you can think of something, you can rest assured it's been done. What do we have to wait for, reruns of the "Class of '44" or Richie's initiation on "Happy Days?" Why don't you fuck over a few college freshmen, initiate some frat pledges, take a few more men across the Line, and finish up by admitting new members to your favorite MC. And in the process you'll satisfy every fantasy and fetish you can name, giving pain, receiving pain, voyeurism, scat, B&D, WS, and XYZ.

Y.
Philadelphia, PA

CELEBRATING SEX

Fred Halsted's pertinent article in issue 22 prompted these thoughts and this note.

Sex can be fulfilling, exciting, trippy, brutal and/or tender, emotionally rewarding, a great release; it can be enjoyed on many levels while playing various roles, solo or with one or more male and/or female animals. Create a fantasy, plan it, communicate it and play it out to its fullest. Plan another, play another. It can be endless.

But for sex's sake don't stop to evaluate roles. Rule out no trick, no role, no fantasy; it could be your next. Indeed, "It is time to treat ourselves as men simply celebrating sex with men" or women or with whatever turns you on.

If you can dream it up, you can probably work it out. So let's get on with it, enjoy it and leave the labeling to the likes of Anita.

I like those Olaf drawings (fantasies) and wish someone would hire him to design and populate a bath!

R.B.
Savannah, GA

BOUNDED AND DIVIDED

I notice a small change in your masthead with issue 22. Jack Fritscher being Editor-in-Chief; and a very much welcome change in the contents. I have been less than pleased with Drummer's evolution from the Leather Fraternity to America's Mag for the Macho Male. It seems to me that if you are macho you don't need to advertise the fact; and, if you feel the need to advertise it, you aren't. Jack's "Getting Off" struck a responsive chord in my mind. That editorial and *Duty Stations* I hope are re-

flective of a change in your editorial policy.

You might be interested to know that I had Drummer forwarded to me during my tour in Korea. Twice it arrived with envelope torn open completely so that it could be removed and examined. I believe that represents not so much examination as rough handling in the APO. But every issue arrived. I hope the mail clerks got off on those two issues.

I am about to have my Drummers bound (seems appropriate) and find that number 10 is missing. I enclose my draft for \$2.50, please send me a copy if still available. Also I notice a certain amount erraticism in the way your numbers are divided into volumes. Please advise me as to how many issues will be in volume three.

Keep Fred coming. His column is generally the first thing I read. I have not had the opportunity to see his films, but visually and in print he is a fantastic turn-on. Fred, Garrit and Moose (issue 21) gave me a whole week of hot jerk-off scenes. Now do not get the idea I am mostly into j-o. It is just that Fred does not live in Baltimore and jerk-off is better than not-off.

S.
Baltimore, MD

MOTHER LOAD

Just when I think it's safe to go back to the news-stand, another of those fabulous issues of yours appear. The sporadic timing of your publishing is even more of a rush. When I see an issue I haven't gotten my hands on, no matter how much money I have on me, I buy it, knowing full well it's worth its weight in Crisco — Lube — 30 grade or whatever.

Men, you've got one helluva hot mag that certainly plants new fantasies (or helps you live the old one the right way) from head to hand. Boots — cigars — fabulous, but what next? I'll wait if I must!

In the meantime, please rush the enclosed reply to one of those infamous unclassifieds, I think I've struck gold.

With a hand near the crotch and one in the ass I am yours, in heat.

Hot Trash
NY, NY

A DRUMMER MAN

I thought I would let you and men around the world know what happened to me. And how your magazine, *Drummer* helped. A few years ago I was very much into being what some or most people would call a Queen. I was wild, rude, and very immature. In fact I wouldn't even have classified myself as a man. Well now at age 21 I looked around at me and the people around me. I was losing friends, made enemies and I wasn't happy at all. So I wanted a change, no not a change, I wanted to find the real me. So I began soul searching, and one day while looking in the mirror, it hit me. The real me was staring right back at me. Then I began to think "God put me down here, not to be something I'm not but to be what I am. A man." The real me had

Continued on page 69



DRUMMER INSPECTS

THE QUARTERS ACADEMY

This branch is for those men who are capable of participating in uniformed activity on a higher level than ever previously performed outside the military. This branch is reserved for those men who take their uniforms seriously, are willing and able to be trained and drilled according to The Quarters Regulations concerning posture, dress, manner and organization. The Quarters Command Division will operate in a para-military manner for reliability and security. Men in the Uniformed Branch are accepted in any uniform that is complete and authentic. Rank will be controlled only for purposes of authority in The Quarters. **THIS IS NOT A UNIFORM CLUB FOR AN OCCASIONAL UNIFORM FUNCTION.** Apply fully prepared to become a member of a branch of The Quarters that requires its own form of discipline and requires total commitment of its personnel. Enlistees will have the opportunity to join a group of proud, disciplined men who have no tolerance for less than the best every man is required to give in the Academy Branch. There will be a Drill Corps.

THE QUARTERS CONFINES

A highly specialized, complete training for the male slave. This is an authentic training that is only for the serious minded. A strong commitment is required and any enlistee who begins the course **WILL** graduate before being dismissed. The Basic Training Course for the Confinement takes two full days (that's

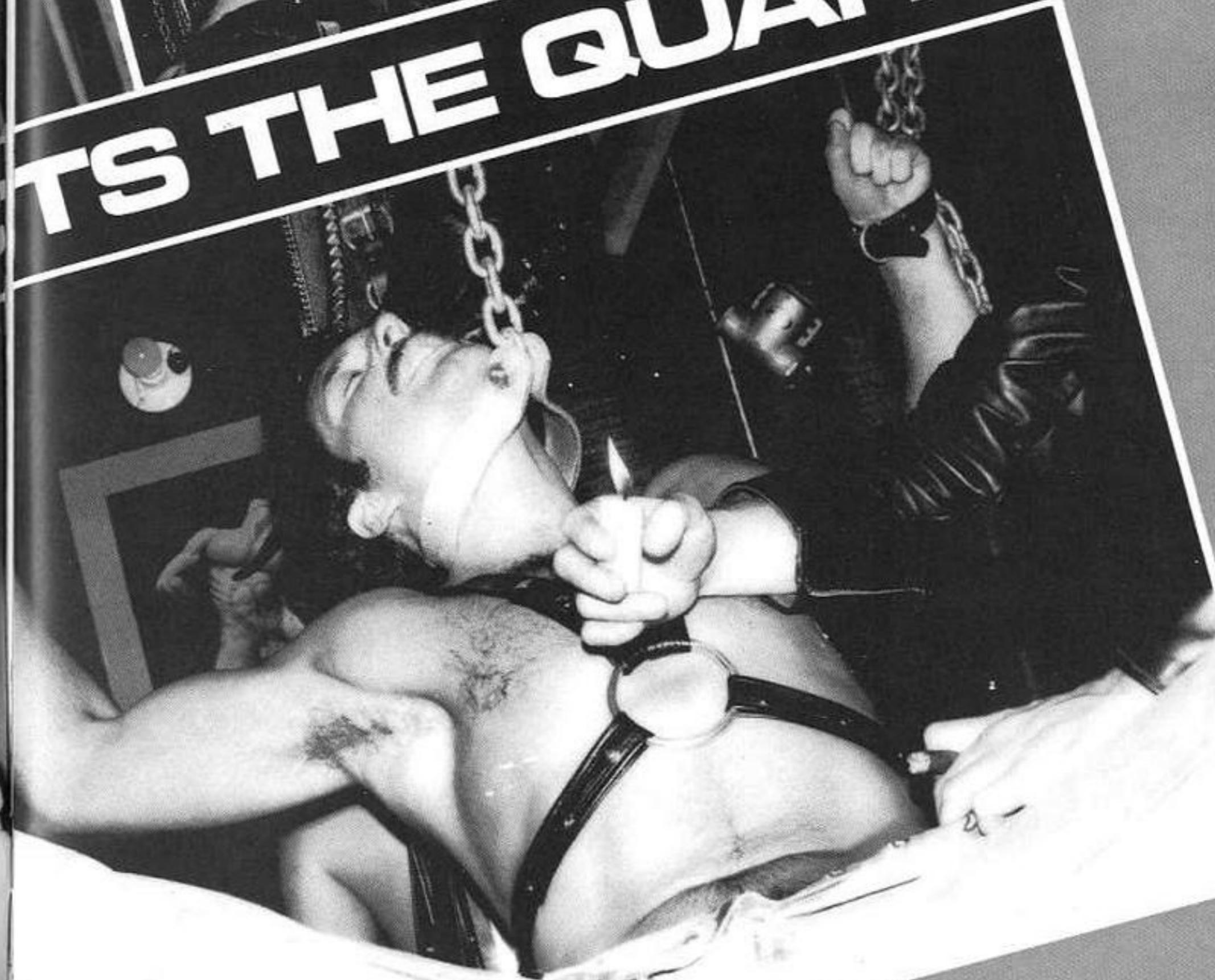
FROM THE DESK OF THE D.I.
PHOTOS BY DAVID SPARROW

PECTS THE QUARTERS



Another HOT Exclusive

PECTS THE QUARTERS





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That The Quarters Might Be Dangerous To Your Health. Proceed At Your Own Risk.

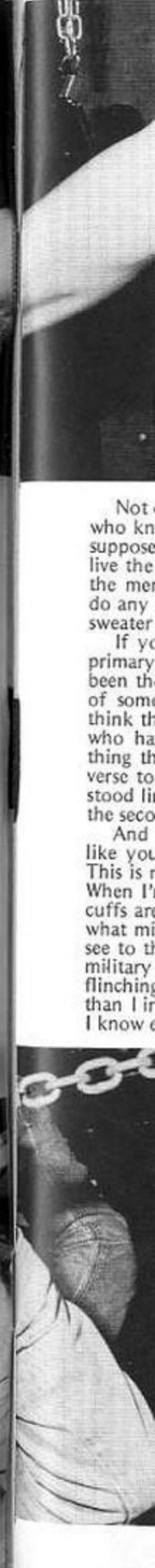
48 hours, asshole) during which time the trainee will be in the complete and total custody of the Drill Instructor in the confines of the Training Quarters Division. There is a fee for this specialized training and the goals of the trainee will be determined prior to the beginning of the training. True Masters may submit their slaves for training and will be entitled to review a full drill of the trained graduate. The D.I.s take pride in their work and only truly qualified personnel will be graduated when the D.I. is totally satisfied with the performance of the trainee. Remember that every enlistee WILL graduate. Penalties are extracted from those who do not conform within the 48 hours. Advanced training courses will be open to dedicated graduates who are pursuing the ultimates in servicing a Master. Arrangements with Masters can be made for the custody of their slave(s) for any period of time necessary for the convenience of the Master.

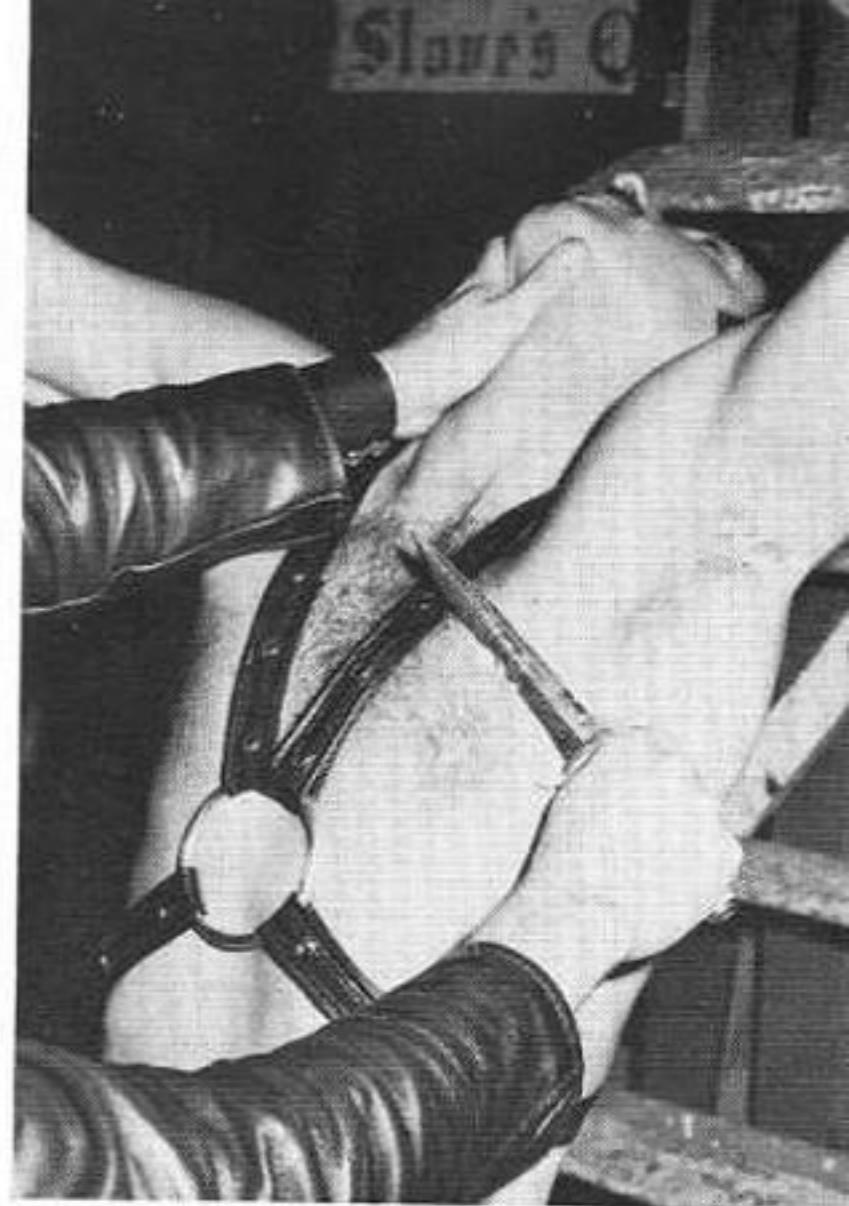
Personnel seeking to gain Master status will be accepted at The Confines Branch only on the approval of Command Division and will be required to prove themselves especially qualified. Master Graduates are eligible for D.I. status and may apply after the period of Post Training Service to The Quarters. Not every enlistee for Master Training will be graduated as a Master. We don't give a shit what YOU think.

THE QUARTERS ELITE

This is the most highly specialized branch of The Quarters. These ranks are made up of personnel who have submitted to Initiation Sessions on the personal recommendation of a D.I. in good standing, or who are Academy Graduates that proved exceptional, or who are the personal slaves to the D.I.s, or who have been accepted in one or more of the specialized divisions that will represent The Quarters in public. The Elite Branch personnel will be those men who can make a worthwhile contribution to the goals and operations of The Quarters. While some of the personnel will serve on a minimum basis, other men will be required to serve totally. The level and degree of service allowed and required will be decided by Command Division.

NO PERSONNEL IN ANY DIVISION OF THE QUARTERS IS EITHER EXEMPT OR QUALIFIED FOR ANY OTHER BRANCH OF THE QUARTERS. APPLICATIONS WILL BE REVIEWED IN THE COMMAND DIVISION AND PERFORMANCE OF ALL PERSONNEL IS CONTINUOUSLY REVIEWED FOR ADVANCEMENT, TRANSFER OR DISMISSAL.





Not every guy in a leather bar is the kind of person who knows what the hell leather is all about. It's not supposed to be a drag outfit for weekends. You either live the lifestyle or you want to or at least know that the men who do don't bullshit around. If you don't do any of those, then why the hell don't you wear a sweater and go to a nice little boy's bar?

If you don't know that acknowledging limits is a primary rule in the B&D scene then you haven't ever been there and you're letting your fear lock you OUT of some of the best chambers. The only ones who think they wouldn't like to be locked IN are the ones who haven't tried it. Almost everybody has something that scares them or that they are strongly adverse to. Trusting your trainer to observe these understood limits is the first step. Giving yourself to him is the second.

And now you're looking at me from down the bar like you want to trick. I don't trick, mister. I train. This is not a costume I just wear to bars to cruise in. When I'm not in leather I'm in a uniform. The handcuffs are for using. On you. I LIVE my lifestyle and what might be fantasies for you are realities for me. I see to that. The two best training programs are in the military and in prison. I've completed both without flinching from any assignment. I've given far more than I intend to take from you. And don't doubt that I know exactly how to take from you what I want.





THE MORE YOU RESIST THE BONDS THE WORSE THE STRAIN ON YOUR MUSCLES. SAVE YOUR ENERGY FOR THE TRAINING YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE.

Some of my buddies and I are making damn sure we get what we want with no bullshit. We've created the Quarters for discipline and training with an Academy that weeds out the weak, disrespectful boys. If your keys are on the left, we'll find out just exactly how serious you are and we'll put them on the right until we're satisfied. If your keys are already on the right, you'd better be good. We will make you. You will personally learn the meaning of the words discipline, obedience, serving, training and respect. You will also learn what it means to be punished, denied and possibly rewarded. That is the nature of the training.

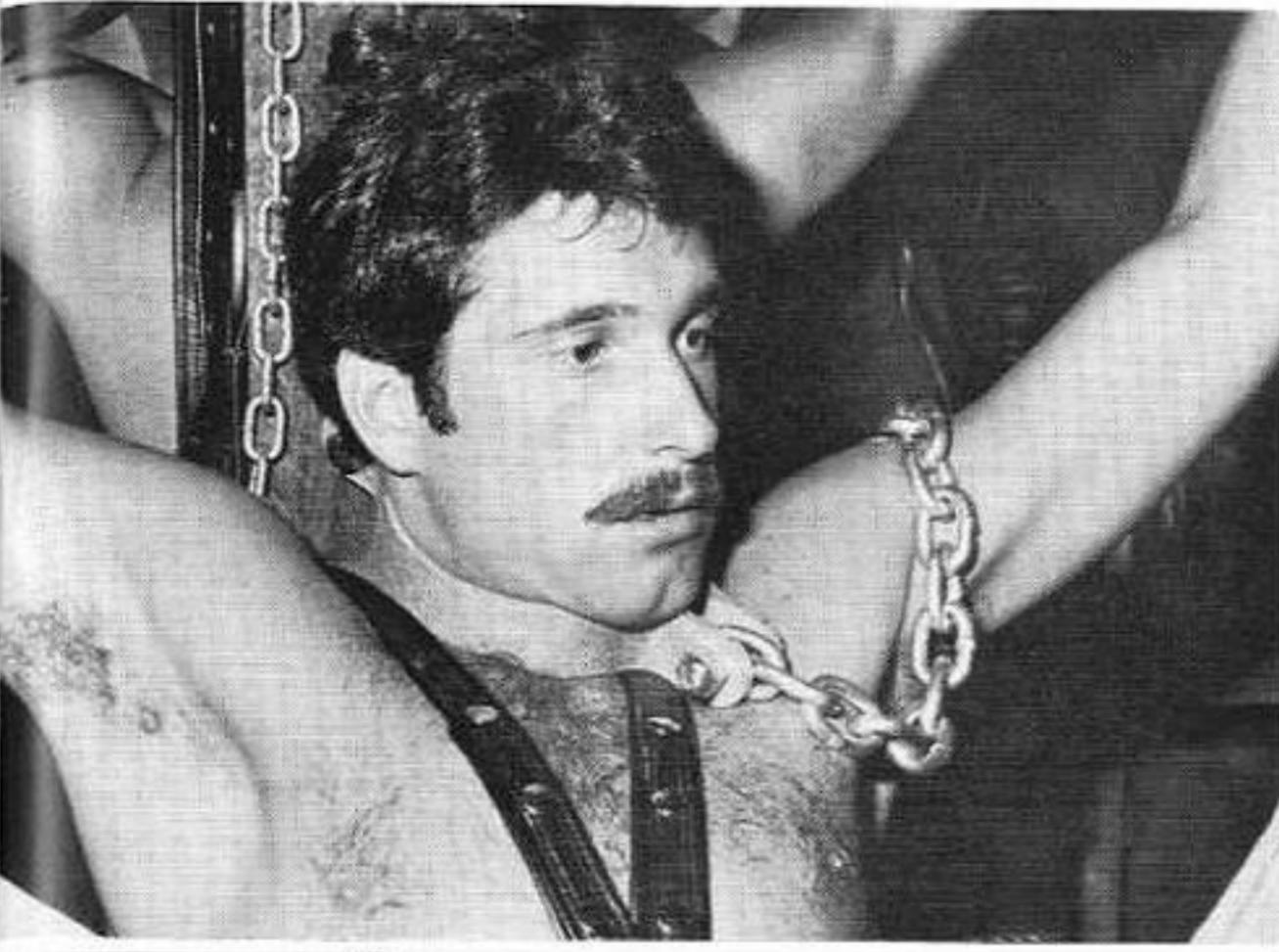
The difference between S&M and B&D is pain. We leave no marks unless you ask for them properly. But however well qualified you come to the Quarters, you will leave them more of a man. Maybe you know something about the Quarters already. Even confidential information is exchanged between men who know and respect the value of knowing about a serious organization. The rules are strict and enforced, but sometimes those who know a little talk a lot. It's not exactly a secret in the leather crowd that I am serious about my sexual satisfaction and how it is saluted. You are still cruising me.

Are you willing and able to spend a couple of days with me? After you have seen the Quarters you will be given the opportunity to serve if you're qualified. If you're smart you will make arrangements if necessary to do that when the opportunity is ripe. Arrangements CAN be made if you want to submit yourself seriously. If you're only here to play games, go home and jack off. We don't need you.

Values come in different styles. If you try to change them between daylight and midnight, you're going to fuck yourself up. Would you rather wear a coat and tie (or whatever you wear, asshole) to work tomorrow or wear your collar to your cell and know that you belong totally? Come with me and I will show you what you could be.

If you are truly serious about wanting to take your training in the Quarters then we might even be able to arrange a schedule that would allow you to continue to live in the outside world and still report for duty. We're even preparing to establish a regularly scheduled basic training program through the Quarters Academy. Your eligibility will be between you and your assigned Drill Instructor. For tonight I will be your D.I. and you will see some of what the organization has to offer.





You can't possibly know that I am thinking all this since you're still standing down the bar there. I intend to talk enough to find out what you want and some of your fears. If you think names are important we may exchange those. Most talk gets in the way of getting us out of the bar. Mostly because it's crap that won't make any difference after we get serious. That's why silence is the most observed rule of the Quarters. The areas of your mind and body that we are going to reach tonight are more closely related to each other in the Quarters than in a bedroom.

I will torment your mind as much as your body. Probably more. You will tell me things about yourself and your past. Real things, not that ordinary, half-assed slime that usually comes out of your mouth. You will tell me, when you are ready and of your own free will (if you have any left) the parts that were and still are important to you in your life. The rest won't matter so much and maybe some of what you tell me won't either after you've been to the Quarters. I intend to take from you and you will be expected to give.

Right now I am going to tell you that we should get the fuck out of here. This itch in my crotch needs scratching. Your teeth will do it. That's good. You're ready to follow me after I only nodded my head. I didn't want to talk to you anyway. I want to train you.

You are going where other men have been before you. Some of what happens to you now will be new to you, at least in your own personal experience. Some of the boys have failed or been scared of what they found out about themselves. If you can find the resources within you to endure long enough you will meet other men who have passed through these Quarters. If not, you will be dismissed.

Trust must be the first word between any trainer and his slave. Remember? And whatever you are thinking, mister, you WILL belong to me sooner than you know. If you don't al-

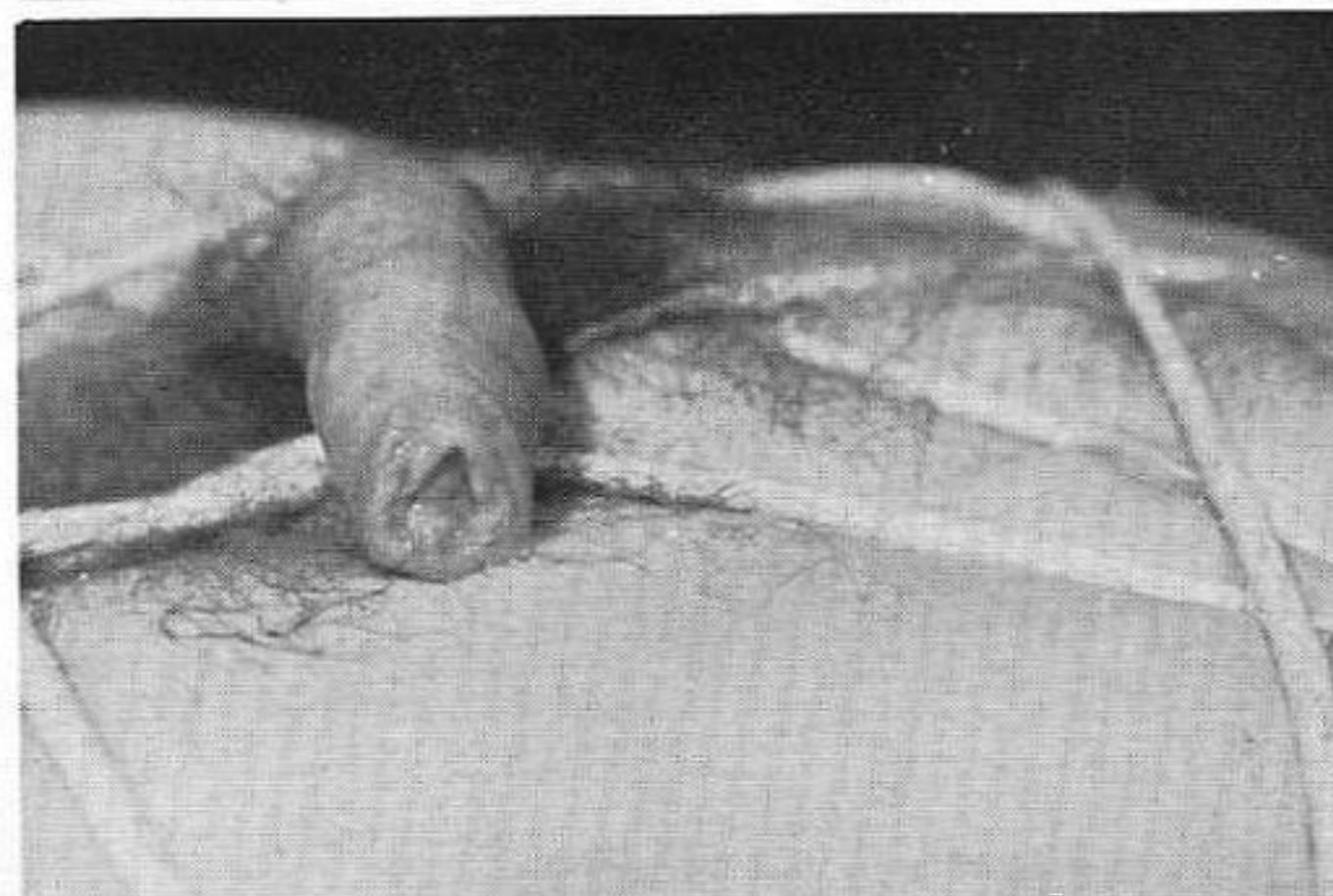
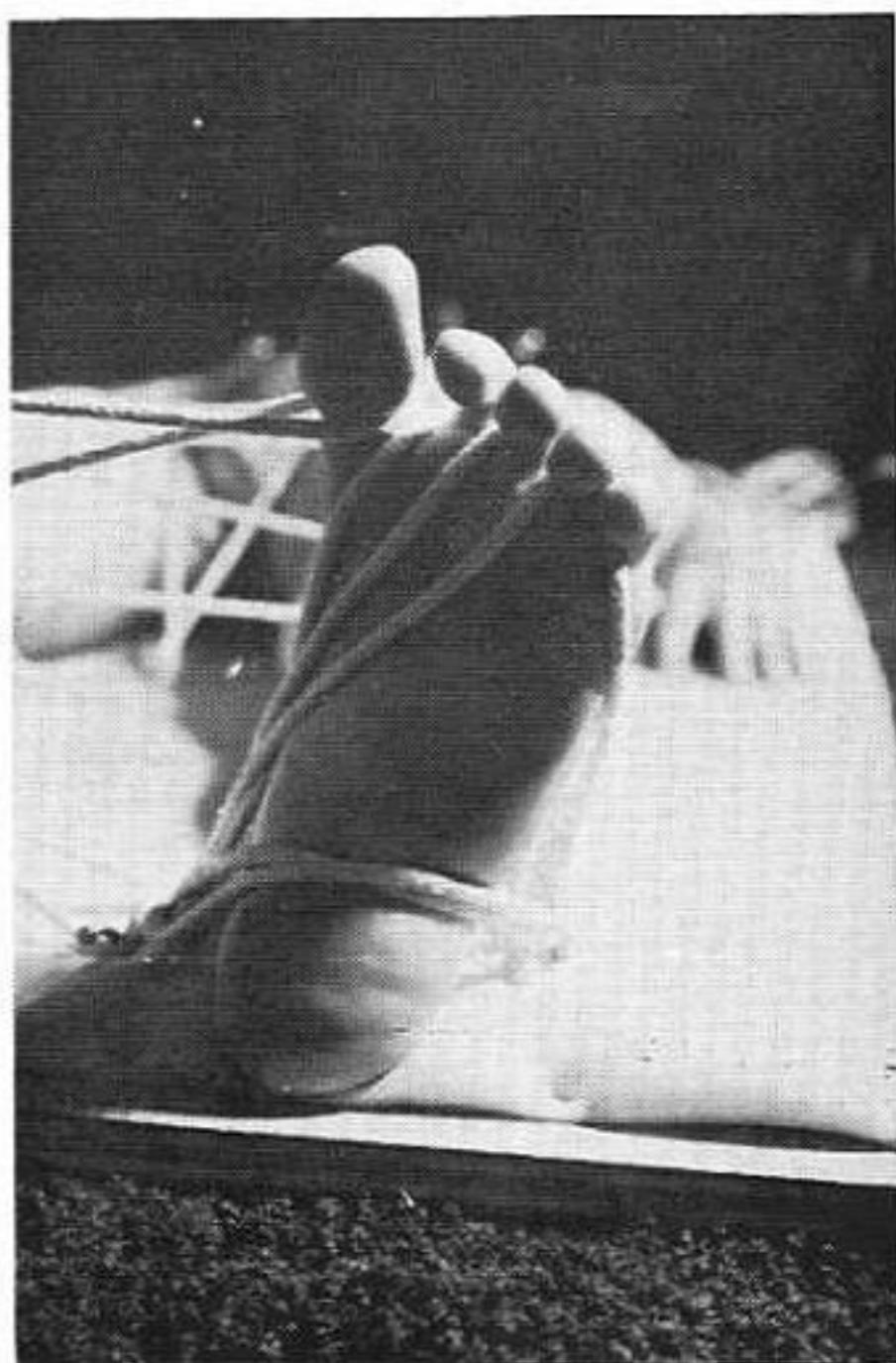
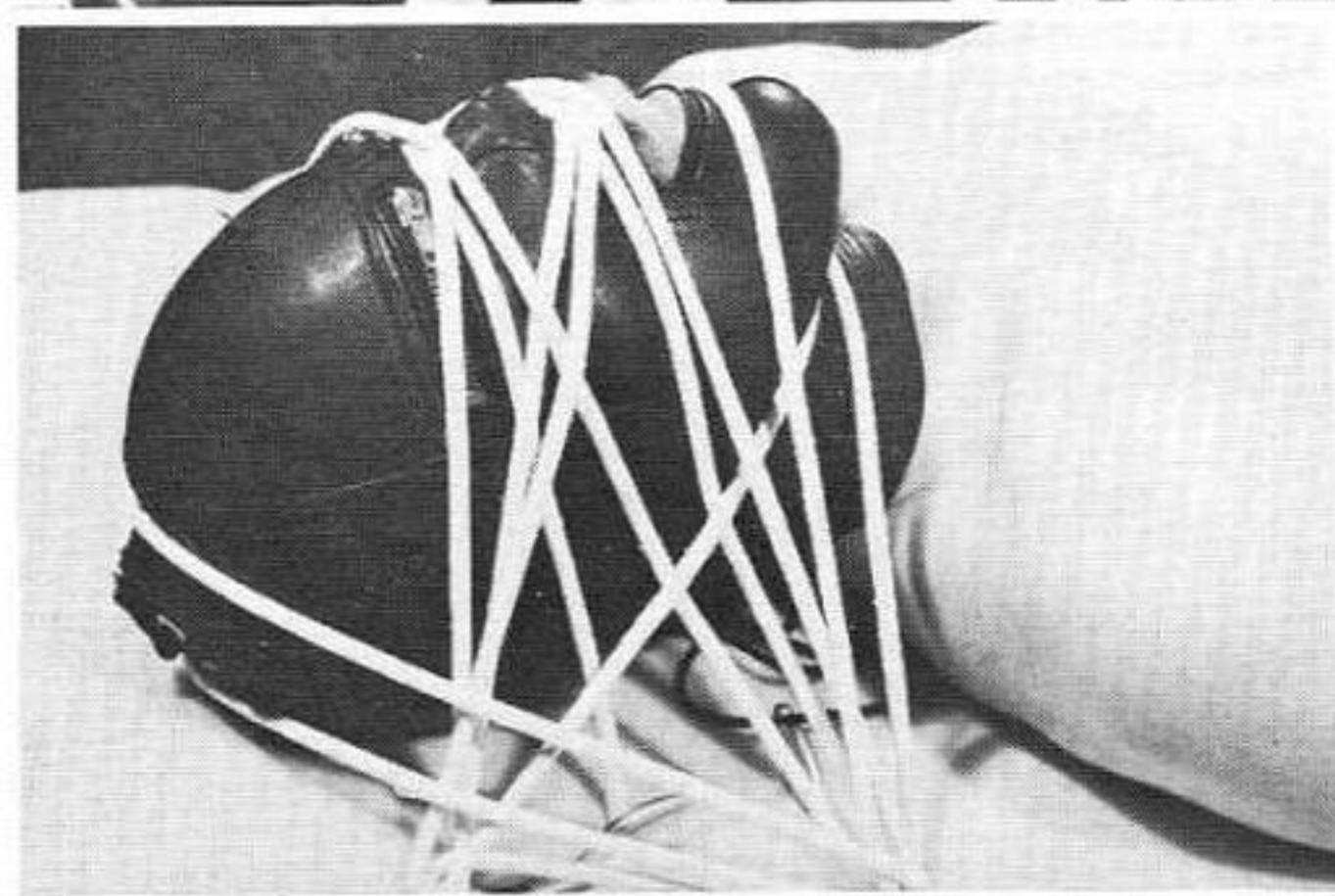
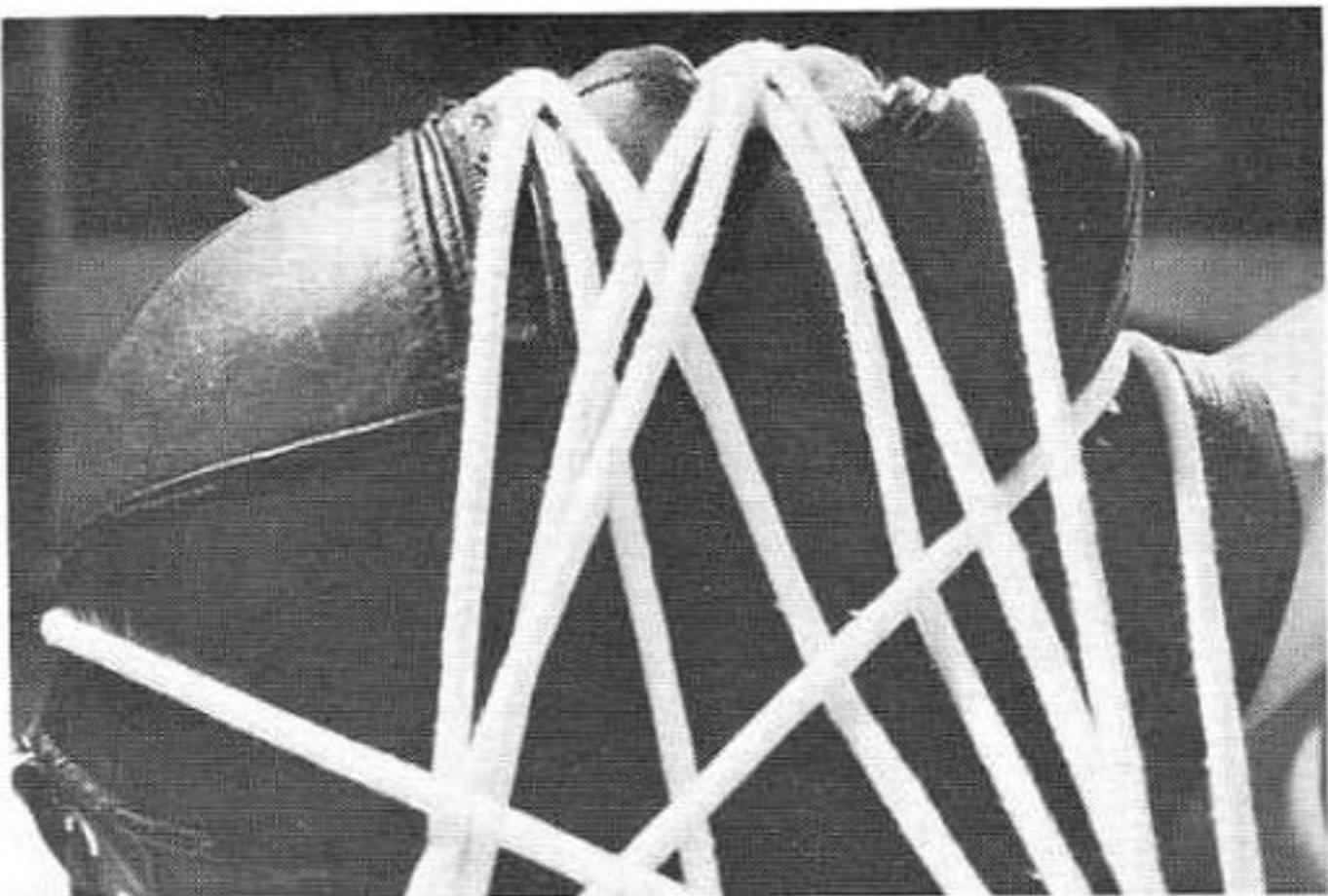
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THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN S&M
AND B&D IS PAIN. WE LEAVE NO
MARKS UNLESS YOU ASK FOR
THEM PROPERLY.

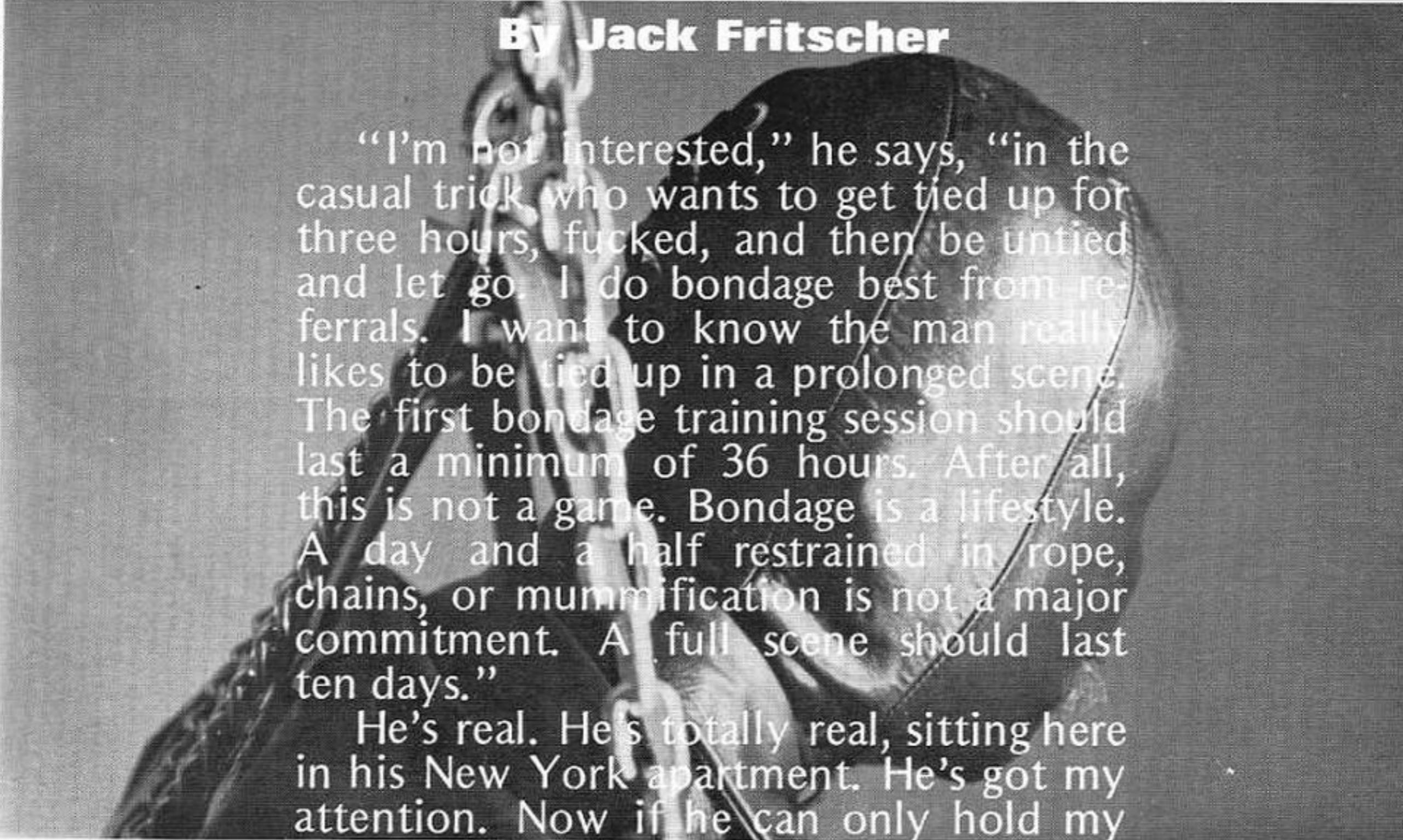
BONDAGE

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS



AN ULTIMATE REALITY

By Jack Fritscher



"I'm not interested," he says, "in the casual trick who wants to get tied up for three hours, fucked, and then be untied and let go. I do bondage best from referrals. I want to know the man really likes to be tied up in a prolonged scene. The first bondage training session should last a minimum of 36 hours. After all, this is not a game. Bondage is a lifestyle. A day and a half restrained in rope, chains, or mummification is not a major commitment. A full scene should last ten days."

He's real. He's totally real, sitting here in his New York apartment. He's got my attention. Now if he can only hold my interest. "You mean then," I say, "some guys come to you here in the Village and spend their entire vacation in bondage?"

"That kind of major scene is not uncommon, but the shorter 36-hour trip is a valid training period. In and out of bondage. Say four hours of rigid, total, immobile, bondage, broken with short extreme periods of even more intense and tighter bondage. Good bondage style alternates the basic immobile state with the heavier intense state, and then adds in periods of light restraint with leg irons, wrist cuffs, and a collar. Even some duties to perform. Bondage reinforces the master-slave relativity. When a man is immobile for eight hours, he learns to know his place. Restraining his body binds his mind, locks him into a space of servitude."

Continued on following page



bond-age /ban-dij/ *n* 1: villein tenure or service 2: SERFDOM, SLAVERY 3: subjection to compulsion *syn* see SERVITUDE

ser-vi-tude /'ser-ve-,t(y)ud/ *n* [ME, fr. MF, fr. L. *servitudo* slavery, fr. *servus* slave] 1: the state of subjection to another that constitutes or resembles slavery or serfdom 2: a right by which something (as a piece of land) owned by one person is subject to a specified use or enjoyment by another

syn SERVITUDE, SLAVERY, BONDAGE mean the state of being subject to a master. SERVITUDE is chiefly rhetorical and imprecise in use; it implies in general lack of liberty to do as one pleases, specifically lack of freedom to determine one's course of action and conditions of living; SLAVERY implies subjection to a master who owns one's person and may treat one as property; BONDAGE implies a state of being bound in law or by physical restraint to a state of complete subjection to the will of another.

— Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

THE BONDAGE TOP IS FATHER, TEACHER, LOVER, DISCIPLINARIAN. HE TAKES CONTROL IN A WORLD THAT SEEMS OUT OF CONTROL.

He knots and unknots a long length of rope greased from much use. His knotting motion is not nervous. He fondles the rope casually, expertly in his big hands. He stands six-four and weighs well over two hundred.

"During a 26-hour scene," he says, "the bondage master must exercise enough sensitivity to know what light-to-medium-to-severe restraint his bondage slave can handle."

"Some guys," I say, "have some idea how much bondage they can take; maybe restraint as simple as handcuffs; as medium as a spread eagle stretch, ankles and wrists, standing up or lying down; as severe as total body-harness suspension, hooded, blindfolded, gagged, and covered with a gas mask."

He looks at me. "Some men prefer total mummification." He opens a drawer. "Wrapped completely in ace bandages or leather or rubber. Tied into a straightjacket, then rolled into wetsheets and strapped down with leather belts."

"Tied into a ball, hooded, dropped in a canvas sack, nailed into a wooden crate, buried in a ventilated hole in the cellar." I touch my crotch. "Is this supposed to be making me hard?"

"That's one of the seductions of bondage. A man has some idea of how far under he'd like to go; and as I take him there, he finds that he wants to go farther, heavier, than he first believed."

"Bondage is addictive?"

"Bondage is a kind of wonderful downer. A relaxant from the world's fast pace. Bondage is by its nature meditative. Once a guy acquires a taste for restraint, he automatically moves into a higher level of sensual sophistication."

"Do you mind if I hit my popper?"

"Why not? If a guy needs a joint to calm down on arrival or to swallow something before he arrives, that's his business. Once I put the first restraint on him, the slave has no movement he can call his own. As his bondage master, I control what does into his body. I'm no prohibitionist, but I don't use drugs. I need to be clear enough to monitor my immobile slave's condition."

"What if a guy needs poppers for pain?"

"That's a variation on a theme. Like adding a suffocation trip into the bondage, putting his breathing into bondage in a Gasmask Scene. I can fill the rubber gasmask tube with whatever I want my slave to breathe or rebreathe. Poppers. Cigar smoke."

"Shit!"

"If it's on the menu."

"What if a guy chickens out because he's being coiled and wrapped and bound more completely than he bargained for?"

"Bondage is not necessarily the S and M of sadism and masochism. I subscribe to your definition in DRUMMER of S and M as sensuality and mutuality. I have a printed contract. My bondage bottom signs it before the scene: 'From such-a-time to such-a-time, so-and-so is the property of so-and-so' namely me, 'who has my uncoerced adult consent to do the following.' and then we spell it all out: thick ropes, thin ropes, heavy chain, dental floss bondage of every single tooth in his head, hand and foot bondage, barbed wire around his chest and cock. Whatever is his fantasy. Whatever is our pleasure."

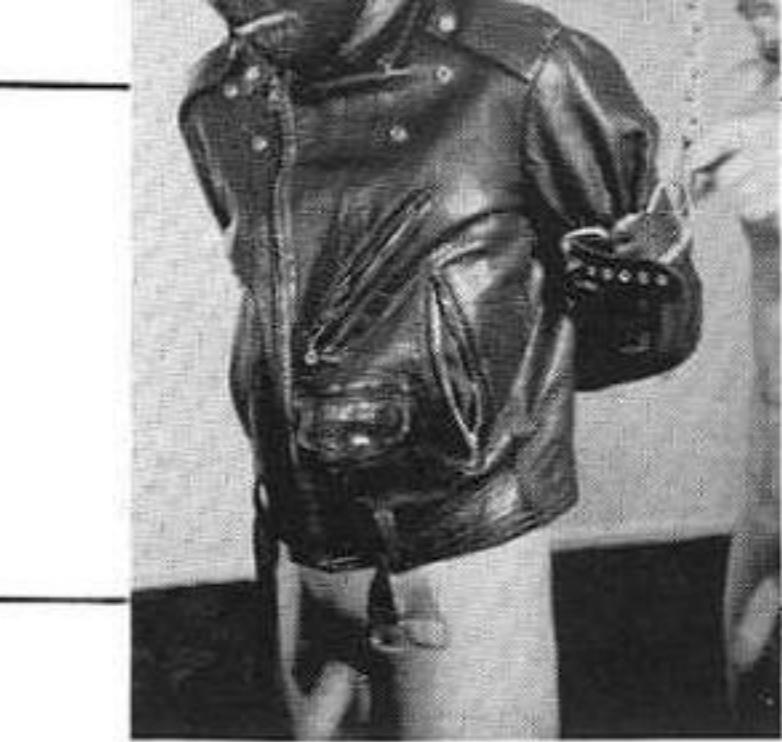
"Sounds like a pre-nuptial agreement," I say. "Very civilized."

"To my bondage-top mind, the bondage slave presents himself as a gift to be wrapped by the bondage master." He smiles a smile that makes you want to blow him. "To many men just beginning bondage, to some intermediate rope-freaks, and even to heavy restraint addicts there comes a surprise."

"The best surprise is a thrill."

"The gift gets a gift."

"Silver threads? Golden needles? What?" I try not to show how much I appreciate any man who has his trip together not only physically, but also has



scoped it out analytically. A lot of guys can get at a man's body, but lack the "head" to take over his mind.

And isn't that what guys stand around bars for until last call?

Just waiting, not for the Perfect Body to walk in, but for the Perfect Combination of Head and Body that can sweep them away, even for just a night, on an unusual destiny.

Just to let go of your head and body.

Just to know a force outside you has taken over the responsibility of your body so totally that he restrains your brains.

Just a need to let go. Just a need to surrender control.

At least to glide into a space of trust for a while.

"Men have a need to give."

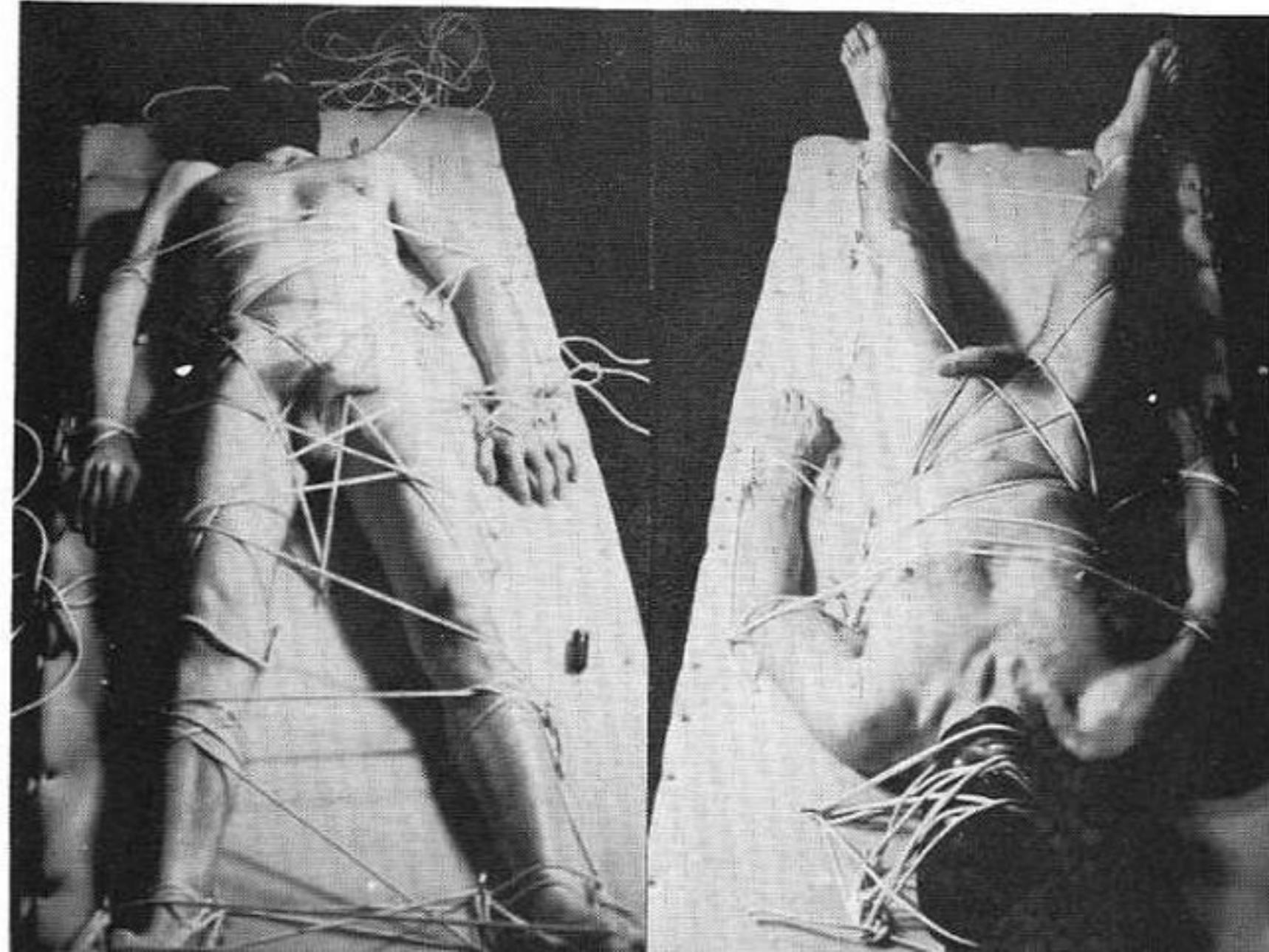
"Especially in a world with a shortage of takers, of guys who have a talent to take — in the best sense of the word."

He knots a perfect noose.

Signs and omens are everywhere.

"Bondage is not just sexual stimulation," he says. "The bondage top is father, teacher, lover, disciplinarian. He takes control in a world that seems out of control. The slave gives his very being. To be tied up is to be totally helpless."

A kind of sweet claustrophobia runs down my spine. Would George Plimpton allow himself to get tied up at this point for the sake of journalism?



"To be tied up is to be totally helpless, totally dependent. Lots of adult American males really ought to get themselves into this space: to physically and mentally surrender to somebody. By being a slave, a man finds out that there is a master. By giving up control, he finds a controller. By letting go, he finds ways of hanging on."

"There are holes in your logic," I say. "Maybe existential holes."

"Why?" He loops the rope into knots no sailor ever knew.

"Because I want there to be holes in your logic."

"Are you afraid I sound like I want to tie you up?"

"Yeah. You sound like you want to tie me up."

"There's not a body on earth that doesn't look better when tied into bondage sculpture."

"The strain on the muscles? The chest heaving deep for breath?" Am I leading him on?

"You don't like that?" He caresses the ropes.

"My head is afraid of it."

"What about your cock?" He smiles. He looks awful good.

"It's hard."

"You let your head do all your thinking?"

"I should maybe just follow my cock around?"

"Sometimes," he says, "maybe you have to trust not your head, but your cock."

"Maybe I'm just outside your fetish area. Maybe I'm like most guys who are afraid of the sexual activity that seems far out to them. Maybe a guy has to be a natural-born bondage freak."

"Any man can learn the sensuality of

bondage. Just like guys learn the erotic sensuality of their earlobes, assholes, tits. A lot of sexual things, *high* sexual things, not just garden-variety blowjob sex, are the result of working at something to learn it, to acquire a taste for it."

"So," I say, "a guy who never thought much about bondage maybe ought to play out a scene to see how his taste might develop?"

"I look for that kind of a guy. A man willing to learn something new. I like to work with, work on, seduce a man into enjoying something he never thought he'd like. Take Lawrence of Arabia getting tied down, whipped, and fucked. That had never happened to Lawrence before. The Arabs thought Lawrence would hate it. Lawrence thought Lawrence would hate it. Lawrence got a surprise. He liked it!"

"What about the American POW's in



'Nam? The Viet Cong used heavy and prolonged bondage on a lot of them. The best straight bondage book I've ever read was John Hubbel's *P.O.W.* published by Reader's Digest. What do you think of that situation?"

"I think," he hesitates. "No. I know that out of all those tied-up young fliers, sheer percentages mean that at least a few got off in their heads and their cocks on the bondage despite what their straight patriotic programming was."

"You think a lot of men need restraint, want bondage, and don't fully realize what it is they're looking for. You think bondage would directly relieve the tension of the lives they're living?"

He looks hard at me. "How do you spell *relief*?" he asks.

"B-o-n-d-a-g-e is the answer you want."

"Men need to know the limits. Especially in a totally permissive society. Bondage is a very physical means of limiting a man's activity. Some criminoid types are criminal for a main subconscious reason: deep down they really like, and need, to get handcuffed by a couple Big-Daddy cops who tell them they've gone too far and who toss them naked into a dark isolation cell in solitary."

"Madness takes its toll."

"Think about it," he says. "Think about those cops. Anybody who is a cop gets off on it. Cops like bondage. They study restraint techniques. They practice handcuffing each other. They get off on steelmesh cages. Guys don't do jobs like that unless they're getting off on it at some level."

"I've read about military bondage in the Navy recently."

"At the USMC brig at Camp Pendleton, the guards hogtie the military prisoners, hands behind the back, wrists tied together and pulled down, then tied to the ankles pulled up behind the butt. Then they wrap the prisoner's head with white adhesive tape. Think about it: a young Marine, stripped to his skivvies and boots, with his head mummified completely except for his nostrils. He can't see. He can't yell. He can't move. He's left in an isolation box. What's he gonna do? Go crazy with claustrophobia, or, when you can't beat it, join it and get off on it? You think those MP's don't get off on doing that surgical-tape number. Hell, they don't do what they don't like. They just wrap their activity in God and the Flag and anything goes. Overt sex may be very subliminal, but it's there just the same."

"Last summer," I say, "it wasn't so subliminal. Seven USMC officers were court-martialed for taking Marine recruits into LA for sex acts and to make sex movies."

"Not much has changed since I was an MP."

"So what kind of guy do you prefer to tie up?"

"A decent body. A good head. A willingness to be sensual. An ability to trust. Mostly, I look for a sense of vulnerability."

"Vulnerability?"

"Vulnerability. That's what most

Take Lawrence of Arabia getting tied down, whipped, and fucked. That had never happened to Lawrence before. The Arabs thought Lawrence would hate it. Lawrence thought Lawrence would hate it. Lawrence got a surprise. He liked it!

bondage masters want, because the master is going to make the guy even more vulnerable. Bondage is not just a bedroom game. Bondage is an actualizing of fantasy. Bondage is living a lifestyle. It is living. It is the reality for the time the slave is in service. It is symbol of man's real place in the whole universe."

A friend of mine says bondage is unnatural," I say. "He says movement is the essence of life."

"A typical American attitude: movement for the sake of moving. Of course, he's right — if gross movement of arms and legs and running around is what he means. Jesus! The religion of the 1970's is jogging. What's everybody running to or from? A little more contemplative restraint, a little more bondage, and people might find out a bit more about themselves."

He wears full leather, and sits like a man who knows his way around certain nighttime worlds.

"Your friend is right," he says, "if he defines life's essential movement as the flow of blood inside the body, as the run of electrical impulses through the nervous system. Bondage restrains the arms and the legs, slows down a guy's run-around attitude, so he can tune in to the more subtle moving essences of his being."

"What is this?" I ask. "Zen and the Art of Bondage Maintenance?"

"Close to it. The Orientals are masters of bondage."

"I wouldn't know," I lie. "I've never been a rice queen."

"Our mutual friend said you spent part of last year in Japan."

"He spilled the eggrolls, huh?"

"Everything." He coils the rope around his big hand.

"Everything." I consider that a minute. "Okay," I admit, "I spent a night at a Samurai House of Bondage outside Tokyo."

"Then you know."

"I just pinned on my Downed-American-Flier fantasy and let the Samurai bondage master do his trip for the assembled group." I'm gaining his interest by the minute.

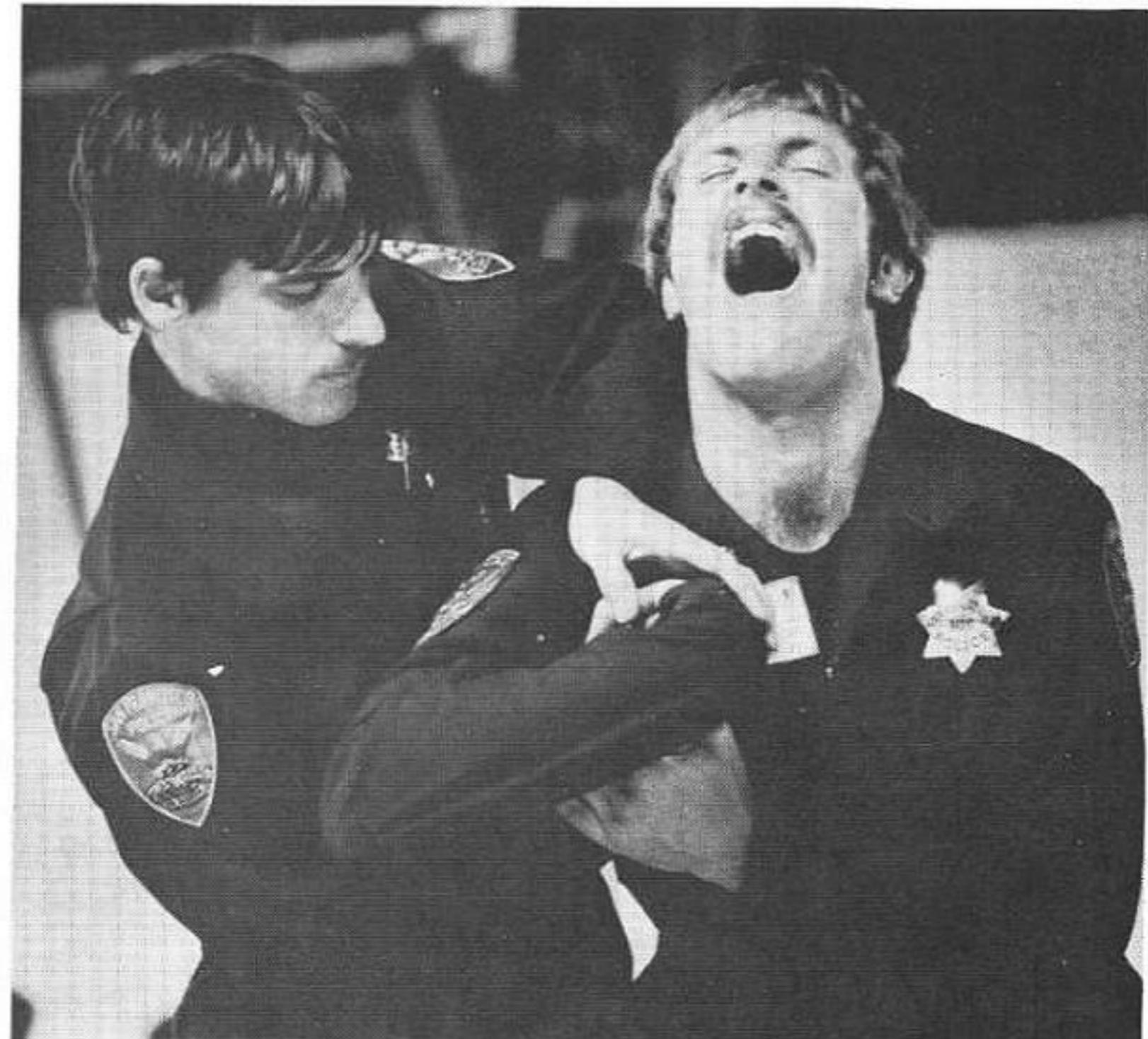
"You liked it? You liked the Oriental master? You liked the quality of the Japanese bondage?"

"I liked the exhibitionism of being a six-foot 160-pound American male displayed immobile in a roomful of small Oriental men." I look at him; I try to read his face. "How's that," I ask, "for a true confession?"

"Did you come?"

"What kind of question is that?" I

Cops like bondage. They study restraint techniques. They practice handcuffing each other. They get off on steelmesh cages. Guys don't do jobs like that unless they're getting off on it at some level.



get indignant fast when the answer is yes.

"A revealing one. The answer will tell me where your head is."

"Where my head was — for the appropriate occasion."

"Did you come?" Insistence shines in his dark eyes.

"Yes," I surrender. "I came. Yeah. The bondage master ordered one of the other men, a very young well-muscled Yakuza type..."

"What," he interrupts, "is a Yakuza type?"

"A Yakuza is a member of the Japanese Mafia. The guys have tattoos on both shoulders down past the biceps, down the sides of the torso, and around both thighs. Hot."

"Very hot."

"This Yakuza with the ritual tattoos held a vibrator against my fundoshi."

"Fundoshi?"

"The Japanese underwear, about six feet long, that wraps around you like a jockstrap. The bondage master wanted the Yakuza to make me come."

"You didn't want to?"

"The Japanese are very polite. The bondage master would have been insulted if I hadn't shot."

"Are you polite enough to allow me to restrain you completely, supposing I wanted to?"

"I came to Manhattan to run around and see the sights and meet a lot of guys and go to the Mineshaft; 36 hours is a long time out of a week's visit."

"I'll bet you went to run around Tokyo too. If you let me tie you up, you might slow down enough to figure out that a long intense scene with one guy is better than superficial multiple nuptials with 100 guys."

"Bondage scares some guys. Bondage has a lot of implications: trust, betrayal, gagging, panic. Implications have consequences. Some guys could get scared and freak out. Maybe I'm too claustrophobic to share your trip."

"I guarantee you'd feel good."

"What if the building catches fire? What if you have a heart attack?"

"What if the sky falls?" In the corner, a complete suspension harness hangs waiting.

"So I'm playing Devil's Advocate against bondage. I mean most guys don't understand it. Explain it if you can. I'm a quick study. I like to think I'm a sensualist. But frankly, if you tied me up — hysteria."

"Really?"

"Maybe."

"Hysteria is an honest bondage stage to pass through. When the body is restrained, the mind starts doing a number on itself. That's why druglessness is really a part of the sensitivity of the prolonged bondage trip. As you pass with full awareness through the bondage steps, you discover that the confining experience becomes an expanding experience. Since the bondage scene, immobile, gagged, and hooded, is essentially an external sense-deprivation trip, I find that not only bondage itself, but the longer bondage trip especially, appeals to guys who are more sensitive and aware of themselves. When you are tied three to four hours in

one position, unable to hear, see, speak, or touch, and are touched only to be manipulated into a new position, you mind floats back into an almost womb-remembered state."

"I've read John Lilly's *Center of the Cyclone* about sensory-deprivation tanks and Ernest Becker's *Denial of Death* which is about death which is what my doctor told me to avoid at all costs."

"Maybe you read too much."

"They're both good books. They say almost exactly what you say. They say about life in general what you say about bondage in particular."

"No shit," he says.

"There's a life-lesson to unravel here in bondage."

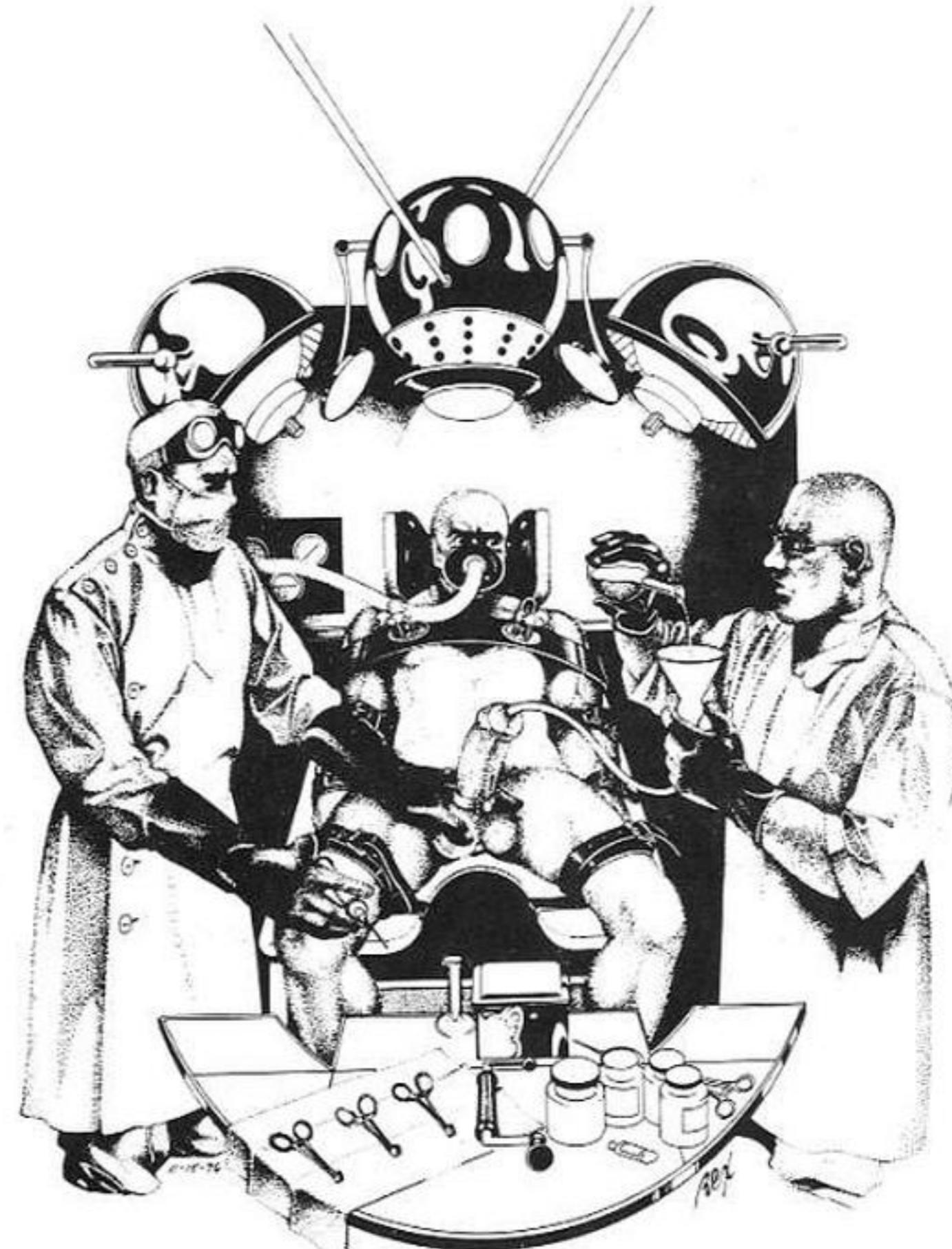
"I'll tell you a life lesson. A sperm shot down a narrow penis canal gets caught in an ovum bound to the wall of a womb. Life starts in bondage. We're locked down in bondage by the gravity of this planet."

"If you saw the movie *Coma*, you saw real MEDICAL BONDAGE. In Washington, D.C. between January 8 and March 20 this year, an Army mathematician by the name of Stan Wilks spent 72 days in suspended animation. Doctors at George Washington University Hospital intentionally paralyzed him with his consent. They used curare. The drug Brazilian Indians use on blow

gun darts. For 72 fucking days, Wilks was totally conscious, but he couldn't move an eye, blink, utter a single sound, move a muscle, or even breathe without a respirator."

"Doctors are very kinky," I say. "If we're going to play Can You Top This, I've met this straight bodybuilder in San Francisco. His father's a cop. Ever since this kid — his name's Mike Dayton — was twelve or so, his father's been coaching his workouts: bodybuilding, tai chi. His dad, the cop, has been hanging him by the neck in the garage since he was a teenager. Mike's the only guy alive strong enough to break a pair of regulation police handcuffs. A couple summers ago, when he was about 24, Mike was scheduled to be hanged by the neck at the Concord Pavilion. I was going to take the BART train, but Mike wasn't allowed to be hanged in public because all those Bay Area suburban parents feared their own kids might try it."

"Bondage is as American as stocks in colonial Salem, and as contemporary as flogging teenage delinquents in Delaware. Bondage is necessary for a good whipping." He pulls out a recent newsphoto of a cop convicted of taking bribes, stripped, and being flogged by another heavyweight cop in a courtyard. The bondage rack, to hold the man secure for the beating, shows frequent use.



BONDAGE REINFORCES THE MASTER-SLAVE RELATIVITY. WHEN A MAN IS IMMOBILE FOR EIGHT HOURS, HE LEARNS TO KNOW HIS PLACE.

I pull out my scrapbook and show him the following items.

* Police found a man bound to a tree in the woods early yesterday. He told the officers he had been tied for more than twelve hours. When police attempted to cut the chains, he refused their aid, saying, "The men who had bound him were coming back, but had been scared off by the arrival of the squad cars."

* On Hamstead Heath, outside London, men are frequently found bound to trees or staked out. One man, found crucified by police after midnight, refused their aid and they left him as they knew the nature of the Heath after dark.

* In San Francisco, a man was found dead, hogtied on Diamond Heights. The noose around his neck had been pulled tight by the rope around his ankles. *The Chronicle* entitled the article: "A Fondness for Knots Was the Death of Him."

"Everybody," he says, "is into our act. Nancy Grossman gets grants from the National Endowment for the Arts for her leather-bondage sculpture. She deserves it. Hot stuff. I've seen her sculpture used at Upper East Side orgies."

the ropes tied to his wrist and ankles, jerked him up, down, around, every which way. The audience loved it.

"A reviewer called 'the mood tense and terrifying: man as marionette or a wild prisoner/animal. Caught in this cat's cradle, Carlson is jerked spread-eagle with excruciating force. Then he's spun around upside down.' And on goes the critical bullshit," I say.



tropical night. They laugh, turn, and leave him. 'Everybody,' he repeats until his voice is almost gone, 'wants to see a man in a tied up situation.'

"Bondage is everywhere. The new Nick Nolte movie *Who'll Stop the Rain?* has guys handcuffed to toilets and water-heaters and trucks. There used to be, maybe still is, although I haven't seen it for a while, a Canadian rag called *The Justice Weekly*."

"What's best these days," I say, "is the *Rigid Bondage Roster*." (RBR, P.O. Box 411, Church Street Station, NY 10008). "The RBR has ads like:

* Experienced white male Master, 30s, 6', into deep S/M trip; dig strict discipline, whips, heavy extended bondage, immobilization in leather, rubber, steel, boots, hoods, cages; seeks contacts with male slaves who dig being tied up all night.

* White male, 40, enjoys lengthy bondage, leather, ropes, chains. Wants slave. No sex. No money. Only bondage: to be bound and to bind you.

* Sam. S. Experienced in heavy bondage, seeks groovy studs to submit to extended periods of bondage and sex. I am fully equipped in rope, leather, steel, and genitoys to keep it all nicely together. There is nothing more frightening than ignorance in action.

"I also like," I say, "the stuff like *Action Male* and *Gay Bondage* magazines put out by Master Tau from Los Angeles." (House of Milan Corp., P.O. Box 24080, Los Angeles 90024) R.F.M. also puts out some realistic hot bondage stuff. (P.O. Box 1025, Glendora, CA 91740) These titles, along with *DRUMMER'S UNCLASSIFIED* section are the best cross-references of bondage in the popular gay subculture."

Continued on page 76

VEGAS SUN

vista

chamber of Horrors

Art gallery at UNLV has a chamber of horrors by the bizarre art of avant-garde artist Grossman. The National Endowment for the Arts, the tourist will remain in the gallery through March 3. Grant Hall 122, gallery is open from noon to Monday through Saturday. Admission is free.

Grossman's unusual leather art make an immediate, though only momentary impression of callousness. The New York artist made from wood, then them is assumed and a believed-makes. The headgear becomes items of sadistic torture.

large sculpture, for a depicted a tormented

struggling to release

from a straitjacket. She

then to the front of

heads.

Grossman reflects her horror of

Her subjects are the

of overpowering power

and torture and maddens

is an antecedent

the most original

think of her technical

perfection, total reward

expressive

Grossman is the

young American

of," wrote

the New York

Monday through Saturday.



Ouch!

This sketch by avant-garde artist Nancy Grossman is the basis for one of her bizarre sculptures, showing at UNLV through March 3. The gallery is open from noon to 4 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

"The San Francisco Ballet," I say, "took bondage out of its closet this season. In its premier of 'Trilogy,' four male dancers raised a very muscular Gardner Carlson into total bondage suspension. In the finale, Carlson, nearly naked, was discovered slung high in a harness over stage center. The four men, manipulating

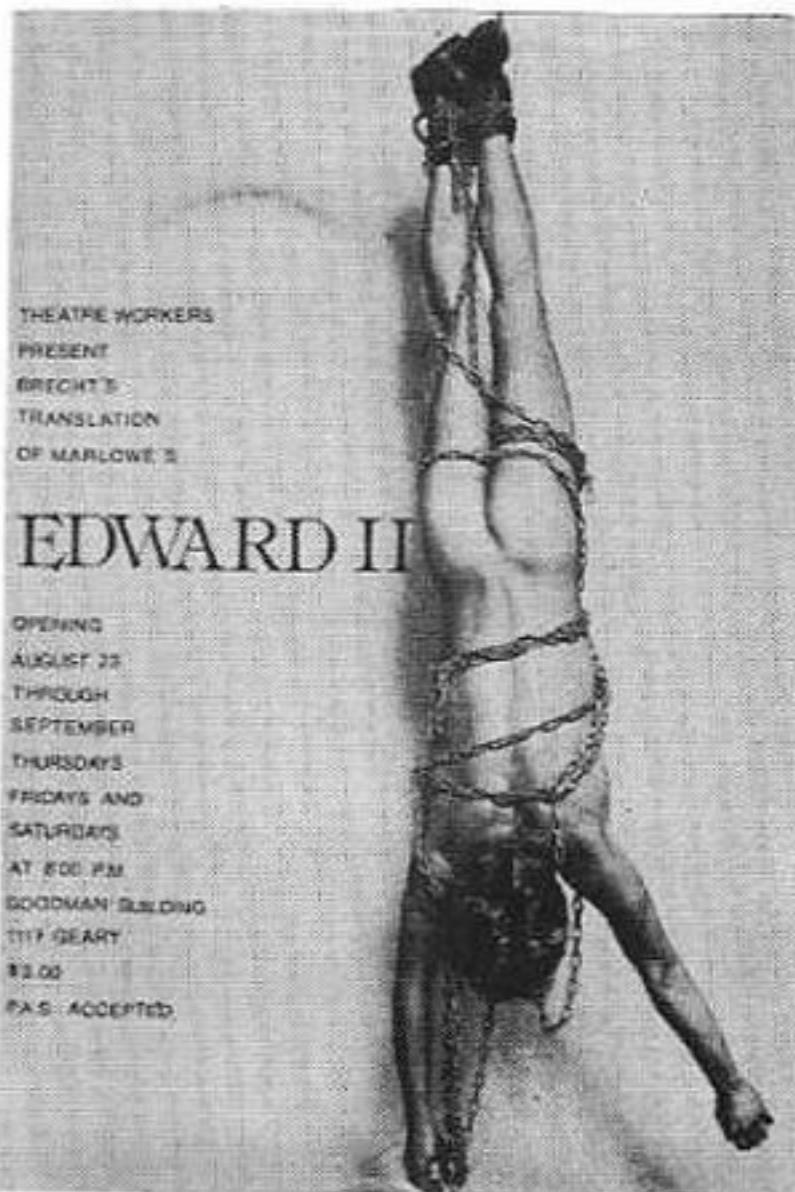
"Rona Barret said on Mike or Merv or one of those clone-host talk shows that the reason *Roots* was so popular was that 'AMERICA HAS A LOVE AFFAIR WITH BONDAGE,'" he says.

"This Fall, Theater Workers of San Francisco presented Brecht's translation of Marlowe's *Edward II* with an ad of a naked blond man suspended upside down with chains." I like that.

"Everybody," he says, "needs such a large bush to beat around. Everybody tries to intellectualize everything. Why can't people just admit that bondage looks good and feels good."

"Tennessee Williams in *Night of the Iguana* has two hot Mexican boys tie the hero into a hammock. He pushes them away but their arms are strong and dark. They bind him tight with rope drawn through the weave of the hammock. He's screaming that 'People just want to see a man in a tied-up situation.'

"The boys wrap another 20 feet of rope around the man lurching in a horizontal stretch between two heavy wooden posts. They stand back and share a cigarette. They stare at their handiwork exhausting himself into a sweat in the hot



THEATRE WORKERS
PRESENT
BRECHT'S
TRANSLATION
OF MARLOWE'S

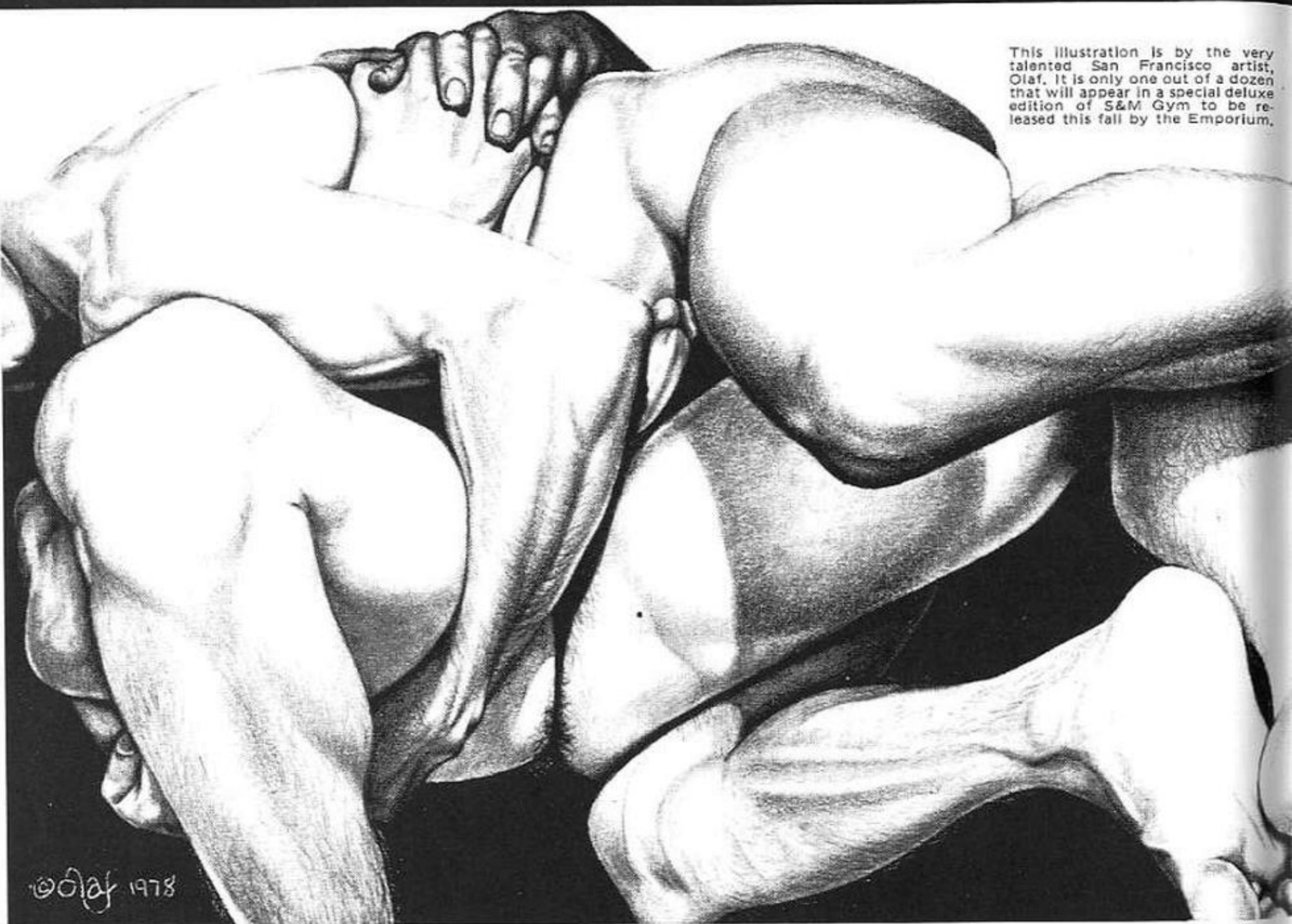
EDWARD II

OPENING
AUGUST 25
THROUGH
SEPTEMBER
THURSDAYS
FRIDAYS AND
SATURDAYS
AT 8:00 P.M.
GOODMAN BUILDING
1111 GEARY
\$12.00
PAS ACCEPTED

S&M GYM

By G. B. MISA

This illustration is by the very talented San Francisco artist, Olaf. It is only one out of a dozen that will appear in a special deluxe edition of S&M Gym to be released this fall by the Emporium.



Chapter Eleven

The cherub faced beauty with the body of a giant stumbled into the bedroom. He whirled around, gulping nervously, his adam's apple jerking up and down. His emerald eyes were glued to my belt. "Have ah... have you ever beaten a guy with that before?" He licked his lips, almost in anticipation.

"See the notches in it!" My voice was low, full of menace. "That's for the three dudes I whipped to death!"

His fascination increased. "You're kidding, aren't you?" His voice quavered with fear.

I stared at him hard... a twisted sneer on my face. I had to admit he was an authentic beauty. His short black hair was parted on the left side with a cowlick

in the back. He wore overalls, work shoes and he had the most innocent looking face on any 25 year old I'd ever seen. There was country boy written all over him. In fact, he was the spitting image of L'il Abner, right down to the oversized clodhoppers. He was a big mother fucker but I knew I could handle him... in fact, I knew I could get him to do anything I wanted. It was written all over him. "Get me some rope, asshole!" I barked.

"Ah... rope?"

"What the fuck... you still got cow shit in your ears?"

"Oh... ah... I don't have any rope. What... ah... what are you going to do?"

"What the fuck do you think I'm going to do?"

His tongue nervously wet his upper lip. "I... ah... I... don't know!"

I'd hit it right on the button. It was obvious L'il Abner was not a San Francisco boy. "How long you bin in town?" I asked, almost kindly.

"Ah... 'bout a week."

"Where you from?"

"Des Moines."

"Where the fuck is that... in France?"

"Iowa." He cleared his throat.

I was beginning to get turned on. "You've never been tied up before, have you?"

"Ah... well... I've thought of it... had this idea in my head but when it got right down to it, I..."

"I don't want your fuckin' life story. You want your ass beat or not?"

His knees were shaking so badly that he sat on the edge of the bed. For a moment I thought he was going to cry. "I never had my ass whipped," he confessed. "It was . . . ah . . . when I saw you walkin' down the street lookin' so great . . . well . . . what I said to you about beatin' my tail just popped outta my mouth . . . you know?"

His mid-western twang was a big turn on. But even more than that was the obvious fact that I had me a virgin masochist . . . actually the best kind for he would take the S and M fantasy so seriously . . . so life and death. I could feel my 'big boy' straining against the confines of my blue jeans. "I'll break you in easy," I said almost kindly. "Get out of those clothes. That's an order!"

"Oh, yes sir!" He seemed eager to please. My eyes devoured his body as he stripped. Christ, he had a better body than I'd realized. Maybe it was because his skin was thin and very white . . . I dunno . . . but his muscles bulged. He was a real L'il Abner. But then I saw his ass and the film of passion grabbed at my eyes making everything a kind of translucent red. His buns seemed to defy gravity . . . the two solid hunks of meat muscling upward. His almost hairless legs, thick like tree trunks and his big flat feet. Wow!

Jerking at my belt, I doubled it and smacked it hard across the palm of my hand. His body shook, as if I'd been smacking his virgin ass. "Turn around, L'il Abner," I ordered.

The front side of the country boy giant was even more terrific than his back. My rock hard dick was dying to escape from the tight confines of my blue jeans as my eyes ate up his almost hairless body. Huge shoulders cutting down to a tiny waist and a dribble of sweat oozing from his navel. And L'il Abner had a big, uncut dick that quivered in the air. Again I smacked the palm of my hand with the belt and he jumped a foot into the air. I bent over, roaring with laughter. "Hey! take it easy, country boy!"

"I . . . ah . . . guess I'm ah . . . sort of nervous!"

"You too scared to take off your master's pants and shoes?"

"Oh, no, sir!" he said eagerly. With lightning quickness he performed his job. My dick popped out of my blue jeans and slapped him across the face. I flopped back on the bed. "Clean out my bunghole!" I ordered.

He did a good job, not complaining at the sloppiness as it was still full of the juices of the black dude. Then I grabbed him by the ears and shoved his face down on my stiff prick. He was a damned good cocksucker . . . he must've been sucking off some of the country boys back home in Iowa. I began slowly . . . gently . . . almost caressing his back with the leather belt . . . soothing lightly . . . barely tapping his beautiful butt . . . his white skin . . . ever so gentle . . . making love to him with the leather . . . real leather love and I could feel his body responding to the smooth touch of the soft leather . . . the tenderness of the belt . . . then a very light smack . . . a kind of love tap on his left bun . . . not even a mark yet . . . over and over and over . . . then a barely perceptible pink glow like on a babies ass . . . yeah . . . his ass . . . just like a babies . . . hairless. Then his right cheek . . . the same gentle tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . on and on . . . then a bit harder . . . his body getting in the groove . . . beginning to shiver in delight to the cadence of the leather belt . . . and yes, I was starting him on the memorable journey that he'd never forget . . . I would take him to the heights for the first time in his life . . . and I knew . . . I knew L'il Abner would never forget me because I was initiating him into the mystery of leather.

My rock hard dick still in his mouth and his low moan of ecstasy . . . his butt pushing upward, meeting the leather belt . . . begging for more. Since I needed more leverage I pulled my dick out of his mouth. Spreading my legs wide I put my foot on his back . . . my belt now . . . poised high in the air . . . slamming down . . . smashing hard against his butt . . . tearing now . . . ripping at his ass. No more the light touch of pink . . . violence beginning to be etched into his perfect hairless butt . . . now the outline of the belt in a symphony of colors . . . blue-orange . . . black with purple edges and I could feel the pulse beat of my sperm, tingling out of my asshole and into my balls . . . Jesus!

"Beautiful mother fuckin' ass!" I moaned.

"Oh, don't stop . . . don't . . . I . . ."

Quickly I turned the belt around and . . . SWOOSH . . . without losing a motion I let him have it on his once unscarred ass with the belt buckle . . . and now it was tearing . . . ripping

into the milk white muscles and . . . WOW! . . . the blood oozing and trickling and still L'il Abner demanding more . . . wanting more as his buns pushed upward . . . begging . . . asking for more and more and he got more and more!

My arm felt like it was going to fall off but we were in a rhythm . . . the belt zinging through the air and his ass . . . up . . . meeting the belt buckle. Finally I let go of the belt and buried my face in the kid's ass. My mouth pressed into the burning hot skin . . . I licked at the tender, torn flesh . . . my hands now gently spreading the beautiful cheeks and my tongue finding the puckered, quivering asshole of L'il Abner. Then I jammed my tongue into the hotness of his butt and he screamed in passion. I had his legs high in the air and he grabbed my head trying to push it all the way up his ass. "Oooooooooooooowwww" he moaned.

I didn't want him to shoot off so I stopped abruptly. "Vaseline," I growled.

"What?" I could see reality come back into his eyes. "What are you gonna do?"

I slapped him hard across the face. "Get the fuckin' vaseline, asshole!" I screamed.

Like a wild animal he crawled the three feet to the bathroom and a few seconds later he crawled back with a tube of KY. "Are you really . . . gonna do that to me?" Just by the way he spoke the words I knew he loved being scared to death . . . that it was a big turn on.

"One guess, cocksucker!" I slapped a ton of KY on his hot hole and then smeared a bunch of it on my hand. I coated my arm with the greasy guk . . . all the way to my elbow.

"Oh . . . Holy Mackeral . . . you're not . . . all the way to your elbow?" His eyes were big with fear.

"Shut up and bend over!"

His tree trunk thighs were quivering. "I've ah . . . Holy Toledo, I've never ah . . ."

"Had a fist up your ass?" I finished the sentence for him.

"Master, I . . . ah . . . I've never had nothin' up there . . . no kind of foreign object before."

My mouth fell open in surprise. "You're tryin' to tell me you're a fuckin' virgin?"

His voice was low, embarrassed. "Yes, master. I almost took an enema once but I couldn't stand the nurse trying to put that rubber whatchamacallit up my . . ."

"Shut yer fuckin' yak," I soomed. "You are about to get de-virginized."

I was so turned on I felt the drool on my chin. A virgin . . . this gorgeous hunk was a virgin. Tentatively my index finger probed his pucker of a hole . . . wow! Jesus, it was tight as a chicken's ass. I worked slowly and after a couple of minutes I managed to get two fingers into the sensitive opening and L'il Abner was crying softly. He screamed when I shoved my third finger into his love pit so I quickly pulled out. I had a better idea of how to loosen him up. I slapped a gob of KY onto my dick. "Stand up!" I ordered.

"Yes, sir!" He stood on shaky legs.

"Grab your ankles, asshole!"

Obediently he bent over and for a moment I stared at his gorgeous tush, savoring its contoured muscularity. Without warning I plowed my eight inch dick into the virgin territory all the way up to the hilt, grabbing him around the middle in a vice like grip so there was no way he could get unstuck. He screamed bloody murder and fought me for about thirty seconds but then the scream turned to a whimper and then somehow metamorphosed into a guttural sound of passion. Without taking my dick out I twirled him around onto his back and threw his legs over my shoulders and I poured it to him. Now he was pushing his ass up to meet my brutally demanding prick. Christ, it was like having my dick in an oven that was turned up to 550 degrees. I could feel the giz pumping up out of my balls so I pulled out quickly. "Please, sir," he whined. "Don't take your wonderful dick out of me . . . please put it back in, sir!"

Instead of my burning hot dick he got four fingers inside his once virgin ass . . . then quickly my thumb. I counted to three and then shoved . . . his spincter tightened, then opened up and my hand was miraculously inside his virgin ass . . . right up to the wrist. His face was contorted in pain and he lay back, sobbing.

Pulling out my hand I grabbed L'il Abner around his slim waist and sat him down on my fat eight inches. Slurp! Just like that . . . not even a squeal as he took my pistol all the way

up to my balls. Now my hand twisted at his right nipple but when my fingers tore at his left nipple I felt his body quiver with desire. I had found his sex spot. I twisted harder and harder and he had his legs under him now and was pushing his ass up and down on my dick. "Fuck my ass, sir! Fuck my ass! All the way! Let me have it, sir! Holy Toledo!"

Shoving him off my rip roaring hard on I let him fall on his back. Almost gently I whacked him on the chest . . . on the left side . . . hitting the nipple. Then I noticed that his left nipple was larger than the right one. Curious to see how he'd react I transferred my attention to his right nipple . . . twisting it brutally and beating it with the palm of my hand. No response. But when I started to slap away on his left nipple he went crazy, moaning and groaning and twisting his body in ecstasy. "You're wonderful . . . oh, sir! You're just hunky dory. Don't stop! Holy mackerel!"

Now it was time for my leather belt. I stood up to get more leverage . . . whistling the belt through the air and now it red welted his chest . . . I concentrated on the left side . . . every time the belt would come whistling through the air and leave a scarlet welt on his virgin body . . . he would gasp and then his body would react to the whipping in a frenzy of whirling, twirling ecstatic spasms . . . upwards . . . sideways . . . his country boy face contorted in delicious pain and then back to his original position, waiting, begging for more of the belt.

Now I knew it was time . . . the Iowa young man was my complete, absolute slave, he'd eat my shit if I wanted him to. He was completely in my power . . . it was a wonderful feeling, as if I were on acid. I threw his legs over my shoulders. He didn't even know it when I got my fist in up to the wrist . . . his hand was playing with his torn left nipple . . . then there was a swoosh . . . a moment's pause . . . I had my arm into his virgin bunghole up to the elbow! Then he let go with an unearthly sound that was somehow full of tearing pain and fulfilled ecstasy at the same time as his body jerked crazily on my arm and thick jets of giz shot out of his swollen dickhead . . . the green veins of his cock looked like they would burst with cum . . . a geyser of semen . . . a fountain of youth spraying . . . splattering into arcs of passion . . . slamming against his face . . . into his hair . . . his chest . . . seemingly never ending . . . finally dribbling onto his patch of pubic hair.

Somehow he managed to get his furnace mouth down onto my exploding mushroom and I fell backwards . . . flashbulbs of multi-colored lights exploding in my brain . . . my asshole . . . my toes . . . reverberating through my body . . . deep in my guts. Grabbing his head I jammed my dick all the way down his throat . . . whew! My whole body concentrated, shooting out the essence of my being, of my manhood into L'il Abner's hungry mouth. I shot so much cum juice that it dribbled out of the side of his mouth . . . it was finally over.

After a moment I took the sexy country boy in my arms and tenderly began to kiss his body. I started with his torn ass and kissed every black and blue mark I could find. Then I went to the cabinet in the bathroom, found some salve and carefully ministered to his wounds. When I finished I felt the tenderness, so I kissed him gently, lovingly.

"You're absolutely wonderful. I'll never forget you," he moaned.

I couldn't resist the wounded gladiator's body. A moment later I had my prickhead up his ass and was pouring it to him. It had stretched for my arm but now it was back in shape and tight as hell. It only took me a few minutes to shoot my load up his gorgeous ass and as I pulled out I realized I was the first guy to deposit my spunk inside L'il Abner's buns.

He was exhausted. I picked him up and put him to bed. His ass was so ripped up that he had to lie on his belly. I gave it a last kiss and then I tucked him in. "Sleep tight and don't let the fleas bite!" I bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

"Goodnight, Daddy!" he said sleepily.

"Goodnight, son!"

As I went out the door I knew he wouldn't be able to sit down for a week and every time he moved he'd think of me. Just thinking of his gorgeous virgin buns got me so hard I felt like going back and knocking off another piece. But I knew L'il Abner was sleeping peacefully.

Once on Castro Street I could feel the salty wind from the Bay and cold reality grabbed at my soul. I glanced at my watch. It was only one o'clock in the morning. I wondered if Killer would have all his slaves out onto the streets of San

Francisco looking for his runaway slave. I wondered if I should go back to the gym . . . go back to my master. And still the red hot anger burned my throat. Killer McKenna . . . making me sleep in the locker room with the stink of dirty jock straps and smelly socks.

The fresh air was a relief after being a prisoner for so many months. And the night was young. I decided . . . I'm going to have myself a ball . . . take out all the stops and fuck the Mr. Bay Area Contest. Anyway, it really didn't matter. After all, I had been replaced and the official entry of the Killer McKenna Gym was Thunder Cole. And why in hell should I worry about Killer McKenna and his gym? He could shove it up his ass for all I cared.

As I turned down Market Street and walked toward the Embarcadero the thought smashed at my brain for the first time. The thought of dominating Killer McKenna . . . of shoving my arm up his ass . . . of beating him into submission . . . of making the great Killer my slave . . . well, just thinking about it was like a shock to my system. And . . . wasn't I nuts to even have such a thought? Wasn't it a kind of sacrilege? After all, Killer McKenna was the epitome of the macho male . . . the quintessence of rugged American masculinity. Trying to turn Killer McKenna into my slave was almost Un-American and yet . . . what a wild, mad experience that would be!

I shook my head, trying to rid myself of the wild fantasy. Market Street was almost empty of people and it was desolate . . . dark except for an occasional neon sign . . . I passed an all night grind house. I must've walked a couple of miles down the empty street, not passing a soul . . . down through the financial district and then I hit the waterfront.

I glanced up at the sign. BA . . . the R had lost its neon red. Skid row personified as I shoved at the creaky door. Narrow and dank and dismal with a blank eyed juke box silent in the corner . . . the sign, "OUT OF ORDER." Was this San Francisco night life? I knew I had to have a drink. I was about to order a draught beer when I saw the filthy glasses on the bar so instead I ordered a bottle of Bud and a shot of Carstairs. The greasy bartender looked like he hadn't taken a bath in a month. With the double shot in my guts I drank down the bottle of Bud but suddenly I had a headache that was pounding at the base of my skull. "You got any aspirin?" I asked the bartender.

As the bartender shook his head, a man sitting on a bar stool whirled around. "I'll see what I got." He was about forty with dirty blond hair. There was a touch of a smile on his face showing off his beautiful teeth. He pulled out a pill box. "Only got one left!"

It didn't look like an aspirin. It was smaller but with all the new products coming out I figured it was cool. After I swallowed it I ordered another boilermaker. A few minutes later the headache was gone and I felt terrific.

"How's your headache?" the dirty blond asked, stroking his square jaw.

"What headache?" I grinned. "Hey, where's the john?"

He pointed to the narrow wooden steps that led down into the basement. Once downstairs there was a labyrinth of cellar corridors. My body began to feel like it was full of electricity. I shoved out my chest . . . feeling the power of my body . . . of my weightlifter's physique. The only way I found the toilet was by smelling it out. The first time I pushed at the door it refused to open. Giving it a hard shove it budged about a foot and a pale white face popped out. It smiled vacantly and then disappeared. I felt the rattling of a chain and the door swung open as if by magic. I stepped across the threshold. I couldn't quite believe my eyes. The toilet was jam packed like in the New York subway during rush hour. Big guys . . . little guys . . . old and young . . . most of them standing around watching . . . waiting . . . their eyes darting toward the urinal. It was the old fashioned kind of urinal, a couple of feet off the floor. In reality it was a trough shape . . . like for cows and long enough to accommodate four guys.

Coming into the shithouse was almost like entering a kind of theater. The large room had one naked light bulb . . . a 200 watt on the wall above the urinal. The rest of the room was in shadows. Yes, the urinal was the stage and there was a groovy show going on . . . quite a performance. Both of the dudes wore leather jackets over their bare torsos. The one on his knees wore a dog collar and his master held the leash. The slave was licking his owner's boots. Some guy reached out and groped the master but he slammed his fist into the guy's guts

and that was the end of that. A moment later the master tugged at the leash and they went out the door . . . the slave on his hands and knees.

The electricity inside my guts began to move to the rest of my body. I felt fantastic. I had to piss real bad so I took center stage under the 200 watt bulb, hauling out my dick and getting ready to let fly a thick stream of piss in the general direction of the urinal. But before I could relieve myself I felt the hands desperately, frantically grabbing at my legs, twisting my body around. I looked down into the face with the open mouth. I wondered why in hell they bothered with a real urinal when they had so many human toilets around. I figured I'd give the poor bastard a break. I leaned back against the urinal and let go with a stream of yellow-orange piss that splashed all over the kneeling cocksucker.

It was almost as if I was taking the energy from the light bulb over my head, I was grooving on the spotlight . . . eating up all the attention. One fat old man was leaning up against the peeling wall, his beady eyes riveted on my dick . . . the spit dripping out of his mouth as he whacked away at his tiny dong. Three young guys down on their knees now in homage to me . . . at my feet. My pants jerked down below my knees as six hands grabbed at me. One guy kissed the dimples on my kneecaps. I felt a thick tongue run along the back of my leg . . . slide along the cheek of my buttcks and finally find the crack of my ass . . . the wet hole . . . hands spreading my cheeks wide and the thick tongue slurping up into my raunchy bunghole that was still sloppy wet with the hot giz of the black O.J. Simpson look alike. He grooved on the cum in my butt . . . eating it up . . . moaning.

I began to feel the pulse beat . . . at first impreceptible . . . almost unconscious . . . all of them tuned into a kind of universal heart beat . . . somehow together . . . panting in unison . . . all of their hungry eyes eating up my body . . . their eyes caressing my eighteen inch arms . . . my thirty inch waist . . . I was their perfect fantasy . . . yeah . . . me . . . George Misa . . . every God damned one of them feasting on my body . . . their eyes coated with admiration . . . adoration. It was the epitome . . . the height of narcissism and I felt a surge of wild passion . . . intensified . . . I'd never quite felt like this before. It was as if my senses were attuned to the pulse of nature . . . to the life beat of eternity.

A popper slammed into my nose . . . a joint into my mouth . . . the grass and amyl nitrite combining in my throat with the electricity . . . combusting the super-energy into my body . . . the pure animal of my being bursting forth . . . my veins pulsing . . . my heart trip hammering into ecstasy . . . the vibrant natural joy of the animal. Yes . . . I was super-man . . . super-stud!

Yes, superstud center stage . . . every eye riveted on George Misa . . . I was it . . . I was the king of the mountain . . . the superstar attraction. It was then I decided to give them a real show, a supershow they'd not forget for the rest of their natural lives. Why not let them salivate over a real weight-lifter's body? My levi's were already down to my ankles. Quickly I kicked off my shoes and got out of my pants. I stood motionless for a moment, letting them feast on my thick muscular legs and then I ripped off my T-shirt. There was a group gasp of admiration. I stood naked (except for my socks) in front of my panting audience.

Suddenly I realized that everyone in the john could *not* get a clear view of me so I jumped up on the trough-like urinal and now I could look down from my rightful position . . . above my audience. I still had some piss so I let go with it. I watched it arc in the air . . . catching the light from the 200 watt bulb on the wall . . . a sudden, mind boggling rainbow . . . yes, a rainbow of piss . . . golden now with pale sparkling yellows and tinges of orange . . . somehow the rainbow filled the room with color . . . translucent and shiny. I was in another space . . . a space of vibrant color and beauty.

I smiled at the two studs who were playing in the colorful shower of hot piss . . . they giggled as the urine sprayed against their faces . . . their bodies. I stared at their heaving chests and the rapid pulse beat in their necks . . . their upturned faces . . . a couple of innocent choir boys.

Now all the eyes in the crapper were focused on me in a frenzy of hero worship. They tore at their flies . . . pulling out their dicks and jerking off wildly . . . all of them grooving on my body. I got another shot of amyl stuck up my nose as I spurted out my last trickle of piss into a thirsty mouth and

suddenly the rainbow was gone. I felt sad for a moment.

Then I heard the dude in the corner. He looked like a truck driver with his heavy beard and thick body. "Fuckin' great lookin' stud . . . mother fucker!" His spunk spurted in thick jets from his stubby dick. An old man fell to his knees just in time to get a batch of hot giz on his face. The rest of it fell to the filthy floor.

I knew I hadn't shown my audience anything yet. I braced my feet on the trough shaped urinal, getting them in the right position to really show off my body. Twisting my torso sideways I did my biceps pose, letting them have it straight on . . . right between the eyes. It took a quick moment for the pose to slam into their consciousness. Then there was a concerted gasp of awe . . . of adoration . . . followed by a pin point vibration of raw passion. The appreciative feedback from my audience turned me on even more and my dick got even harder, waving above their faces. They looked like a pack of starving dogs, salivating for my meat. Now I took out all the stops . . . slam-bam into their innermost consciousness with my raw sex . . . ordering them to their knees with my vibrations . . . sending the subliminal message . . . worship me . . . yeah, the message . . . loud and clear . . . you belong to me . . . you are the only one here alone with me . . . no one else exists but the two of us . . . I love you for this moment . . . get down on your knees and suck my dick! Eat out my asshole . . . take my eight inches up your ass! You are my slave!

I continued to slam them with my subliminal message and their souls melted before my eyes. Yeah, in that wild moment I psychologically grabbed each one of them by the ears and fucked them in the face . . . and shot my jets of Adonis-cum down their throats. I had turned the seedy john into a room of wonderful, wild . . . satiated sex ecstasy . . . Suddenly I knew . . . it was all a mind trip . . . an inner voyage . . . a trip that had no boundaries . . . a place of discovery . . .

And NOW I KNEW WY. HELL, THIS WAS JUST A PREVIEW OF THE MR. BAY AREA CONTEST . . . RIGHT HERE IN THIS FILTHY JOHN ON THE EMBOCADERO. DIDN'T EVERYONE HAVE THE SAME FEELINGS . . . WEREN'T ALL FEELINGS UNIVERSAL . . . SOMEHOW MYSTICAL . . . MAYBE COMING FROM THE COSMOS? DIDN'T EVERYONE WANT A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR WITH A BIG LANCE TO SLAY THE DRAGON? A GOD . . . SOMEONE THEY COULD UNASHAMEDLY ADORE . . . SOMEONE WHO WAS WORTHY TO STAND FIRMLY ON THE MOTHER FUCKIN' PEDESTAL? YEAH . . . I WAS IT! I WAS THE GREATEST! WOW!

My voice was low, resonant. "Yes, my slaves, you may kiss my feet!" My words bounced off the slimy walls. I closed my eyes for a moment, enjoying the multitude of tongues between my toes, on my instep, my heels . . . tongues and more tongues licking their way up my calves to my thighs.

"Fuck off!" I yelled still with my eyes closed. The tongues stopped licking at my command. Then there was a unanimous groan and a sigh as they waited . . . waited for the next command from their master . . . their God. I gave them one last pose. Elbow bent, wrist against my hips and the sudden out-thrust of my massive chest, defining my pectoral muscles and bulging the V of my lats . . . accenting the criss cross sinews of my ironed stomach. Finally the awed hush was broken by a cadence of passionate breathing . . . it got faster and faster as I held my pose.

BEAUTIFUL MOTHER FUCKER

INCREDIBLE . . .

I'M COMING . . . I'M . . . BLAGAGHHHHHHHHH.

They were shooting off like firecrackers.

I couldn't help thinking . . . wouldn't it be great if I could have this same audience at the Mr. Bay Area Contest . . . and wouldn't it be the cat's meow if they could jerk off instead of clapping their hands? And what if the verdict at the Mr. Bay Area Contest was not by a panel of judges but was determined by how much gism was expended . . . or possibly by the number of orgasms over the different contestants? Wouldn't that be right down to the nitty-gritty? And wouldn't that take the cheating out of all physique contests by a pure animal response? And wouldn't all the crooked politics go down the tube?

Then I saw the dirty blonde in the suede pants with the beautiful smile. I jumped down from the urinal and . . .

37 & HOT: RICHARD LOCKE UNLOCKED

By Eric Van Meter

A lot of men would like to look like Richard Locke. The star of *Kansas City Trucking Co.* and *El Paso Wrecking Co.* has a frame of redwood proportions: shoulders like twin bags of cement, perfectly flat belly, mighty arms and chest, and enough hair to be totally masculine and uncommonly hot.

Locke's dark eyes, hooded with thick, questioning brows, have a hard, earnest quality. His large nose, Indian cheekbones, his finely tapered jaw line and cleft chin form a starkly rugged profile.

Richard Locke's hands are enormous. He is extravagantly proud of the power of his touch. On his right thigh, he has a butterfly tattoo: — a strange paradox of the fragile and beautiful inked upon the hard and invincible.

At 37, Richard Locke is the completely well-kept man. He exudes sexual heat with a toney radiance of health and mature energy. Who's to say how erotic film prince Roger, just pushing 24, will

DRUMMER INTERVIEW: A Candid Conversation With One Of America's Hottest And Hunkiest Eroticstars

register at Locke's age? Like fine wine, vintage wood, or classic films. Locke improves with age: getting older and better all at once. Is there somewhere a film of "Dorian" Locke growing older?

When I visited New York in the spring last year, Richard Locke pursued me across Manhattan. He hovered in subway stations, lurked around street corners in the West Village, stared up at me in erotic bookstores. There was no escaping his arrogant, insistent gaze.

I'm speaking of the ad for *Kansas City Trucking Co.* where Locke's ultra-macho pose (propped up against a mammoth rig, left foot hiked up behind him, knee spread to the side, his hands stuffed in his pockets, his face cocked three-quarters profile) became a drawing card for what may be the largest grossing gay film ever.

Kansas City has made its niche in the annals of erotica by being the first gay skinflick reviewed in a major metropolitan daily. John Wasserman of the *San Francisco Chronicle* devoted an entire column to *KC*, mentioning that one of the three prerequisites for beefcake stardom was to be "hung like a Clydesdale." The film's success prompted the sequel, *El Paso Wrecking Co.* In January of next year, the last of the trilogy, *L.A. Tool & Die*, again directed by Joe Gage and produced by Sam Gage, will begin shooting.

Richard has made about 15 films. The names, he says, are mostly interchangeable. In Artie Bressan's *Passing Strangers*, he played a bathhouse trick; in *Dreamer* a cop; in *Gemini* and *Pool Party*, both Hand-in-Hand productions, a male hustler; in *Kansas City* and *El Paso* he was Hank the Horny Truckdriver. He is prob-

ably the first Big Name in the gay porno business to retain his real name, unlike such popular aliases as Roger and Jack Wrangler and Gordon Grant.

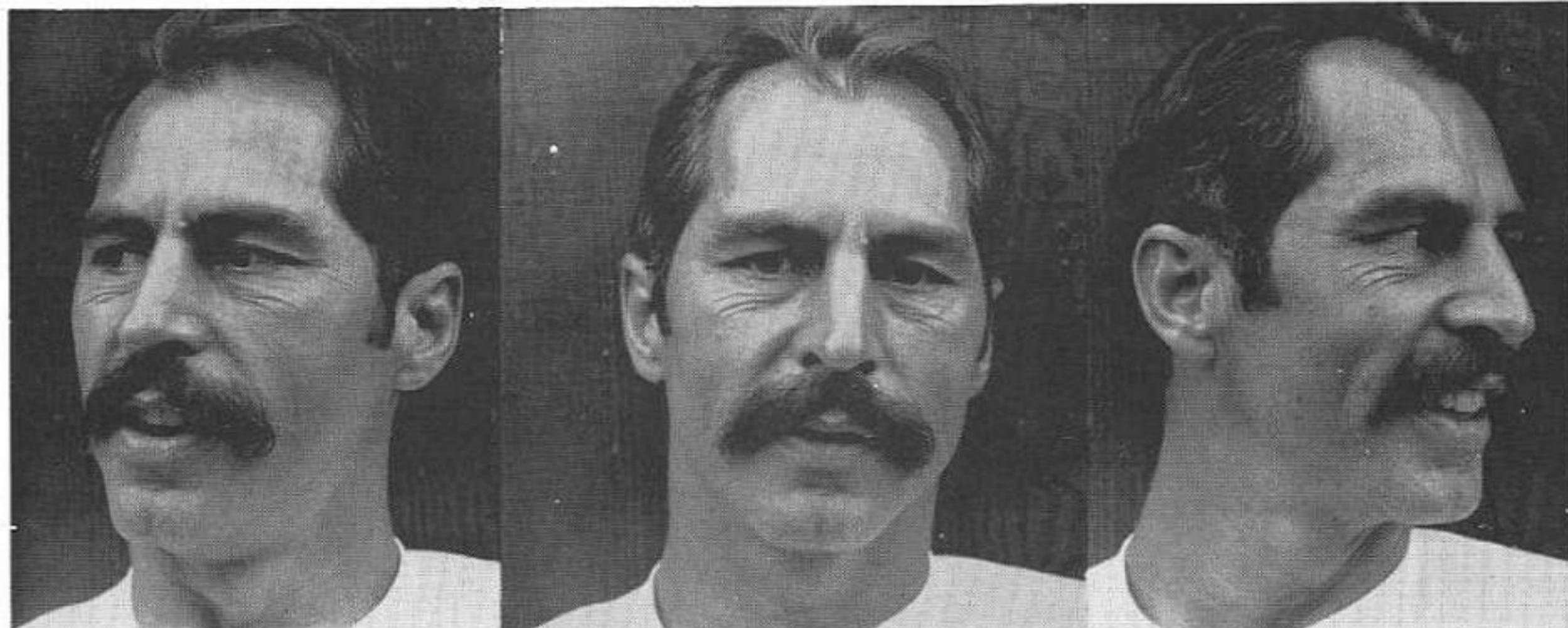
Wakefield Poole, after his classics *Boys in the Sand* and *Bijou*, directed Locke in *Take One*. Poole has this to say about working with the new man-of-the-moment: "Richard was very giving, very committed to the project. People don't believe it when I say this, but I think the reason he's a star now, the reason he's an attraction, is that he's honest. His success is not just in the way he looks. Richard does everything Richard wants to do and he's not afraid of people saying, 'My God, look at Richard Locke doing that.'"

In Poole's *Take One*, perhaps the first gay cinema verite, the actors played themselves, speaking about their lives while being filmed in their homes. Poole flew his crew down to Locke's "desert shack" near Palm Springs, where Richard was filmed, nude and bronzed and looking like a model for Michelangelo, posed against rock formations in the breathtaking desertscape.

As the cameras whirred, Richard voiced over his lifestyle: his Australian lover Alex (who appeared with him in *Take One*, balling under the desert sun), his wind generator and solar energy apparatus that he built for himself, his love for the desert and desire to lead a life in harmony with nature.

The irony of the situation — the Lord of Rough Trade waxing philosophical in a "soft" poetic setting — bordered on the comical. Wouldn't film fans prefer their idols to be morose and menacing and silent, not reflective and sentimental?

"I predict that in the next ten years, with more gays growing older, because now there are more young gays to grow old than ever before, the gay community will give more respect to older men."



Does talk shatter the illusions erected by the awesome presence of a man like Richard Locke?

The questions are merely rhetorical for Locke; while he enjoys making films and loves the sex and digs being a celebrity, he doesn't consider celluloid erotica to be his career.

In recent months, he's developed serious interest in massage, and has worked as resident masseur at a gay resort in Palm Springs and, more recently, at two gay resorts on the Russian River north of San Francisco.

Richard gave me an interview at his lover's Castro home in San Francisco. Me taping was as spontaneous as the full-body massage Richard gave me gratis as part of his rehearsal for the qualifying exam at the Massage Institute. The course required that he leave his home in Desert Hot Springs for the entire 10-week duration, thus giving Richard one of his longest San Francisco "vacations" since he moved from the City in 1974.

Richard eyed my tape recorder (I'd done another interview that morning) and asked if I'd care to interview him. I figured a factual profile on a professional

fantasy man was a good idea, so we settled down for an hour-long discussion.

Locke loves to talk about himself, has supreme self-confidence, and hardly needs prompting to engage in some unabashed self-promotion. I've known Richard's lover and several of their friends for years, but was basically unacquainted with Richard at the time. His informality and lack of inhibition made the interview a breeze.

His voice, a seductive laid-back monotone, seems to resonate from some deep subterranean well. It is totally consistent with his on-screen macho image. As we spoke, Richard leaned back against some pillows, smoked, relaxed, joked, and unreeled.

How tall are you and what's your weight?

I'm 6'2", I weigh 185 pounds, and I haven't measured my cock since I was 14 years old.

How do you feel about being 37?

I'm still me, but sometimes attitudes are strange. I was reading a sob story where Truman Capote was crying how

terrible it was to go to his favorite bars and not be so hot anymore because he's not young. The story pointed some bad things about being gay and aging. Maybe, really, it was more about America's attitudes, straight and gay, about youth. Hell, you can't be 21 all your life. And why would you want to be? Why should Capote cry in his beer? All his talent. All his money. His problem is *his* attitude toward aging. I predict that in the next ten years, with more gays growing older, because now there are more young gays to grow old than ever before, the gay community will give more respect to older men.

You know what? In *Kansas City Trucking* most of the men were over 35. They aren't your Castro Babies. I'm 37. Sure, I don't have the energy that I had at 22. I'm more careful of my grip when I swing from the chandeliers. But I have a new kind of energy. I have a new kind of heat. I'm enjoying my thirties. I eat right, exercise, and, skip the Geritol, I cut out smoking. Or try to. I'm hotter now than I've ever been. The thirties are a wonderful period of life. Men in their thirties have character in their faces. They really



Richard Locke and Alexander Stewart live out a sexual fantasy on their roof under the desert sun. A scene from Wakefield Poole's "TAKE ONE." Photo courtesy of A REEL TO REAL PRODUCTION.

"I didn't come out till I was 24 years old. I had a closet full of hangups. Up till that time my only lover was my right hand... and what used to be called 'Pornography.'"

look good. When you ball with a man in his thirties, you ball with some degree of feeling and substantiality lacking in the slender twenties. This is not to say, of course, that mature Beef is automatically better than tender Chicken. Or vice versa. I know from friends that the forties will be even better. A man can be hot no matter what decade he's in.

Another film person, certainly in a major film league, is Sophia Loren who is 43. She said, "Age is a condition. You have to come with it as best you can. You have to know how to grow older gracefully or you become a caricature. I never think bad thoughts about the years that go by." Sad old Truman Capote ought to sit down with Sophia for a little tea, sympathy, and advice.

What have "Kansas City Trucking Co." and "El Paso Wrecking Co." done for your career?

They catapulted me to stardom. How do you like that? I'd done about 13 films and I'd never considered movies a career. But then *Kansas City* came along. I was amazed how well audiences received it. *Kansas City* was the best-publicized gay film in history. Then when *El Paso* was released, I was more astonished because everyone was going to see it. On a streetcar or walking down the street, people recognized me. I'd see them whispering, pointing at me.

I had no idea I was that big because I'd been in the desert three or four years. I hadn't been in San Francisco that much. All of a sudden I was a star and I didn't know that until two months ago when I got back to San Francisco. Since then, Wakefield told me that I have a big following in New York.

Has it become an invasion of privacy?

I've lost my anonymity. I haven't been to the baths like I used to. Every once in a while I do go to the Jaguar book-store (a Castro district establishment with a backroom for sex). That's still a lot of fun.

Don't people recognize you in the dark?

I imagine they could. It's not hard to see my butterfly.

Have you considered branching out, doing live shows?

I've considered public appearances. I know other people have done exhibitions like Jack Wrangler and Roger. Here in my hometown of San Francisco I probably wouldn't do a live show. It's a matter of fact, I almost performed one night at the Nob Hill. But about three hours beforehand, I chickened out. My God! Friends in the audience! I think with strangers I'd be less inhibited. I wouldn't give a shit. I've had lots of ideas about what to do in a live show. I would like to do it.

Was it ever hard for you to act in an erotic film, to have sex in front of a camera and crew?

No. The biggest problem I've had is delivering my lines. The director tells me what he wants at the beginning of a scene. Directors always say, "Go with it. Whatever happens, go with it." They set

up the basics and we have to keep within that framework. But we don't allow the framework to confine us.

But doesn't the camera, crew and the whole artificial atmosphere inhibit you sexually?

No. I get off on it, especially now, because I know on the other side of the camera there's a whole audience from San Francisco to New York beating off in the dark.

That's what you're thinking of?

Yeah. Out in that audience guys are getting off on me. Why not give them a good show? It's an energy exchange. Their high makes me high — like taking a good drug to heighten your sexuality.

Film exhibitionism is kind of impersonal in the sense that movie production goes through a long process: laboratory processing, editing, all that before it finally lights up the screen. The actors, the director, the editor, the whole crew help make it hot.

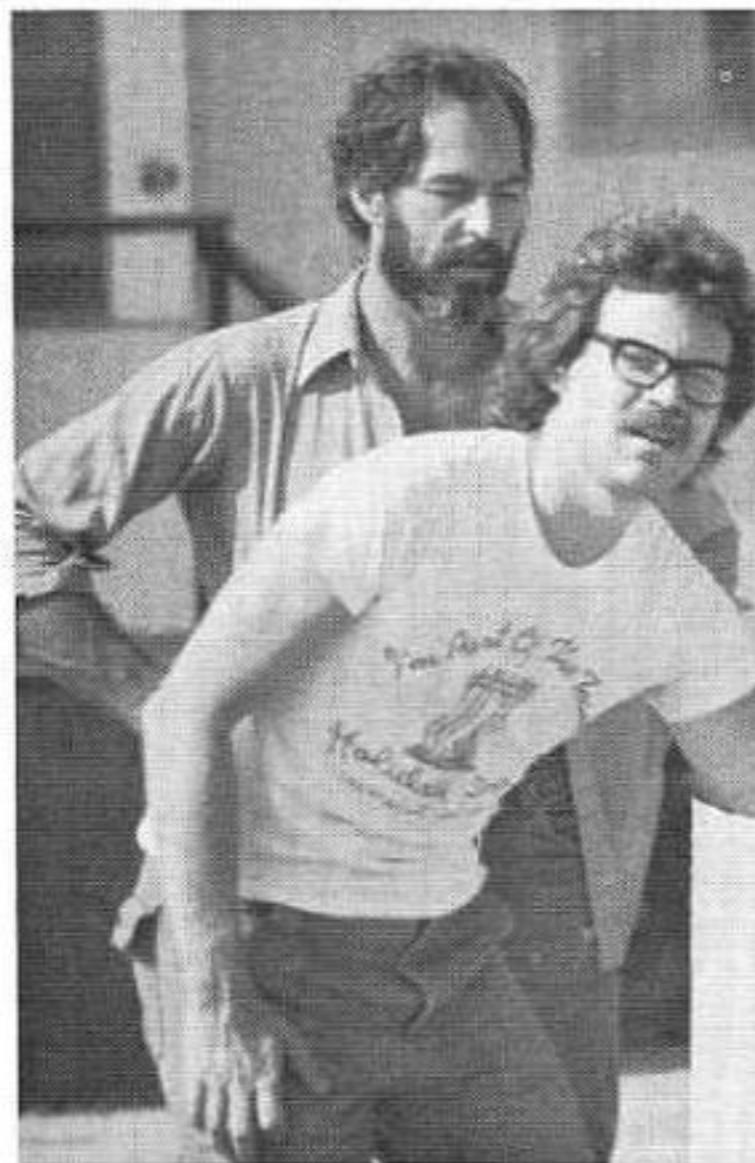
Let's say you're spending the afternoon filming sex scenes. Isn't that hard to do for that many hours? Do you ever have a problem where you say, "I can't get into this" or to put it bluntly, you just can't get it up?

You've never had marathon sex?

Not that often.

Well, you have, haven't you? Was it hot?

"I've considered public appearances. I know other people have done exhibitions like Jack Wrangler and Roger. Here in my home town of San Francisco I probably wouldn't do a live show."



Richard Locke taking direction from Joe Gage during the filming of "EL PASO WRECKING."

It has to be the right person, the right situation.

Did it stay hard? (He laughs.) Yes. Well, usually I've been very lucky. I've always filmed with people I enjoyed balling with. Unfortunately, what with schedules and locales and whatever, I'm unable to spend more time with some of the people off-camera.

What about spending an afternoon masturbating over and over again in front of a camera?

Much of filmmaking is standing around waiting for the crew to get its shit together, or, you know, they're filming another scene with some other guys and you're waiting for your scene, warming up for it. I confess: I've gotten drunk (he laughs) several times waiting for my scene to come up. There's this one scene in *Kansas City*, a piss scene. There was a refrigerator full of beer and the director said, "You're going to do a piss scene in 45 minutes." So I chugged the beer. I really tanked myself up. Finally, I had to piss, and I said, "Are you guys ready for that scene? I've got to go. I've really got to go." And they said, "We're not ready. Go drink some more." By the time the scene arrived I was drunk. I don't think I've ever peed so much in my life. And it felt damn good. I think they got their money's worth out of me.

Do you enjoy watching erotic films?

For sure. I didn't come out until I was 24 years old. I had a closet full of hang-ups. Up until that time my only lover was my right hand . . . and what used to be called "pornography."

What's your favorite erotic scene?

The one in *Kansas City Trucking Co.* when the cock comes at me through the bed springs. That was the hottest, the most likeable scene. That actor was one of the guys I would've liked to have taken home from the set. He had a beautiful cock, just beautiful. That was another night I got drunk. I wasn't so loaded that I wasn't aware of what was going on, but you know, there was an orgy scene with 20 or 30 guys and I had cocks surrounding me. But that one really stands out in my mind. A beautiful cock. But I never say his body or his face except in dim light. I would love to meet him again.

Do you consider yourself over-sexed?

No. But other men do. A lot of guys think I run around with a hardon all the time. Not true. It's impossible to be sexual 24 hours a day. I'm not a satyr. I have a mind. There are other things going on in my life.

Do you ever watch straight erotic films?

Sure. One of my co-stars in *El Paso* was Georgina Spelvin. She's a wonderful actress. I liked her in Wakefield's *The Bible* and in *The Devil in Miss Jones*. But even then I get off on the men more than the women.

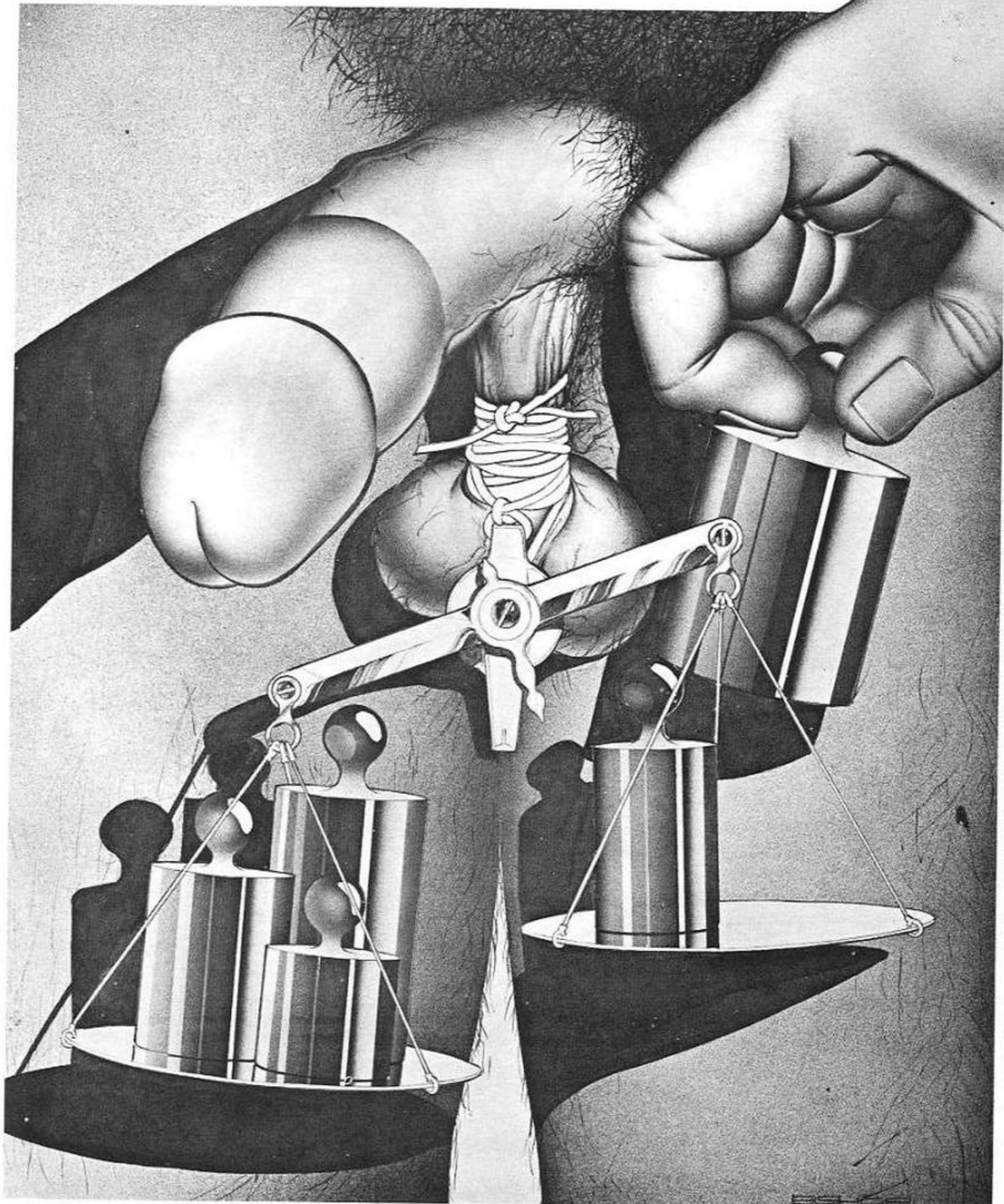
What would you like to see the gay film industry do?

We have a lot of young gays who are

Continued on page 74

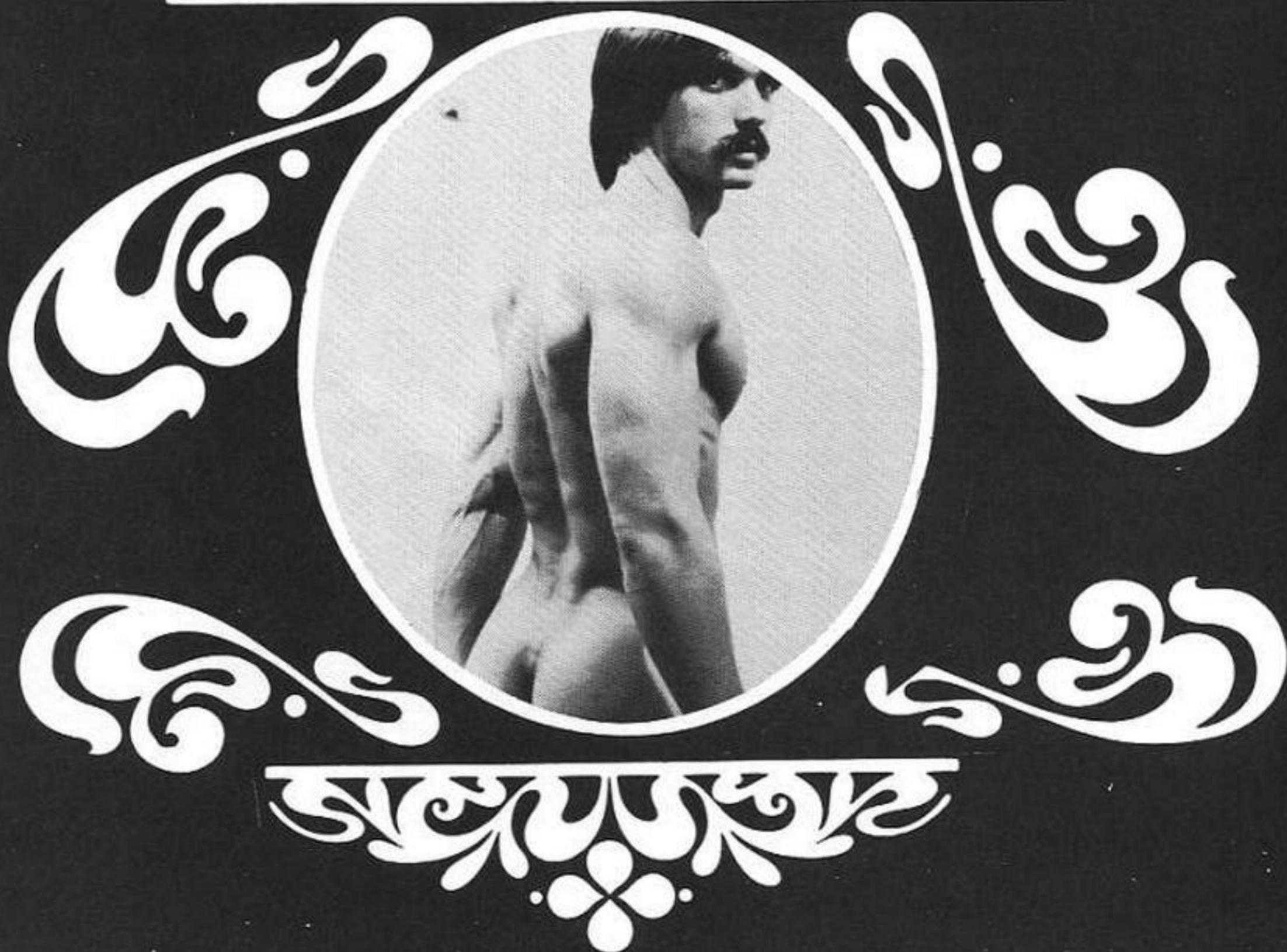
LIBRA

September 23 -
October 22



CASTRO'S STREET BLUES

ARTICLES



or

Even Blueboys Get The Cows

by Jack Fritscher



In SFO, gay guys talk about sex, gyms, and real estate. They worry about being hot, too hot, or not hot enough. They fly so often they call cities by airline baggage initials. They hate LAX "attitude." They call the West Hollywood boys up for a visit: LAXlanders. They love NYC and want to fly to JFK for some Manhattan "energy." They SFO weren't quite wish such a laidback fishing village.

Yet gays have the same love affair as straights with SFO. Paradise is the place where when you go there, you get to be yourself. SFO has a grand tradition of tolerance for offbeat characters whose best creation is themselves.

TRUCKSLUTS

On SFO weekends, little Algonquin Clubs brunch at Mena's Norse Cove across from the Castro Theater. They dish the macho boys in the Ford pickups jockeying down to the intersection of Sodom and Gomorrah at 18th and Castro. They watch the Harleys, Kawasakis, and Mo-Peds park side by side in front of Toad Hall. Vehicles are an extension of gay sexlife. You are what you drive. Bored by Castro? Cruise over to Polk. Revolted by Polk? Head down to Folsom. Tired of Folsom? Try Land's End.

HOT

Hot is as hot does in SFO. Scratch the word "hot" from gay chatter and stop the conversation. "Hot" is the ultimate review of anything. Rollerskating Tuesday nights in South SFO once was hot. Currently, every Saturday midnight it's hot to light candles on cue at the Strand's ritual "Rocky Horror Picture Show." "Architectural Digest" on an art deco table is hot. So is the straight outlaw biker magazine "Easy Riders." So is Disco. So is Crisco.

Only God Herself knows what next will be hot.

TWINK CITY

Gays in SFO prefer costumes to clothes. Twinkies live in the Castro. Twinkies are no older than 24 and no taller than 5 foot 6. They sport cropped black moustaches and short black hair, often with a gratuitous long lock left at the nape of the neck. They have hairy little muscular bodies of death.

Only a clone could figure the source of the breed.

Twinkies wear small LaCoste alligator shirts and size 28-28 pressed jeans. They tuck red hankies meaninglessly in their rear pockets. They prefer thick-soled hiking boots to gain an inch or two in height. With no visible means of support, they are whisked away like Dorothy

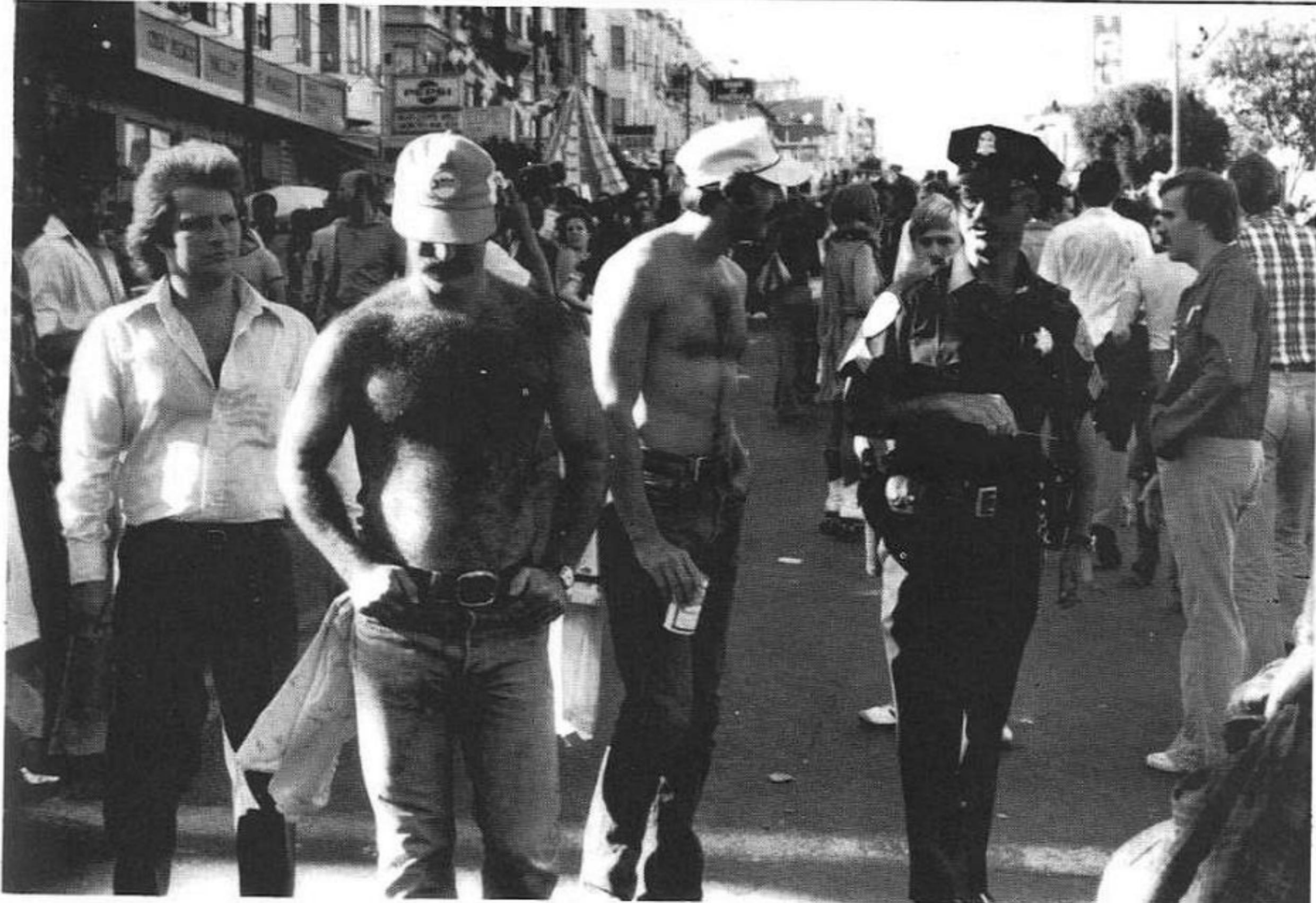
and Toto in Corvettes to Diamond Heights, in Jaguars to Marin, and by PSA to Palm Springs.

FOLSOM TUCKERS

Leathermen hang out South of Market. Their bearded faces have the character that comes from surviving one's own roaring twenties. They admit to no more than "mid-thirties." They corset themselves in tight leather, western, or uniform gear. Unlike the Twinkies, Leathermen own several units of escalating real estate. By night they are rugged, because by day they are disciplined professionals who fill your teeth, bank your money, and draw up your last will and testament. A hanky in a right-hand leather pocket means the tucker is a catcher. In the left, at best he'll negotiate who will pitch. Leathermen prefer cycles and Jeeps, but only as second vehicles. Leathermen look fine in the acid-red light of bars and baths on Folsom. At 2 AM in the back of a fluorescent MUNI bus, they look like mackerel.

GYM TRICKS

In SFO, no one who is anyone lives alone. Gays have roommates to handle press releases. Roommates blab to friends what hot tricks you were up to the night before. In LAX, chandeliers are for show. In SFO, chandeliers are for swinging



"Officer, I hope you take this as the compliment it's meant: you're the hottest thing on the street." (Ed. note: The cop said "Thank you.")

from. You can buy tracklights at "Work Wonders" (which should be the name of a gym, but isn't).

Bodies are, after all, what this is all about.

A guy gets in shape by pumping iron M-W-F at the Pump Room. Some work up a sweat at the Y with its game-set-and-matchmaking of dollies in levi's. More refined types pop their niacin, and get their cardiovascular flush riding their naughty exercise machines sidesaddle. Steroids to build muscular bulk are the street drug favored by jocks. At the corner of Sutter and Polk, ten Arnold Schwarzeneggers loiter under a shop sign that says, "Any object made into a lamp."

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT?

Spectacular parties in SFO are not thrown. They're produced. Everybody is a star. Disco systems are flown in for the night from NYC. Fountains splash. Light shows flash. Grapes cascade. Rome declines. Aerialists perform above oiled wrestlers. Stud-mouse Mr. America types pose like 200 pounds of dynamite that won't go off.

SFO doesn't measure gay Saturday night fever with an oral thermometer.

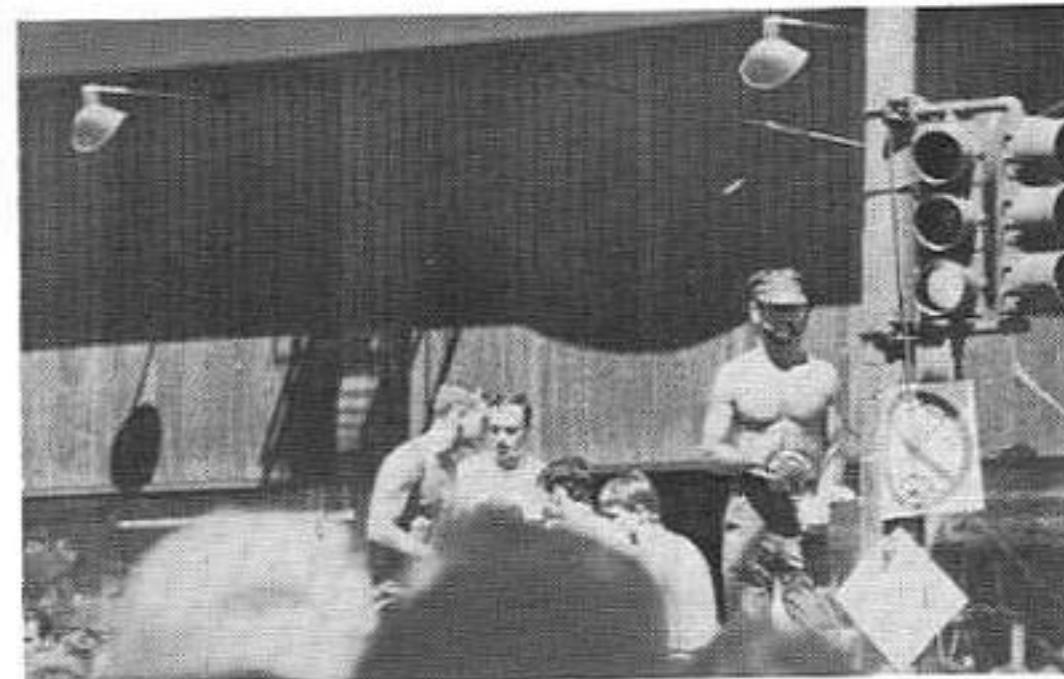
Start dancing at Alfie's, move on to the I-Beam, and cruise out at Trocadero Transfer. Collapse at dawn in the tubs. Civilizations are judged by their plumbing. The SFO gay subculture bathes in elegant whirlpool grottos and Fellini Memorial steam rooms.

The hallways at the baths are the real gay parade.

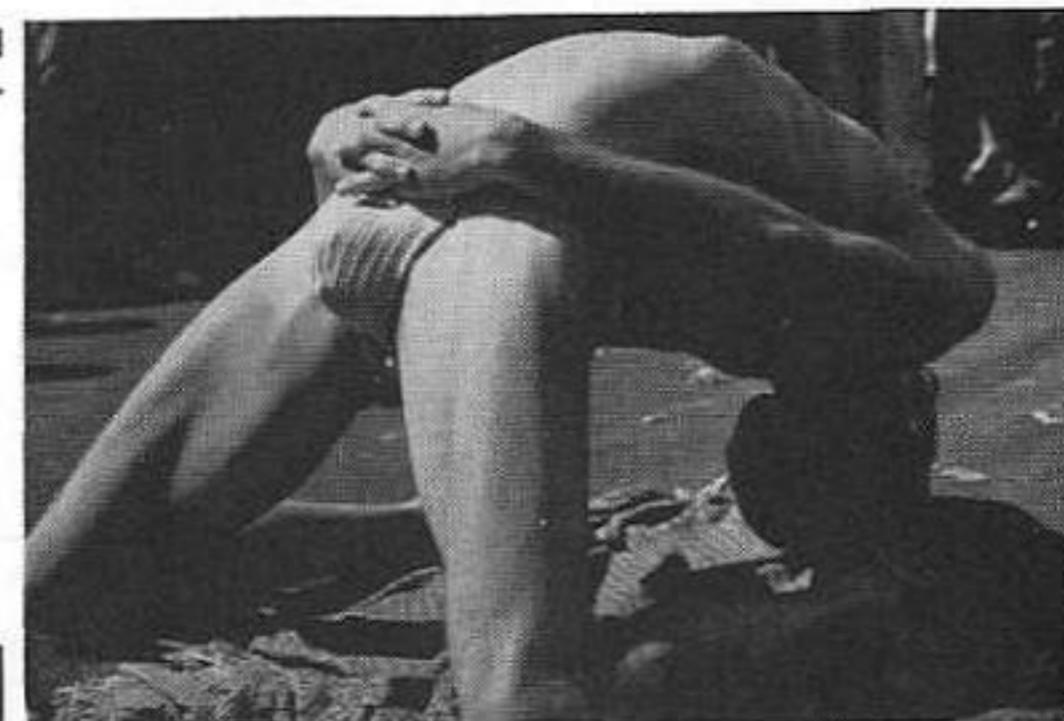
The Star Pharmacy: the Schwab's of Castro fills prescriptions for the big "S" and the little "G."



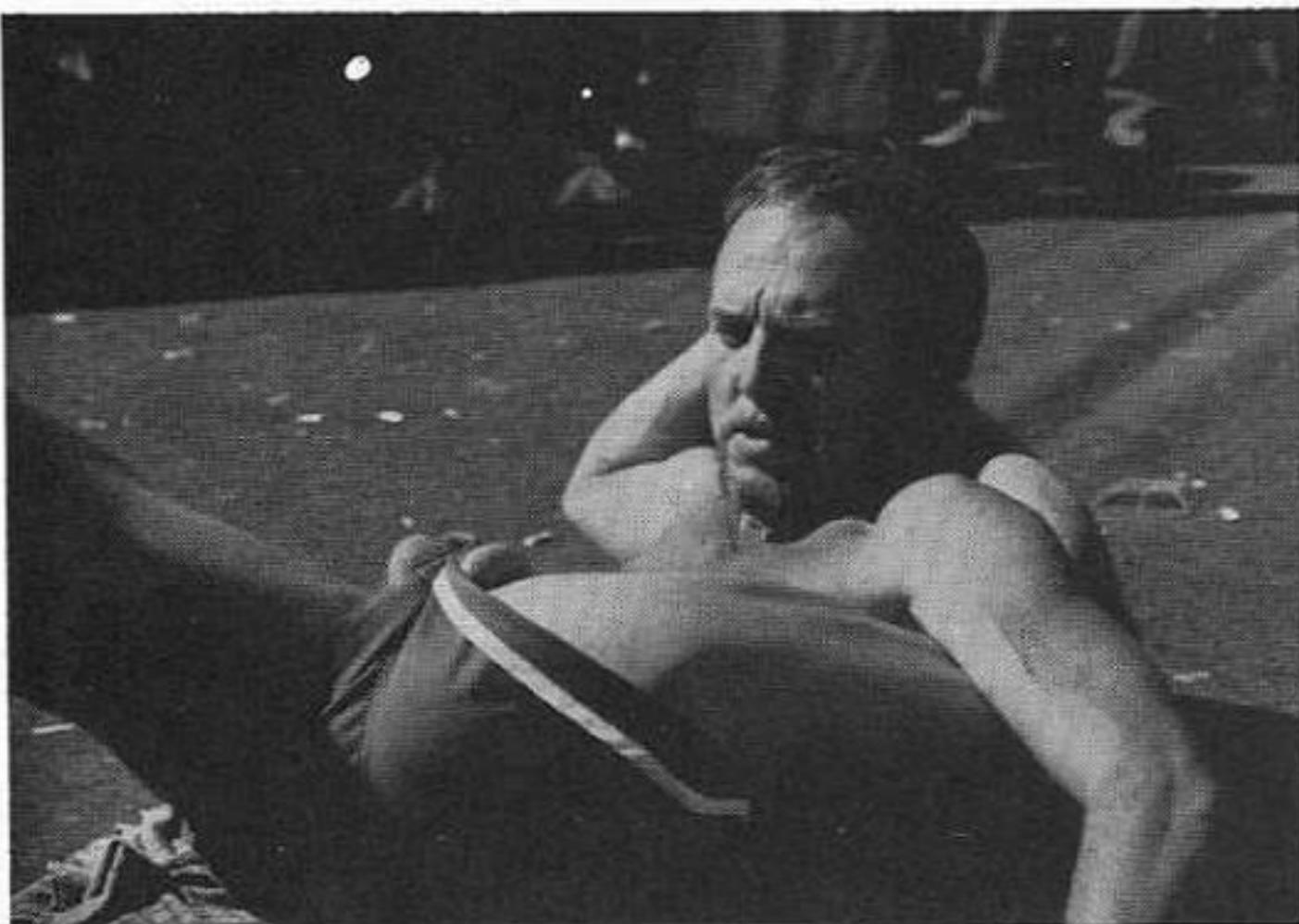
Macho Macho Men



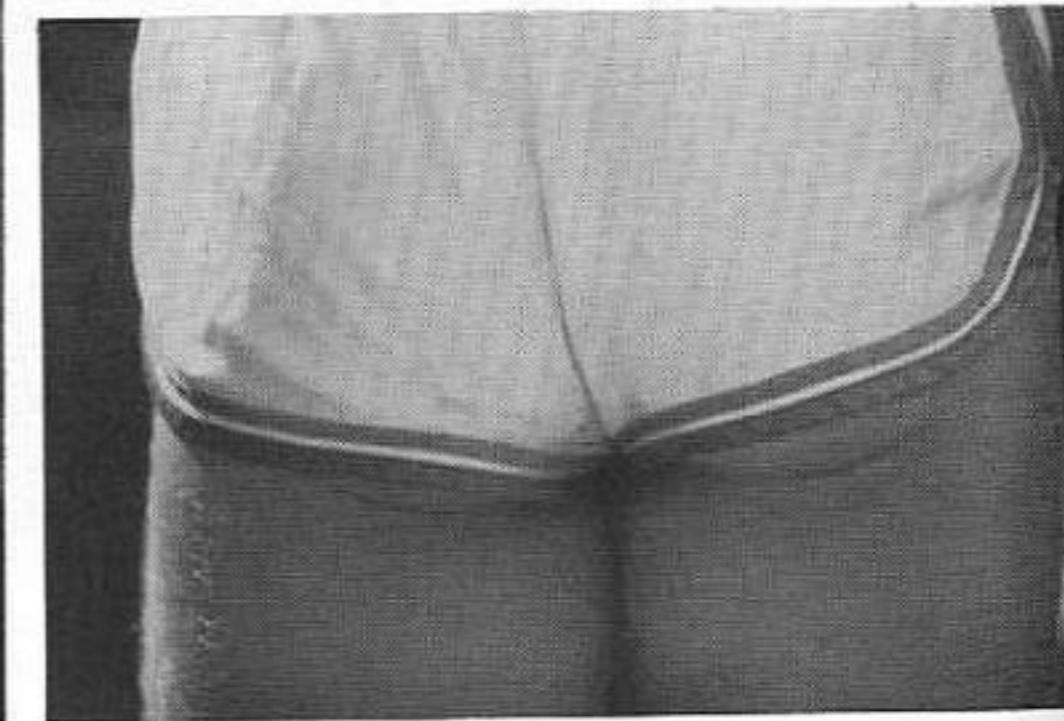
What this neighborhood needs is a decent restaurant!



"Falling in love again. What am I to do? Can't help it."



Indeed Adidass

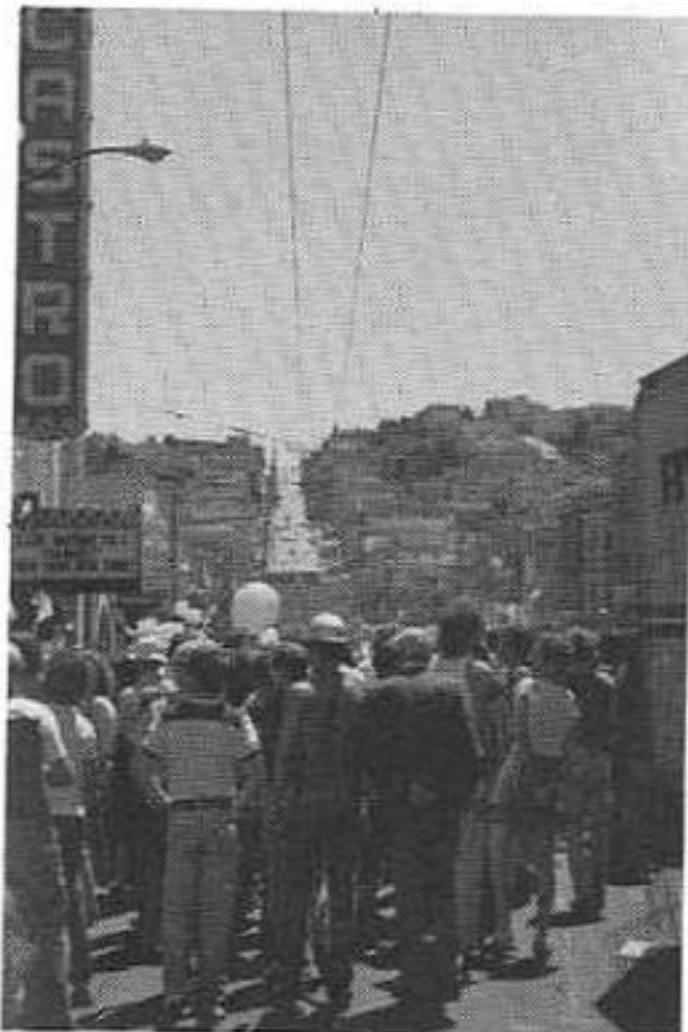




Pope John-Paul who?



Hibernia Bank belly boy balances baubles, bangles, and swords



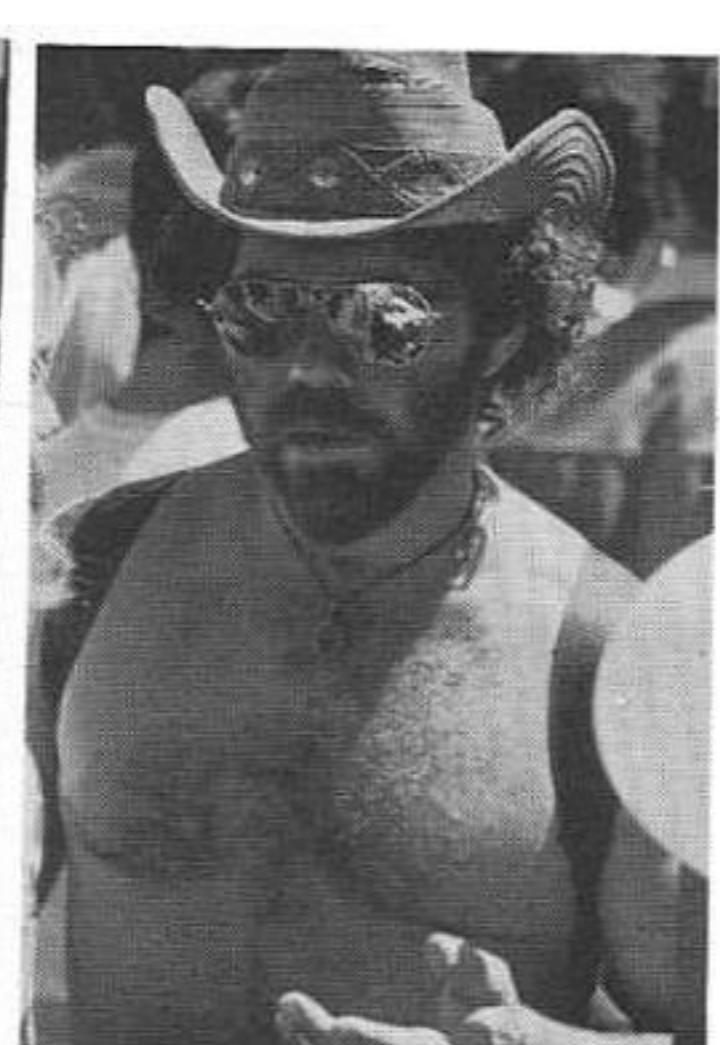
Judy lives: the Castro Theater books Garland impersonator in CABARET and NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Castro clowns? Castro clones? Victor or victim?



Castro Rent-A-Pose: Ya gotta have a gimmick (20 poses for a buck)



"Waddya mean WORK WONDERS ain't a gym?"

the bar, twin Latino gay brothers smirk and say they were born again, yeah, born again for Salsa. Outside an ancient peglegged newsboy cackles out the single raw word, "Chronicle!"

Precisely because of the newspaper headlines from the dark interior of the American continent, gays bring their hearts and other parts to SFO.

THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

Sunday afternoons, male belly dancers perform for coin-tossing crowds in front of a Castro bank. A blond boy with punk-chopped hair recently mimicked their boogie. He wrapped himself in a swirl of bedspreads and garter belts. He twirled like a laundromat dryer exploding. The crowd threw pennies at him as hard as they could. He retreated to play toreador with the traffic.

Buses often drive picture-taking tourists through the Castro. Gay photographers snap back through the bus windows at the lowans dressed in their polyester Anita wear. Cameras are the guns of our time. SFO supervisor Harvey Milk's Castro Camera develops the film.

STAR PHARMACY

A man leans against the Star Pharmacy. He played a bit part in "Close Encounters." He saw ACT's "Travesties" twice. He jots notes for the very, very wonderful screen comedy he is writing about a macho type who freaks out at 18th and Castro. Movie mad scenes fascinate gay men. In his script, his jock hero blocks traffic by locking himself inside his truck in the center of the intersection. He rubs Oil of Olay all over his face, screaming in three languages how moist he is. A crowd gathers on this very spot where a baby was born on an 8 Market/Ferry bus. Restaurants again carry white towels to the intersection. The man jots more notes.

The Star Pharmacy is closed on Sundays. Just when you need aspirin, where is the Star's Jackie, the Sweetheart of the Castro? In SFO, gay refrigerators carry gay staples in their gay freezers: cubes, brownies, and poppers.

DOWN HERE ON A VISIT

In SFO, believe it or not, some gays are native to the City. One third-generation gay man centers himself against the gay immigrant madness. He shuns motorcycle christenings, tricycle races, bedraggled empresses, and full-moon bar promo parties. He owns no albums by Donna Summer. He meditates. He refuses to do to himself gay illnesses with symptoms like an RCA Colortrak TV commercial: "My eyes are yellow, my urine's brown, my shit is white." In SFO, love is always chancey. But better a positive visit to the clinic than never to have loved at all.

OUTER SPACE

"Maybe we gays are a religion," he says. "More likely, the difference between straight and gay is simple. Straight people are the real earthlings. Gay people are just dropped down on this planet for a visit. That's why we seem alien. Another difference is straight people don't stand you up for dinner."

He looks down at his vintage Earth-shoes.

"With all this religion and politics, I don't know how long we can hang around on Castro singing some gay national anthem like 'Over the Rainbow.' Gay surveillance squads on Folsom? Gay deputy sheriffs? Bryant? Briggs? Shit! I can't wait till we all fly back to Alpha Centauri."

Just like the last reel of "Rocky Horror Picture Show."

Meanwhile, in SFO, without pecs, you're dead. ▲



Mixer at Castro & 18th Community College

If you can't wear your heart on your sleeve, try the left armpit.



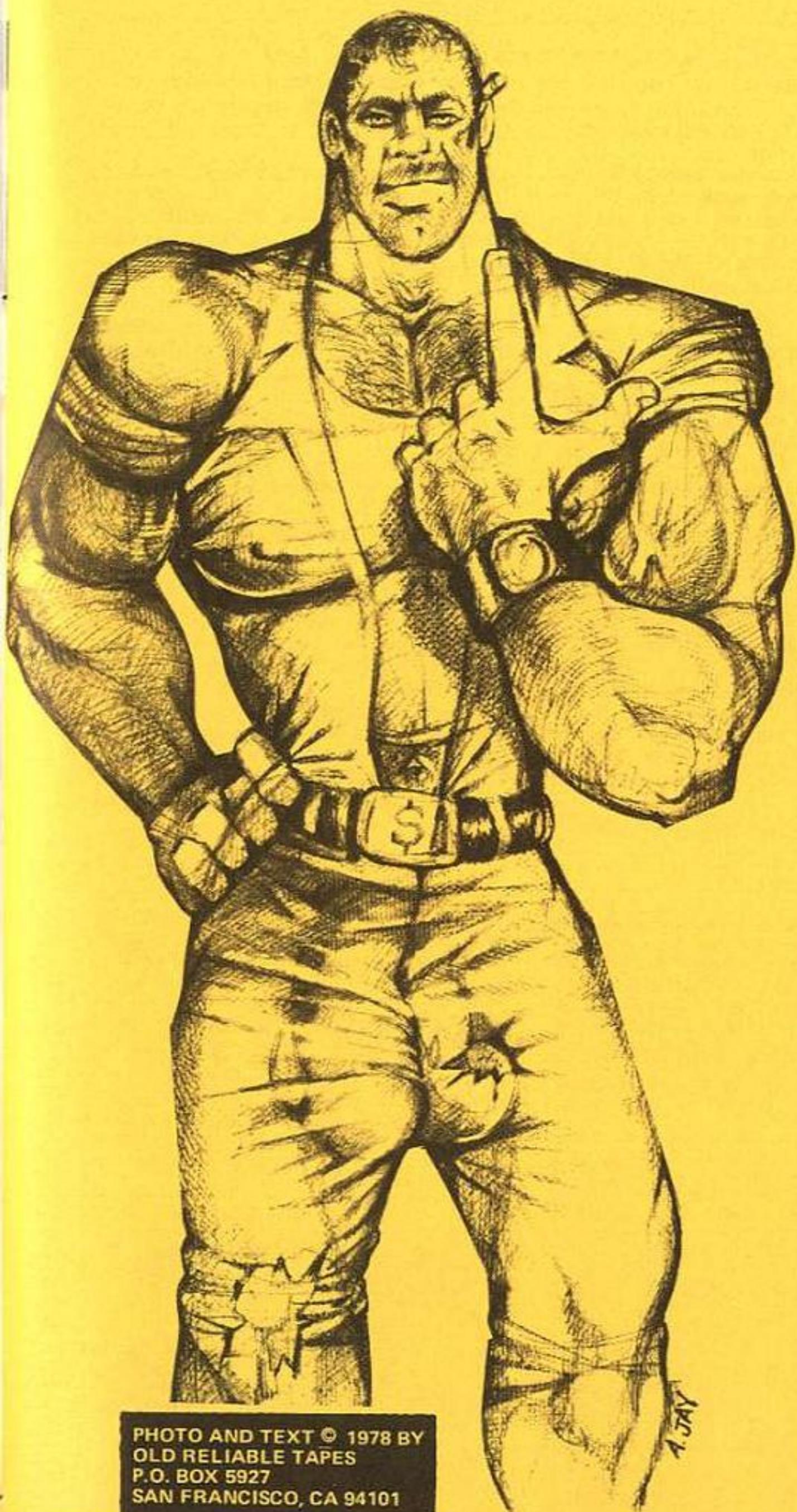


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SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101

in hot
blood
in hot
blood

BOOK
SECTION

EX-CONS:
We Abuse Fags

ACE: I know you've got some good ones. You know we're just a couple of sick mother fuckers right here.

BO: Yeah, I know, I know — yeah, I'm thinkin', let me see. Like we're regular customers.

ACE: 'Cause all the fuckin' sissies are listening to this shit man — they're sick anyway. They like to hear that shit man. You know what I mean. They want you to talk bad about them — fuckin' punks. Knock all this shit off your ass — hey when was the last time you fucked a punk man —

BO: Oh man, when I was in jail last time man —

ACE: What, CRC?

BO: No, when I was in Tracy — this punk man, I was fucking him man — while I was fucking him man he was giving my partner some head — it was cold man you know — but it was good, you know —

ACE: Ah fuckin' drag queen or what?

BO: Naw — he was just a — he was — he started out as a pressure punk man, you know — then it got good to him man and —

ACE: Tell me what a pressure punk is.

BO: A pressure punk man is ah — is a punk man — like he don't really want to give it up but if you apply the pressure on him man he gives it up — you know — 'cause he's weak — 'cause he don't want to fight — you know — he'd rather give it up than fight —

ACE: Than rather what — what do you mean by give it up?

BO: Get fucked in the ass — yeah —

ACE: Get fucked in the ass —

BO: Yeah — whatever —

ACE: Suck your dick?

BO: Whatever the person that's presurin' 'em wants you know —

ACE: Yeah — So what happened man, was he a pressure punk?

BO: Yeah, he started out as — you know — as a pressure punk man — then it got good to him — and ah —

ACE: And he started diggin' it? Huh?

BO: Yeah — he started diggin' it — and ah —

ACE: That old dick got good to him, huh?

BO: Yeah — and then — one time I seen him man, he was getting fucked and ah — I went up there — I was just mosey-ing by the cell — you know — I looked in the window man and ah — this mother fucker was gettin' fucked in the ass, sucking dick and jacking off two people at the same time — you know what I mean?

ACE: Eh Eh — the mother fucker was full of it eh?

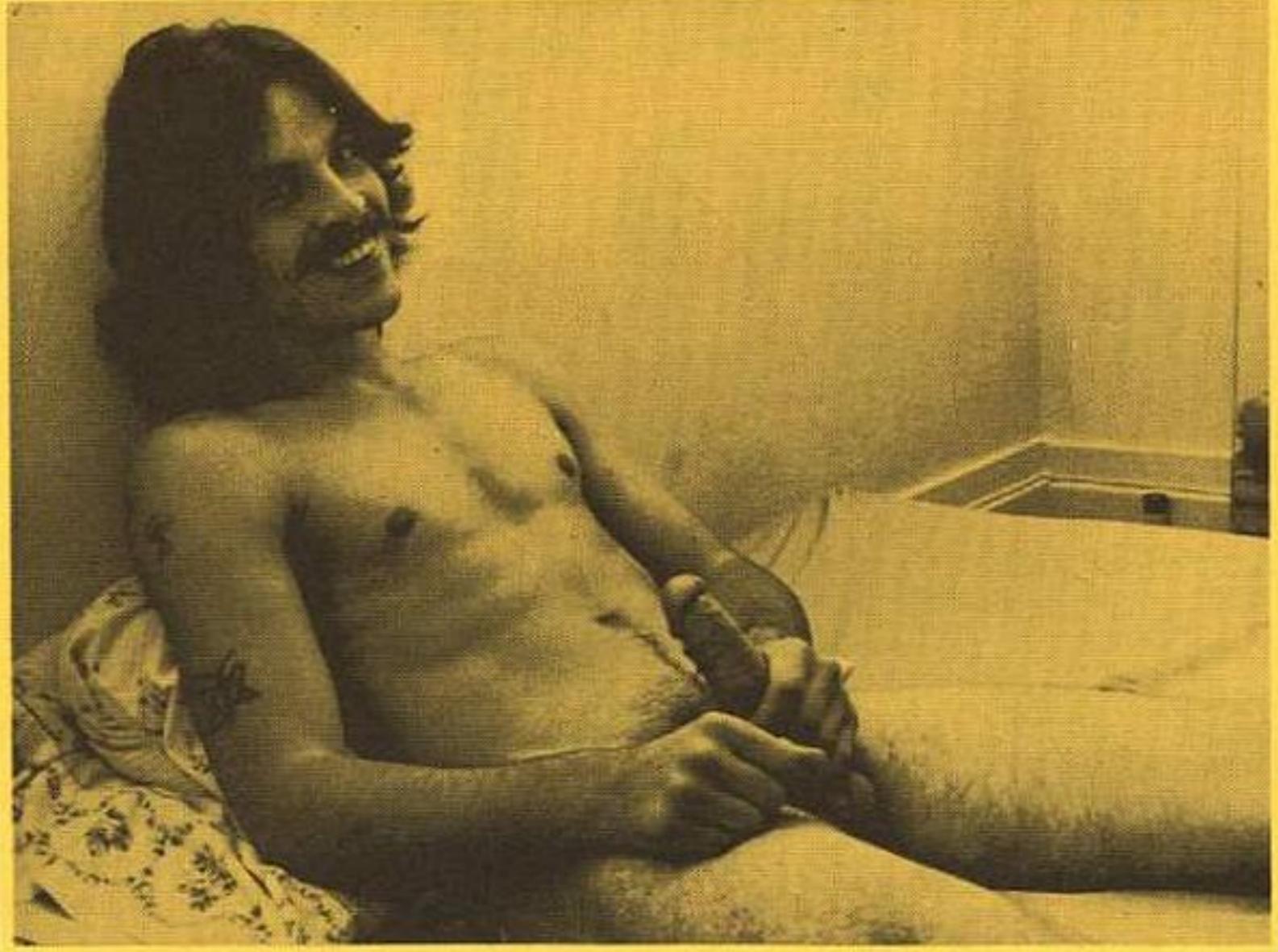
BO: He was doin' it — you know —

ACE: You know that mother fucker was into it.

BO: Hey — I heard you was fuckin' them punks too — you know what I mean?

ROBERT

So pretty, and so wise. From the swamps of Louisiana to the streets of San Francisco. But he's got what it takes to please. He's tough. He can handle himself on the streets alright. But he's decent and gentle too, and when it comes to lovin', he's definitely right at home. He can thaw you with those dark good looks and flashing smile, and then fuck you into a pile of slush Frosty, before you even know the sun's come out. Just 21. What'll he be when he grows up?



ACE: Eh eh eh — I fucked around a little bit you know — if the money's long enough — all we gotta do in county jail — and ah — about fourteen of us man — there was sixteen of us in the tank — hey this is on the serious side — and I was only down two weeks before I went to the joint last time — and ah — eh eh — what do you do if a couple of broads walk in the house and — let me see what you're recordin' there —

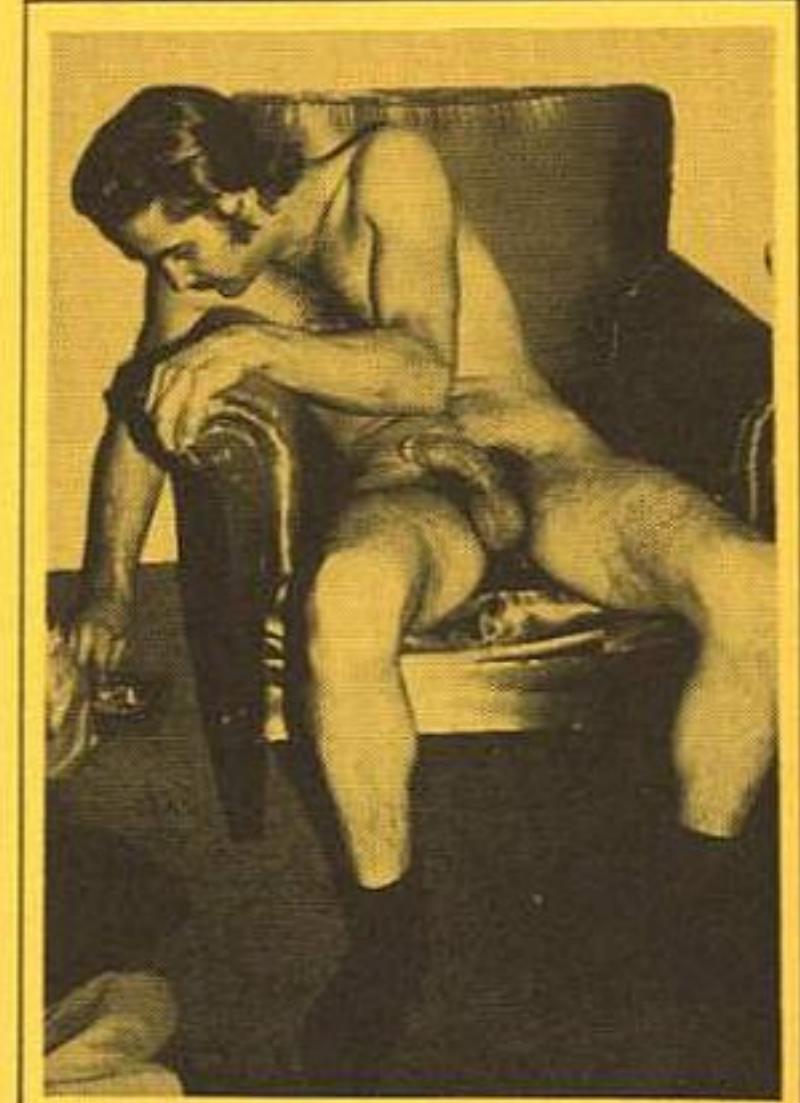
BO: Heh heh heh —

ACE: Tell 'em to fuck off or I'll fuck them too — Hey we did this one time man — on a drug move — I mean this dude named DiMarino — recorded that shit man — they was goin' to throw us out of the —

BO: Yeah — I don't have to worry it — the first weekend I was there — the second weekend I was there — man the broads took me in the back room and said listen to this tape of me — and they was all on crank then — and they were speedin' out — I didn't know it at the time that they was all wired up — and they played this tape man — and these young broads man — thirteen or fourteen lookin' good — talkin' about suckin' dicks man — and gettin' fucked — you know — and I wanted to get down on them — but I couldn't — you know. But anyway this mother fucker in county jail man — he was AWOL from the Marines — got booked on car theft —

CHARLIE

This is a vicious sonofabitch . . . ex-con, white supremacist, hustler sadist. Anything for a price. But don't turn your back. Might get more than you bargained for. But, ah . . . so fine to see, and smell, and touch . . . just make sure you got the money, buddy, if you know what's good for you. He can handle problems. Don't become one! Do you think them black socks ever come off?



Yeah — I got hit — I used to be hitchhiking and shit man — and the mother fucker would pick me up and tell me he wanted to suck my dick — and if I just got out of jail or somethin' man — didn't have no pussy — I'd let the fucker suck my dick man — money was right you know —

ACE: Yeah — I'm listenin' to all this — runnin' down —

BO: He came in the tank man — it was — it was about twenty — I think it was a twenty-four man cell — and ah — most the dudes were going back to the joint or going to the joint for the first time — and the mother fucker — I got him off in the corner — me and this big Jap that was a presser — named Jerry somethin' —

ACE: Japanese dude?

BO: Big, tall — tall for a Jap — you know big for a Jap —

ACE: Yeah — you don't see too many Japs in jail man — not as crazy mugs —

BO: He was in for kidnap, robbery and shit — well anyway we got him off to the side and started tellin' 'em — you know what man — you're gonna be in this jail for a long time — you know — and ah — you might as well get used to 'cause if you don't act the way people want you to act you're gonna get killed — you know — and they're gonna slap you around and ah — just fuck you over — take all your canteen and shit —

ACE: Fuck 'em in the ass and stuff —

BO: So he started gettin' scared man — we righteously had him believin' that he was gonna — he was gonna be in jail for at least three or four years — and we told 'em — you know what man — like we've all been through it already — you know — and make him think that to be one of the fellas he had to get balled — right — and this mother fucker was actually scared man — and while this was goin' on — while we was pressurin' 'em — everybody was drawin' straws to see who'd go first — you know —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: Thirteen or fourteen of us wanted to fuck him — and I was to be the first or second — I think I was second — this dude named Charlie was first — got to a bunk you know — top and bottom — threw a blanket over the top you know to cover the bottom part — this guy in there was like a little pad — you know — and just got that mother fucker suckin' my dick man — came off in his jaws and shit — and there was about eleven or twelve after me man —

ACE: Heh heh heh —

BO: He was sick all the next day — almost had hemorrhoids fallin' — the mother fucker boy —

ACE: Heh heh heh —

BO: But ah —

ACE: Check this out — ah —

BO: I like them sissies now — I like them drag queens that look like broads —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: They're really good man —

ACE: Tits and everything man — you

know they look just — you know a mother fucker can fall in love with one of those mother fuckers —

BO: Yeah — especially if you're down — if you're in jail for a long time —

ACE: Yeah — really — I know every once in a while I see one man — and I'd — man — you know I got this flash — you know — but one time man I was in — I was in the — I was doin' some time you know — and ah — there was this dude man — he wasn't a punk man — but ah — he wasn't a punk man but he was weak — you know what I mean — his mind was weak — you know —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: Anyway we was playin' cards with this mother fucker man — you know — and he was losin' — and he had no way to pay — so we started playing for head jobs — you know — and ah — this mother fucker was into us for about sixty head jobs in all — you know what I mean — you know how many dudes are in a dorm — how many dudes are in a dorm — about sixty —

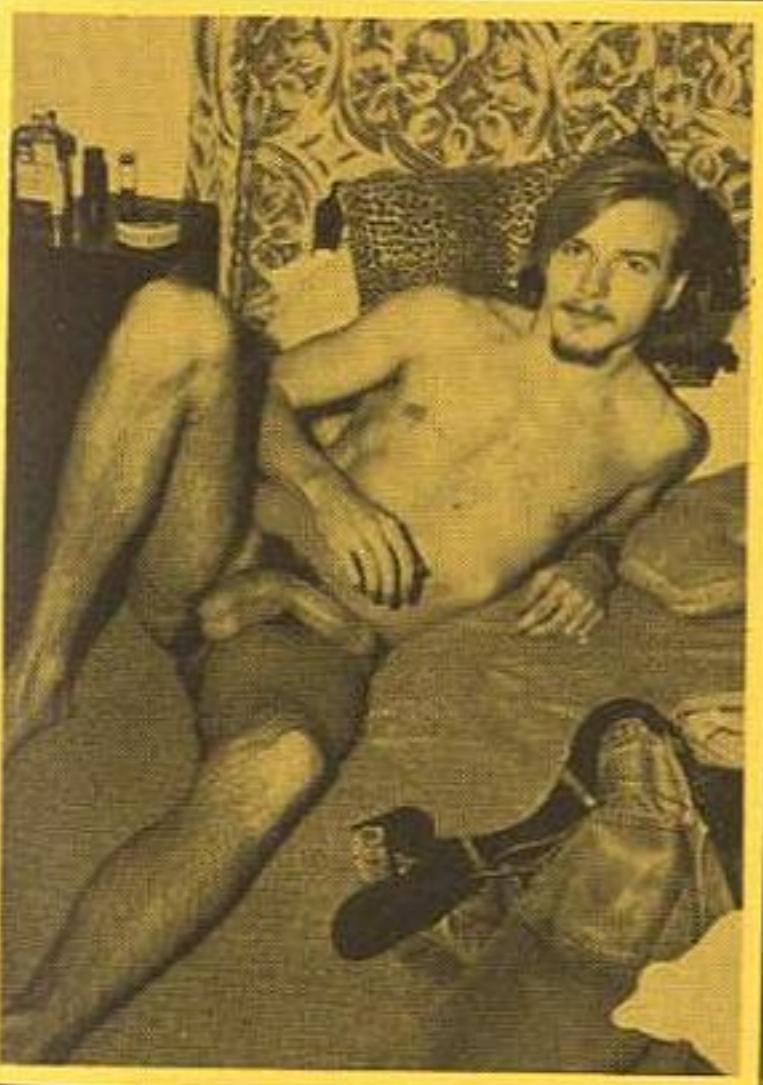
BO: Oh yeah —

ED

A small package that comes loaded and ready to go off. He's led a tough life. Reform school, Texas prisons, the road. And he doesn't mind sharing some of those experiences, through his heavy accent. Truly a natural dominant, he grew up fighting, and just got used to having his way or knowing the reason why. If you want to hear some hot shit, get ahold of this guy.

TRAVIS

Cabriver: man who drives a vehicle for hire around town. Right? Partly. Sometimes he drives more than a vehicle. Cabbies have always known all the dirt, where to take you for a good time with the boys, or girls, or sheep, where to get whiskey after hours, or drugs, how to turn you on for a small price. And you can bet Travis has been asked to turn on a lot of people. Look at him. It's cold and raining out. Would you ask him to warm you up? I would. And odds are he would do it, too.



But I would in a pinch man — you know if he was a real pretty mother fucker — had a fine ass man — you know, no hair on it or nothing — just smooth as shit — I'd fuck him in his ass — most of the time I like to —

ACE: You know — he was in the hole for about sixty head jobs — you know — and we had this mother fucker crawling around in the — in the fuckin' ah — back part where you sleep you know — the — the —

BO: The dorm?

ACE: Yeah — we had him crawlin' around on his knees just booking the mother fucker —

BO: We didn't do that man — heh heh heh —

ACE: Me and this dude Rocky and Blackbird Ship, David Allen Cockle, he was a white kid — he then went to Tracy and then came down to Prescott — Bugs and all those people — and ah — we had this little young punk man — he was ah — he was — he liked broads too man — but he sucked dick you know — he's — he went both ways man — we had this mother fucker crawlin' around at night — me and Rocky and Blackbird all slept down there in the corner — and ah — he'd come down there and just get to booking — it was good man — but he got busted man — the old Blackbird hit it man —

BO: Boy that's cold — you get busted man — you know — fuckin' some punk — they don't tell you whether he was pitchin' or catchin' man —

ACE: No —

BO: It's cold man —

ACE: I never got busted for that — six or seven other people man tell 'em you were involved in homosexual activities man —

BO: They don't — like you said — they don't say whether you were pitchin' or catchin' —

ACE: You ever fuck punks on the street though — you know — get paid for it?

BO: Yeah — I got hit — I used to be hitchhiking and shit man — and the mother fucker would pick me up and tell me he wanted to suck my dick — and if I just got out of jail or somethin' man — didn't have no pussy — I'd let the fucker suck my dick man — money was right you know —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: And I'd slap the mother fucker around and shit — you know — That's what I like to do — I like to get my dick sucked and then just beat the mother fucker's ass — just fuckin' whip on 'em man — knock them in the face man — and ah — get down and punch on them mother fuckers — spit on 'em — piss on 'em and shit — you know —

ACE: Kick 'em in the head and shit — man —

BO: Fuck 'em up — tell 'em what a rotten sleezy low life mother fucker he is — yeah —

ACE: That's what they like man — I remember one time man some fuckin' dude picked me up man — and he told me he wanted to suck my dick — and ah — I told him man — you know what, you can suck my dick man — but you gotta pay me — you know 'cause ah — you know — I need the bread man — this mother fucker gave me \$40.00 man — you know — he — this mother fucker sucked my dick — I musta caught three nuts — the mother fucker was good — he got all into it — you know what I mean —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: And then like you say — I started fuckin' him up — beatin' 'em up and shit — he dug that — I was kicking him in the head and shit man — it was all right you know — but I like to be in jail man — you know — and catch the mother fucker on the side — you know — that's what happening there — fuckin' them punks —

BO: We got about twenty minutes to go —

ACE: I remember —

BO: I can tell some long stories — heh heh heh —

ACE: I remember one time man — when I was in the joint man — this fuckin' punk came in there — like he used to be ah — he used to be ah — you know — a regular you know — and he went to Vacaville and got turned out man — and he came back man and ah — so part of my cell — this dude named Bugs from Hayward — it was his cell at one time you know —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: Before the dude went to Vacaville and got turned out — and ah — the mother fucker come back man — you know like — I swear to God — the mother fuckers were killing each other trying to get to that chow hog you see —

BO: Pretty — huh?

ACE: He was fine — long blond hair and shit — wore skin tight pants — had a nice body — yeah — that mother fucker was nice —

BO: Everybody just fucking 'em with the forks and the dishes —

ACE: Heh — heh heh heh —

BO: Ruin the forks and the dishes with those skin tight — Hey I remember



DICK

The name's kind of repetitive, isn't it? There's no keeping this kid down. Just look at him and he gets hard. Seriously. Everready. But he never needs recharging. Tan and blond, and really toned, he's about 5'8 and 145 solid pounds. Get down there.

when one of them other fuckers used to drive up — and he'd be lookin' pretty — and we didn't know if he was a punk or not — but we'd be on his ass man — three or four of us — we'd be off in a cell driving around — you know — there was a lot of weak wild fuckers man that came up and down — you know — I — I was surprised man 'cause I looked around when I got there — and said man — what are these mother fuckers doin' here — you know — it looked like fuckin' school kids or something — you know — a lot of them — looked really innocent and shit — but they were in there for — you know — robberies and —

ACE: Some heavy fuckin' cases man —

BO: If they get in the joint man — they get all fuckin' weak — man — all the bitch would come out in them — we get three or four — we had this dude named Gaiter — he was from Louisiana — he was a Cajon — he spent a lot of time in Louisi ...

ACE: Louisiana?

BO: A little crazy mother fucker — hated niggers — you know — stone crazy — didn't give a fuck — you know — and ah — he just paroled from Louisiana Pen man and came out to San Francisco — and ah — got beat — fucked up a cop and shit — and we get the mother fucker — me and Gaiter him off in the cell and ah — we really fucked him — Gaiter'd tell 'em — you know what, I'm gonna fuck you —

that's what I gonna do — you can have it either two ways man — you know — have it good or have me stickin' you in the back with a knife while I'm doing it — you know — grudge ya — and the mother fucker had priors for stabbing people man if they wouldn't give up some but — you know — so like — see what I do is I go in the cell first and I tell the dude — man, you know what, you're in a bad fuckin' jam — man — this mother fucker — I don't know if you've heard of this dude Gaiter — man — but he's crazy man — he's killed a lot of people — you know — cause he likes to — likes to fuck young boys and shit — and ah — especially if they look kinda pretty — you know — like you — man — you have to admit it, you're kinda cute — and ah — that mother fucker man — when he seen him come in a couple of days ago man — he started — he was tellin' me like — I'm gonna fuck that boy man — I'm gonna get him in the cell and either fuck him or kill him — and I'm talking to the dude like you know — I'm on his side — you know what I mean — like —

ACE: You can — you tell 'em —

BO: Better watch out for this mother fucker 'cause he's crazy — plant that fear in his head — you know —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: And then just every once in a while when you see him coming — hey man, has Gaiter talked to you yet — has he said anything — you know — you

know what — I'm gonna go talk to Gaiter man and try and get him off your back — you know — and then I get the dude under my wing — he can have my confidence — you know — and I take the dude off in the cell and tell him — you know what — I'm just — I'm in the same place as Gaiter except I'm not gonna kill you if you don't let me fuck you — you know — I sure would like some head — and then ah — then I blow on the dude man and then Gaiter come in and — and fuck him — you know — get some ass. I wasn't in — I like to — I kicked back and get some head man — I wasn't into fuckin' him — you know what I mean —

ACE: Yeah —

BO: But I would in a pinch man — you know if he was a real pretty mother fucker — had a fine ass man — you know, no hair on it or nothing — just smooth as shit — I'd fuck him in his ass — most of the time I like to —

ACE: Well I've seen some fine mother fuckers in the joint man —

BO: Oh yeah — man —

ACE: I used to watch them go swimming and —

BO: In Tracy though man — they'd keep them all in like fuckin' cages — man —

ACE: Yeah — but like on the weekends man — in Tracy they'd take them over to the swimming pool — man — behind the field house — and there's about eight or nine of them there and about three out of the eight or nine would be mine — you know —

BO: Yeah — really —

ACE: Little fuckers about five foot one — you know —

BO: Uh huh —

ACE: Fine mother fuckers when you watch them go over there — they stick their feet in the water and go — Ohee! — like that — you know what I mean —

BO: Yeah —

ACE: Just like a broad man — they — they'd be wearing panties and shit man — like — you know like — and I'm standing there and —

BO: My mind's made up — sure —

ACE: I'd be thinking to myself — man I'm gettin' sick — you know — here I am standing here just trippin' on these fuckin' punks — you know —

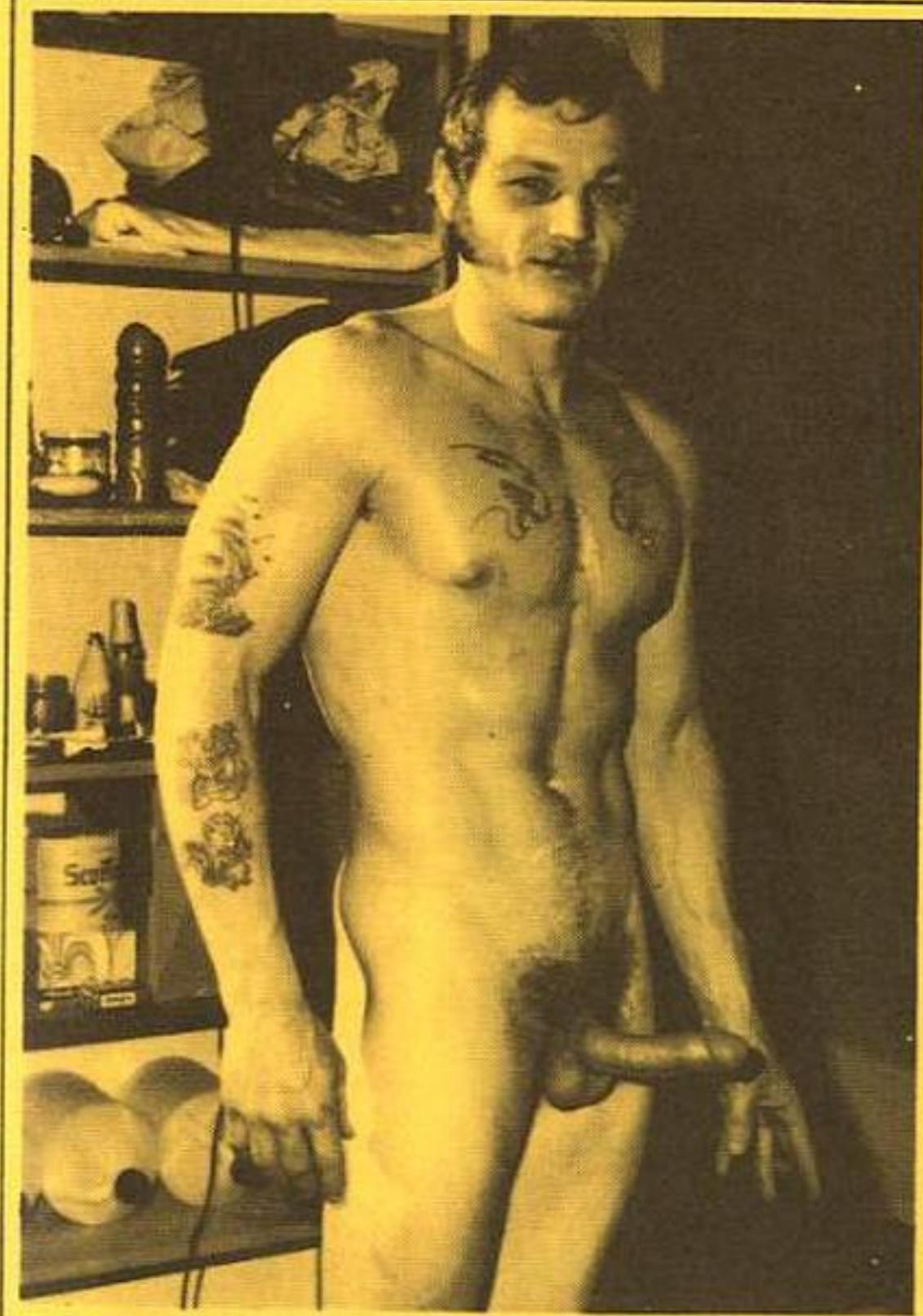
BO: You're gettin' a hard-on man —

ACE: Righteous man — you know we get it hard — but then I just think about that thing between their legs — it ain't nothin' but a kick-stand anyway — you know what I mean —

BO: Hey — check it out — it ain't nothing but a flap to turn 'em around with —

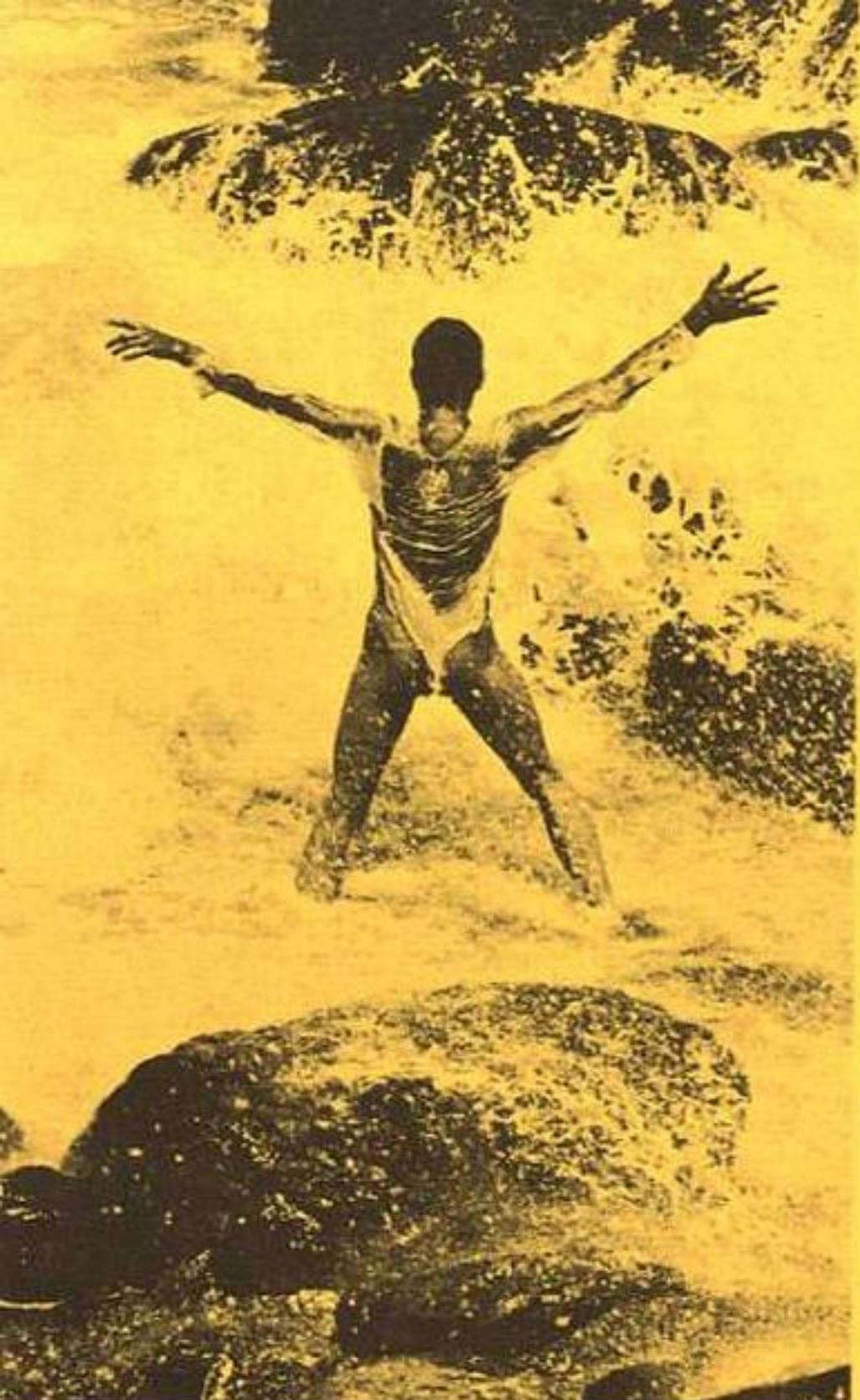
ACE: Yeah —

BO: You know what I mean — Me and Bart when we was living in San Jose —



BOBBY

Lokkit them tattoos . . . AND ON THAT CREAMY white skin. Musta done time somewhere. That's okay. He's smiling. Sure has pumped some iron. Hear tell he used to like women. But he overcame it . . . found something better. Really digs three-ways, rumor has it. About 5'10", 165 pounds of muscle. Bet he'd cook up real tender.



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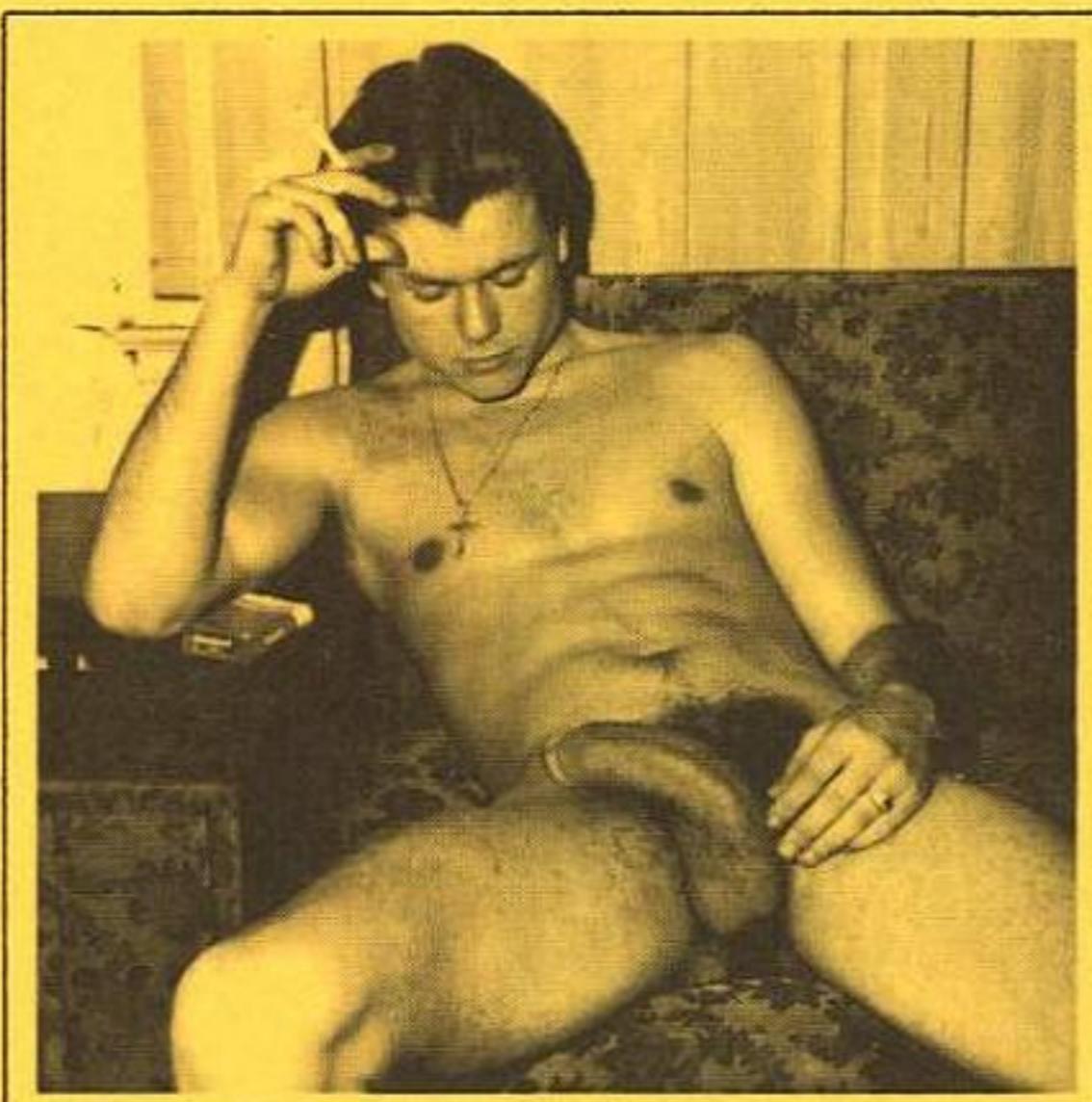
Continued from page 41

ACE: Oh, I know Bart man — yeah —

BO: OK — We was livin' in the same apartment building — We was at Preston together — this is a righteous story though —

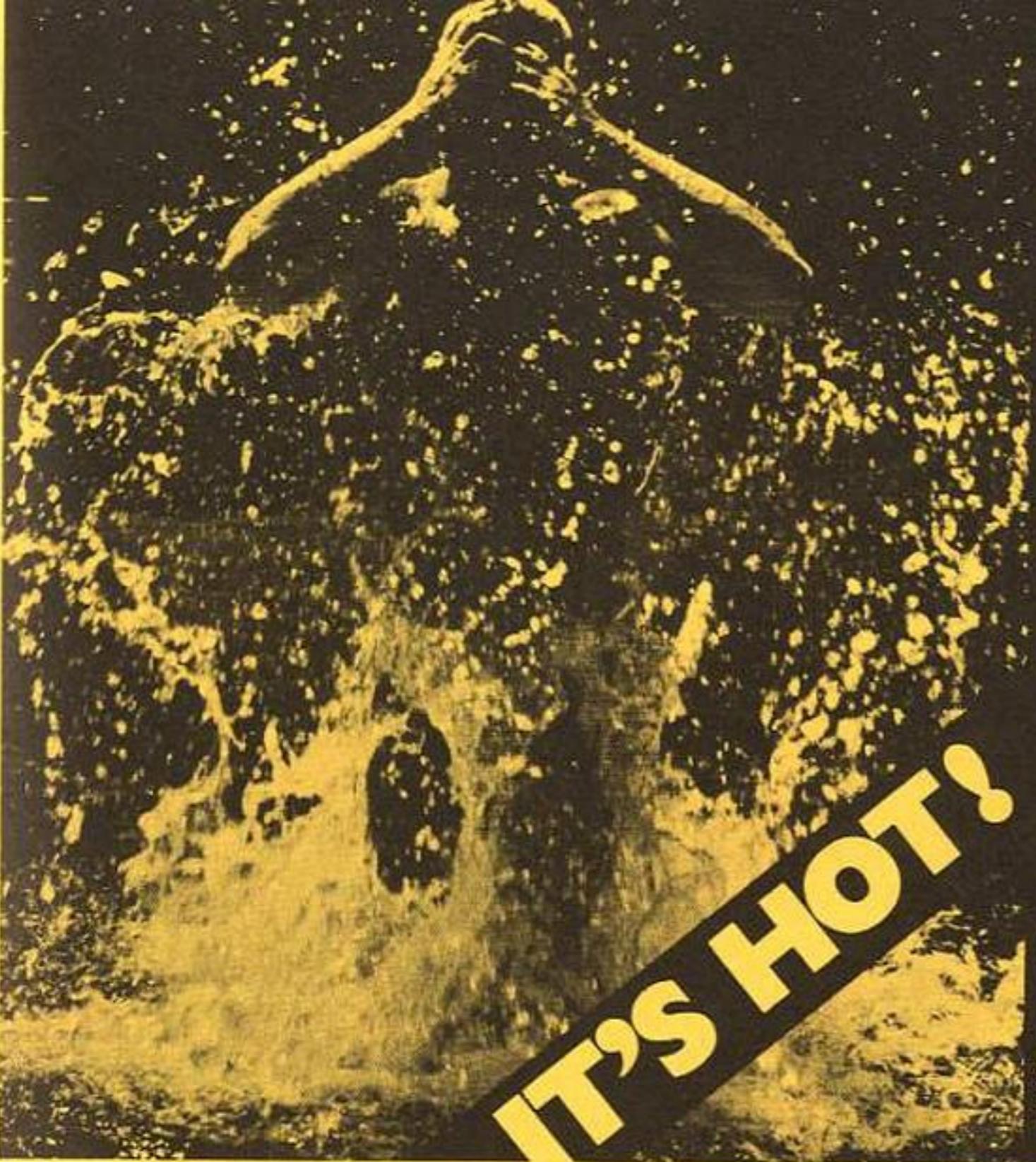
ACE: Yeah —

BO: And ah — the manager of the apartments was a drag queen whose name was Donna Mae — she was the Rein de San Jose — the head queen of San Jose — they got their own underground like — you know what I mean — they got their own organization and shit — all drag queens and shit — and she had this broad man named Golden Montana who was another drag queen that used to come over all the time — and me and Sharon were making jewelry at the time selling it out at the flea market — so all these queens would come over man — and watch us make jewelry for 'em and shit — so we got in with them man — me and Bart would go up there and fuck with them all the time — you know — we never fucked them or nothin' — we just talked shit — you know — so they had this queens' ball — man — they were gonna have this queens' ball — for all the drag queens and shit in the whole bay area would come and have a party and shit — and they crown a new queen and all this shit man — see me and my old lady, Bart and his old lady and these other people man — we went to it — well anyway why — we made all the fuckin' ah — Donna Mae the queen of San Jose wanted us to make all these ah — like —



DOUG

Arrogant. It; a synonym for Doug. He really thinks he's fine. So do a lot of other people. A real sharpshooter at pool. This guy can handle himself in any situation, and it's built a degree of self-assurance that's almost obnoxious. But he's still fine to touch, fine to taste, and really available. On top of all that he has the proverbial "dick of death." The hettor to drive you into the sidewalk.



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pendants you know — broches — so Sharon made 'em — and then she was gonna give 'em out at the ball to drag queens —

ACE: Yeah — What'd the broches look like?

BO: They were silver man — but they — they looked like a silver star — they looked like two silver stars put on top of each other — you know — and ah — these little blue rocks — stones hanging down from 'em — it was all right — so anyway — I went to it — and ah — all we — there was some beautiful mother fuckers there — I swear to God man — I wanted to tell Sharon — but I told Bart. Do you know Sandy Reed?

ACE: (obviously a nod of some kind)

BO: Sandy Reed was the broad that Laura was livin' with when that — when that — when that dude O.D.'d on that nut knock —

ACE: Now —

BO: Laura came up here? Yeah, Laura did.

ACE: Laura's Jose's cat.

BO: Well you know she was bi-sexual — mixed up guy —

ACE: Laura does?

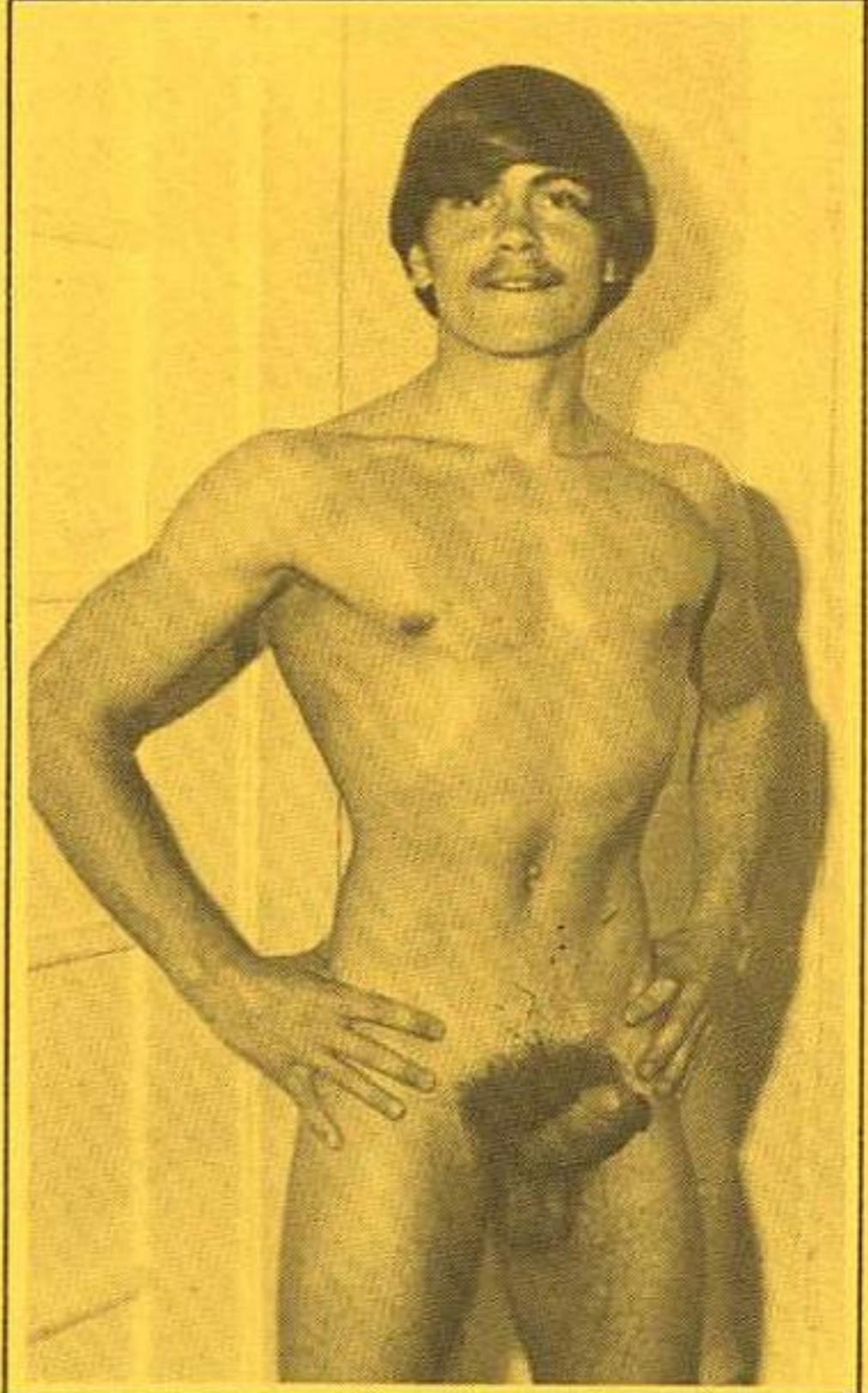
BO: Laura — well Laura got turned off — Sandy turned her off — because Sandy was so fuckin' —

ACE: Bisexual to the bone — eh?

BO: Yeah — loved women man — me

MAC

A truckdriver. Him and his partner, Ned, find some pretty horny action along the interstates. When all else fails, there's each other. Tough looking body. The hum of the engine makes his cock point up so much that his levi's have faded to match it. He always looks happy to meet you.



and Sandy took her out and ah — she'd catch a broad man — or she'd help you catch a broad and then we'd both fuck 'em and that shit — you know —

ACE: Yeah — I can dig that man —
BO: It was good man —

ACE: Fuckin' two lesbians —

BO: And Sandy — me and Sandy — Sandy plotted on turnin' more out — finally she did it — at her pad — but ah — well anyway man — we're at this queen's ball — and I'd never been to nothin' like this — I've seen a lot of drag queens and I've felt comfortable around 'em — you know — and I seen 'em there — there were some beautiful mother fuckers — and I've seen those — most of them were like female impersonators at Finocchios and shit man — you know —

ACE: One's so Spanish you get tucked and rolled on — fine huh?

BO: They got righteous tits — they got righteous tits man and their faces were just beautiful man — I told Bart I'd love to just lay back on the couch and have one of them suck my dick man — you know — so ah —

ACE: About half done —

BO: So ah — I was tryin' to get rid of Sharon man — me and Bart were tryin' to get rid of our old ladies you know so we could go party with 'em — you know — because Sandy was with us — and Sandy you know — told us which ones were

into what — you know — and ah — so we didn't do nothin' that night — but later on — it was about — Goldie Montana was back — she went to Soledad — she was livin' in Salinas — but she was writin' to a partner of mine at Soledad — about two weeks later man — my partner gave me her address — I was gonna write her — about two weeks later I picked up the Salinas paper and ah — she got busted for robbery man — robbin' some dude — loose drag queen — she was a high —

ACE: She had a long hard-on.

BO: Yeah —

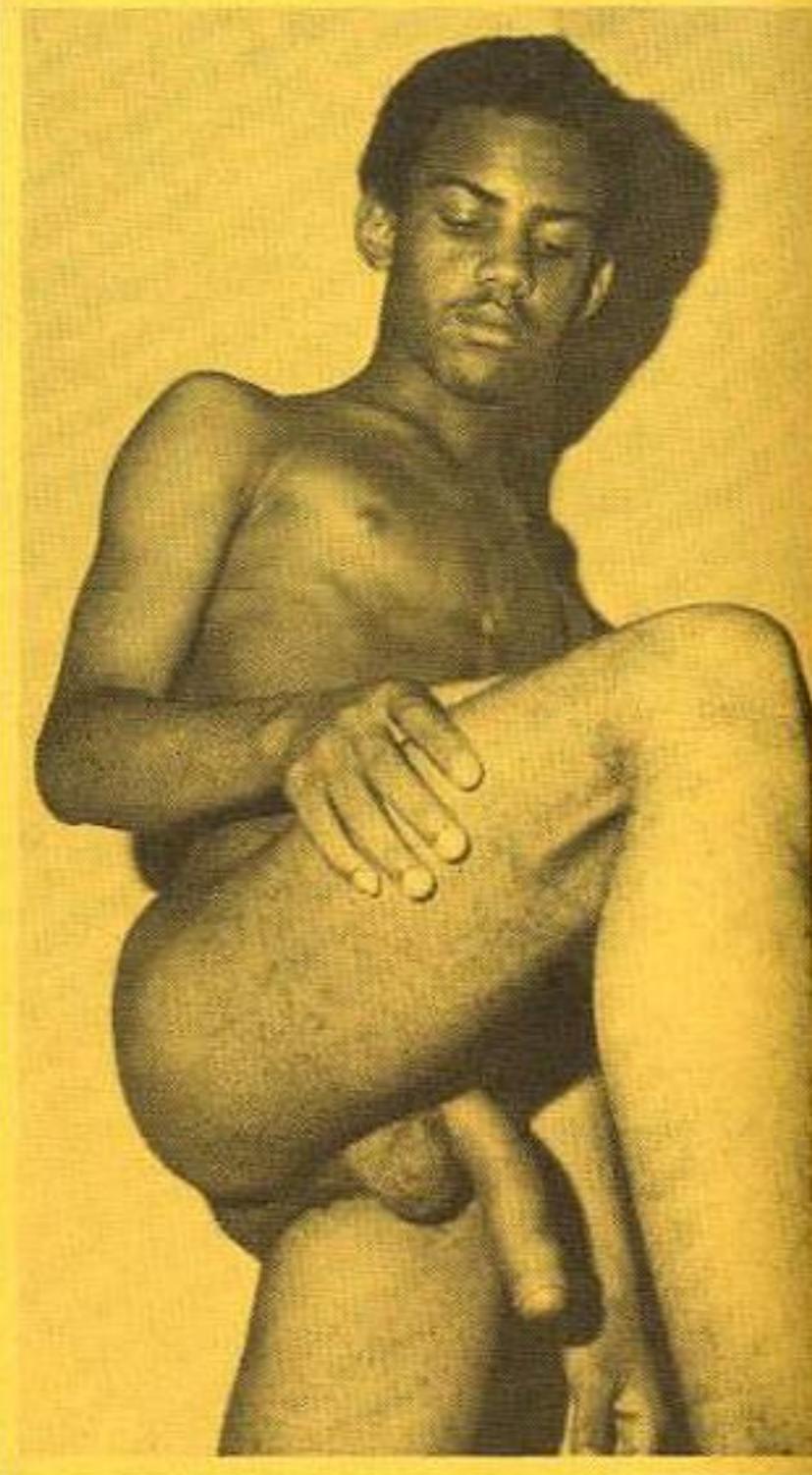
ACE: Hey — you know what — I've seen some fuckin' righteous ah —

BO: She'd kill a mother fucker —

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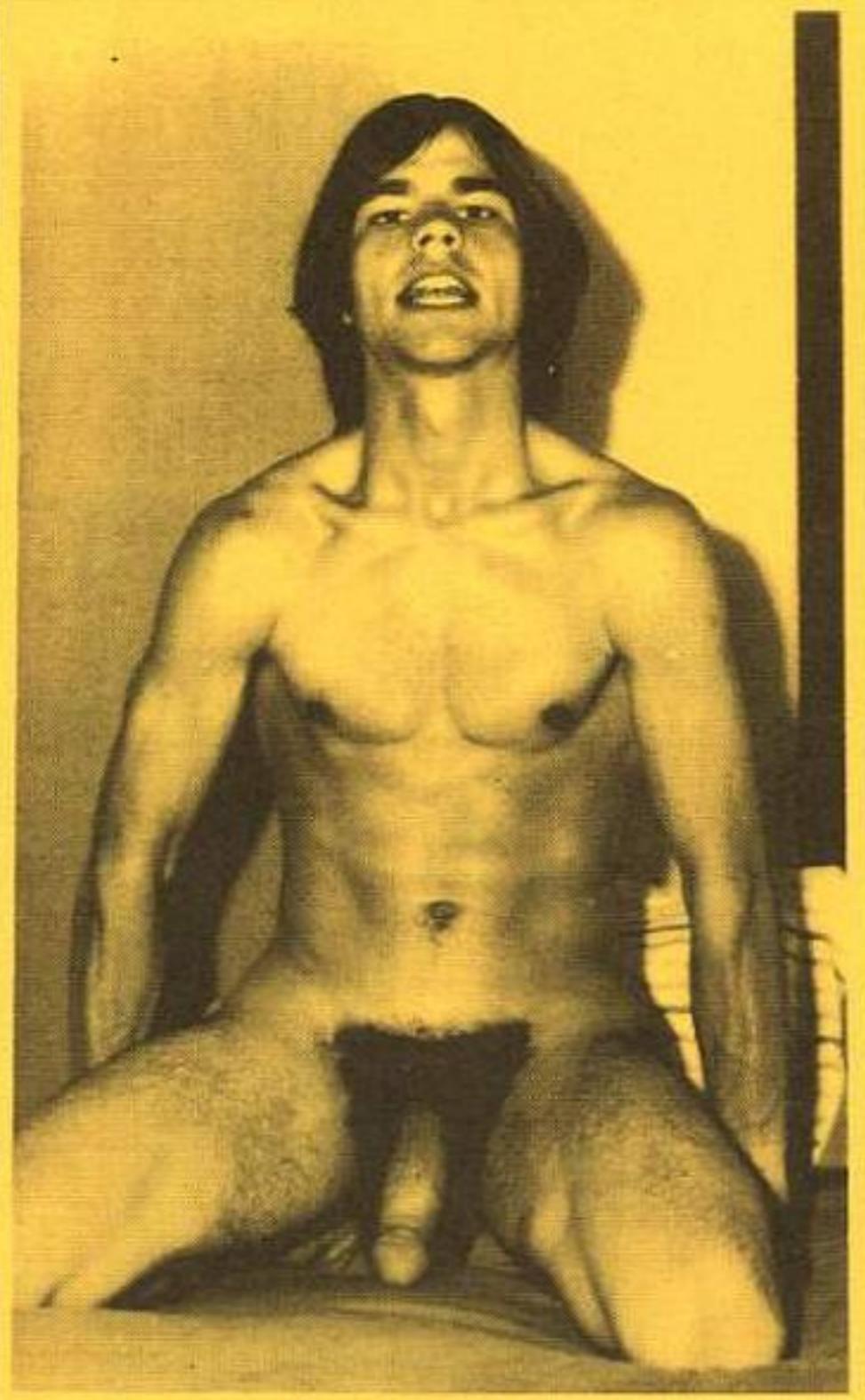
MICKEY

No, not the mouse. This Mickey's cock is bigger than Minnie's boyfriend. Mickey's a young stud, with over 10" hangin', hard in an instant, and if you're in the way, he's goin' right through. If you add that thing between his legs he's well over 6 feet tall. And he loves to be serviced.



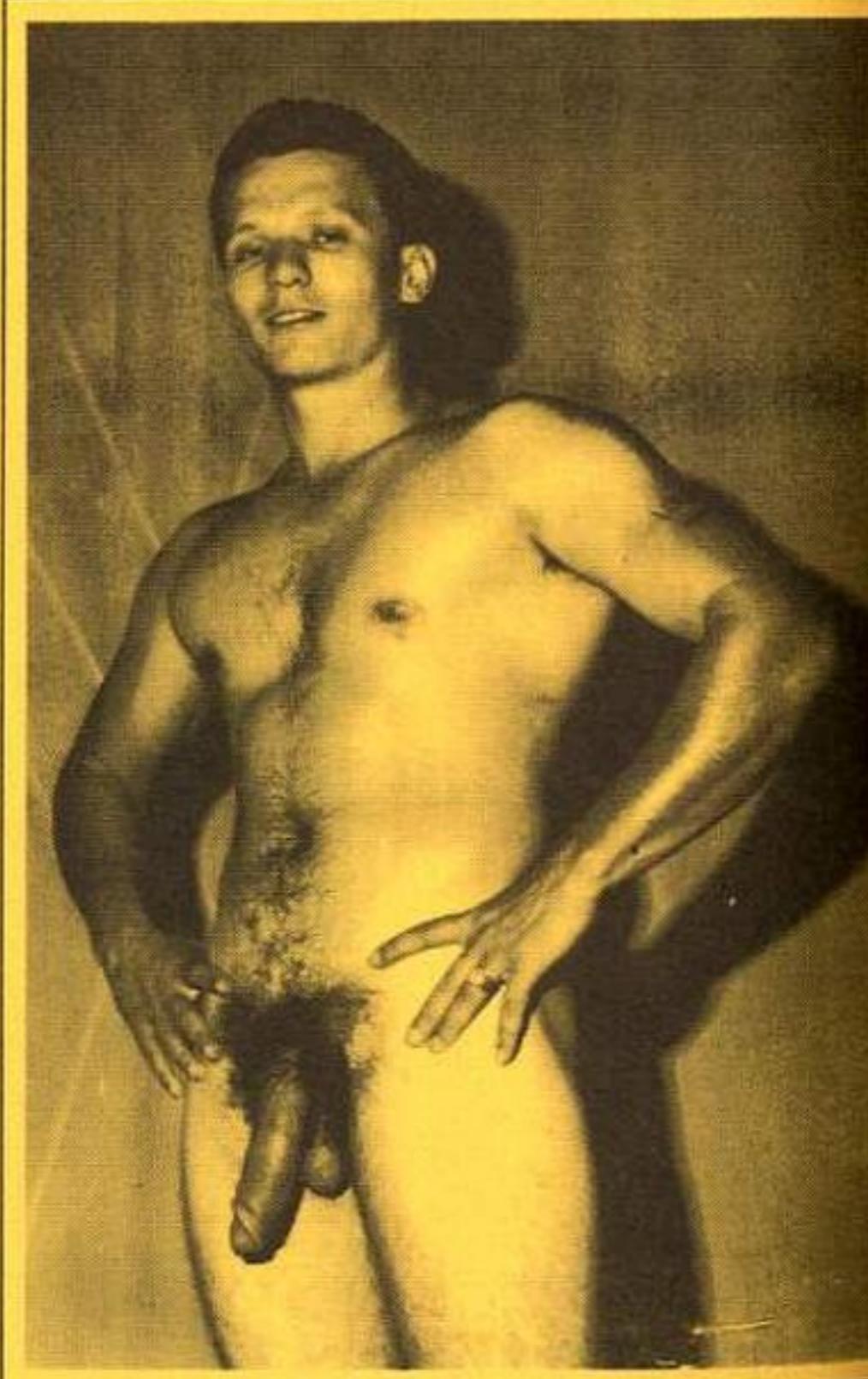
STEVE

Remember him from Fire Island? Well, he was there. Worked there one summer. Couldn't have afforded it otherwise. Mostly Indian, so he stays a nice bronze color all the time, but you should see him with a tan. How'd you like to get clubbed in the face with that dick? Anyway, that steely hard body comes from having good genes. And those nice teeth come from staying away from fists. Looks like he'd be fun to Indian Wrestle with. Remember that?



LANNY

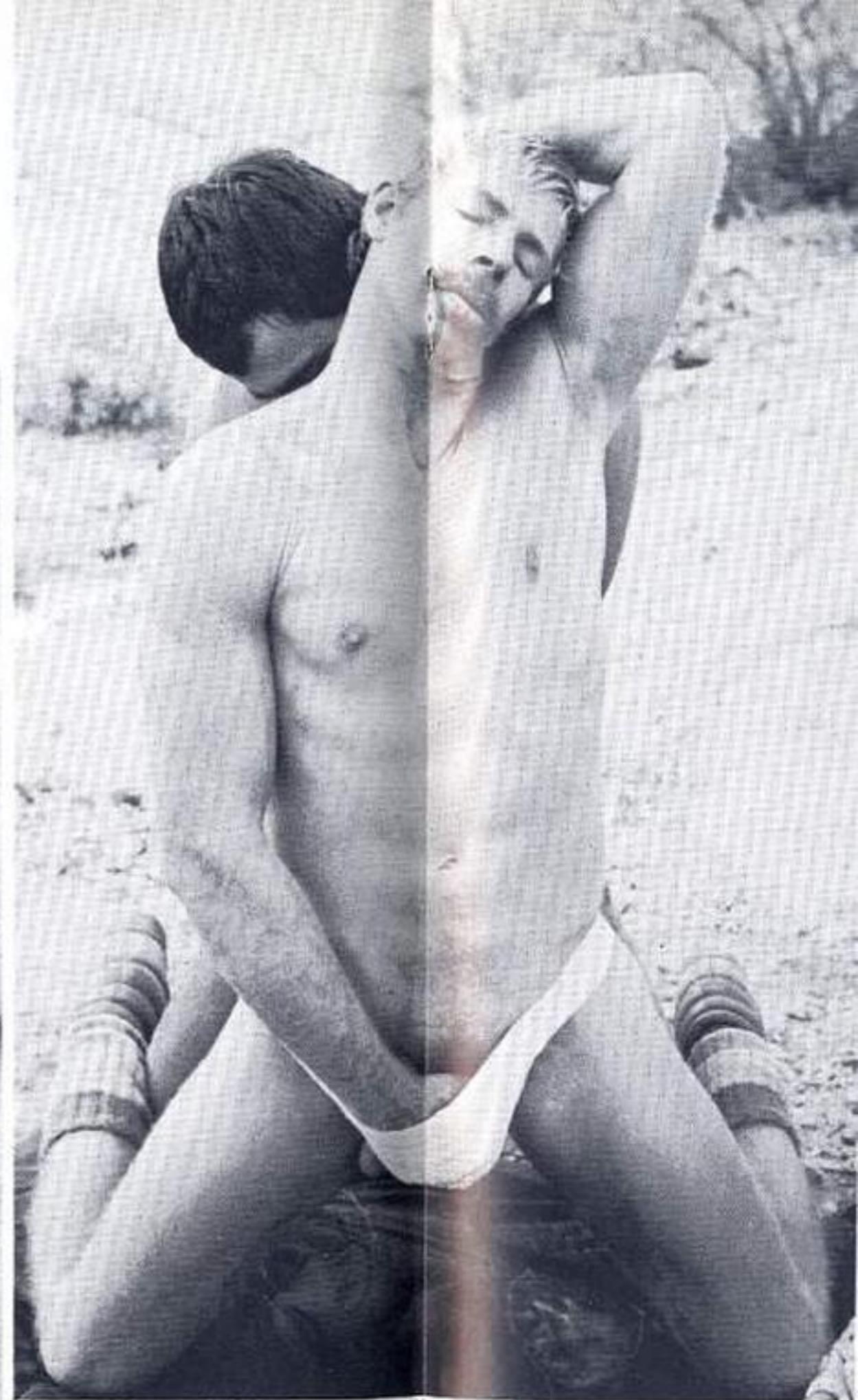
Tough, ex-con, thief. And it wasn't my heart he stole. But anyway, he's pretty straight, and many of them have the morals of cockroaches anyhow. But if you like your studs big and buffed out, then this is the man for you, as long as you do it in a motel room, or put your valuables away first . . . well away! This guy was trade, but for a little extra he'd do anything but kill a guy, and maybe for a little more extra . . .



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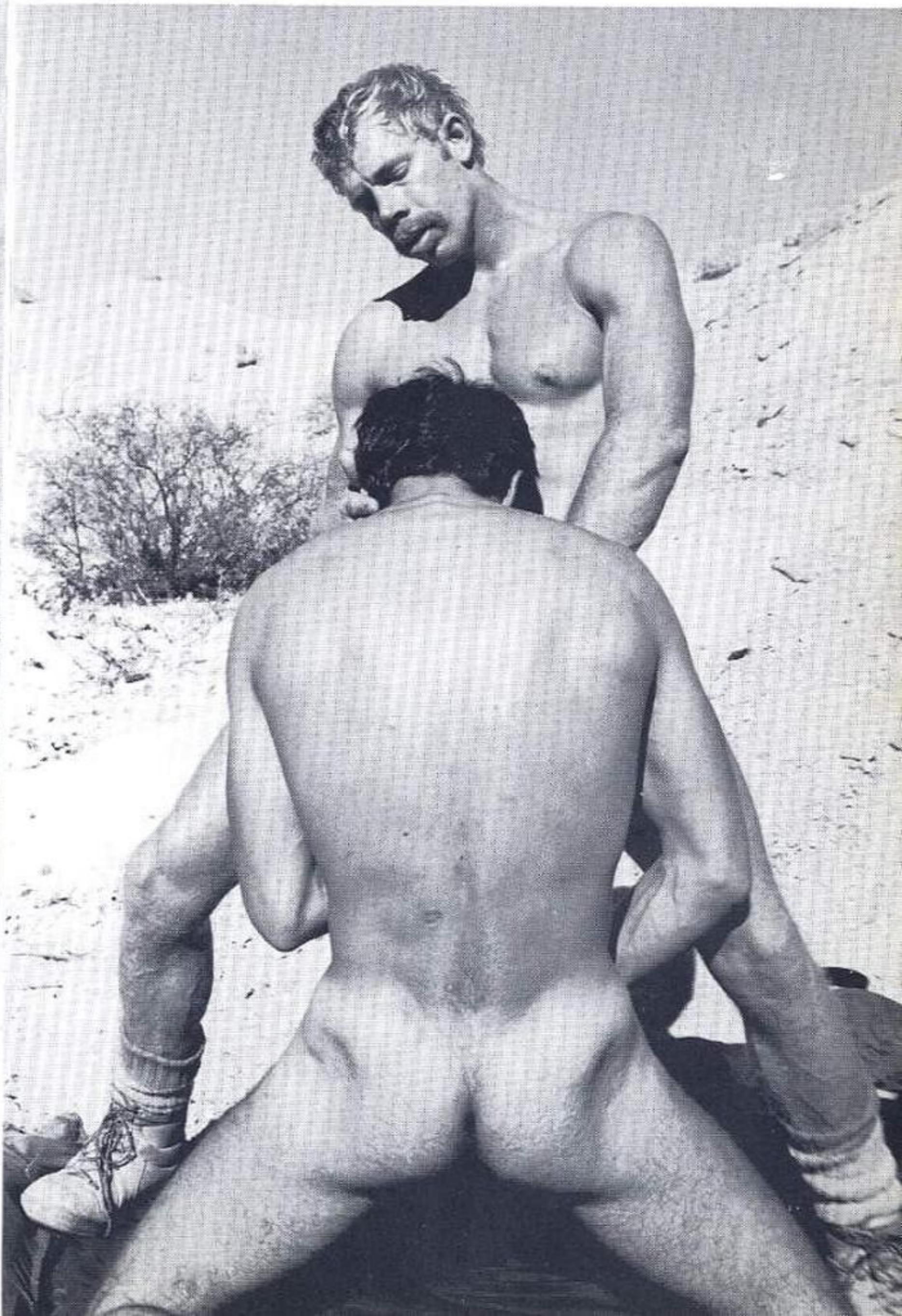
Meanwhile, DRUMMER's centerfold offers a tight glimpse at Holtz surveying Ed Wiley's heavy property. (The deal was not left dangling.)

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HAYWARD. M. Capricorn. 39. 6'3". 190, 7". Black. Wants to meet white, Latin or Asian masculine man, 18-45, for total oral service, body worship, humiliation, verbal abuse, w/s, titwork. Face sitters preferred. Photo and frank letter will get prompt reply. Box 104UC.

S, 5'10", 150 lbs., 23, 7", cut looking for White M to 29, goodlooking, submissive, cut, subservient and masculine. Southern California area. Must be smooth, not hairy, not into playing games. Must follow orders. Box 130Y.

LOS ANGELES. SM. 40. 6'. 190 lbs. 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoors scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2.

FULL LEATHER
S leaning towards M role, shaved head, beard, dressed in full leather seeks total involvement with intelligent SM who can switch roles. Must respect limits. Box 136H.

SAN JOSE AREA — Novice slave, 22, 6-0, 165. Needs masculine, hunky master to force me into B&D, lite S/M submission. Must be 25-40, clean-cut, levelheaded, discreet, respect and expand my limits. Mustaches, trim beards, leather cops, a super turn-on. No drugs, blacks, scat. J. Mills, 3077 David Ave. No. 3, San Jose, CA 95128.

LOVER LEATHER LEVIS OR?
Want to meet well hung studs, act to my passive Gr and act F; also into being passive to FF & gp scenes, any race. I'm 5'6", 35, blond, 130 lbs., hazel eyes, nice looking. Call Alan, (213) 767-0128 or write: 8010 Bellingham, N. Hollywood, CA 91605. Roommate also wanted.

W/M 42, 5'6½", 130. Needs to be roped, chained, suspended in leather for your pleasure. Sir. No FF. P.O. Box 14316, SF 94114. Photo with your letter & phone number preferred. Hurry.

FRESNO, CA. W/M, 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. TAIL member 1891. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom FFA, erotic enemas, exploring fantasies. No great hangups about age, race, etc., but am not "into" teenie-boppers, excessive dopers or grotesque freaks. Box CAY103.

Intelligent 50's wants semi-passive, shy, hunky friend for bondage, hikes, crafts, etc. Discreet, imaginative. SF-Bay area. Box SFF101.

LOS ANGELES. S. Libra. 40, 5'10". 155. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Attractive, imaginative Stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fats, fms. Loves Sex! Box 133.

LOS ANGELES. M. Virgo. 49. 5'10½". 145. White, 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES. MS. Leo. 42. 6'1". 165. White, 6". Novice. Willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handicapped. Box 208.

OAKVIEW. SM. Capricorn. 44. 6'3". 225. White, 6½". Novice. Virile and versatile, wishes to enjoy sex to the highest possible degree with muscular, mature partner 30-50. No drugs, skinnies. Box 170.

WOODLAND HILLS. M. Pisces. 40. 5'9½". 165. White, 8". Enjoys C&B action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master. Three-ways OK. Box 132M.

OROVILLE. M. Cancer. 32. 6'. 180. White, 6½". Knowledgeable. Needs Leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into W/S scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I'm at. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 081E.

HUGE UNCUT ENDOWMENTS
WANTED
by hung, hot 25 yr. bodybuilder. The longer and wetter your foreskin, the better. Photo a must; get mine. Box 624, Hermosa Bch, CA 90254.

CONNECTICUT

W/M, 23, 125 lbs., needs Master who wants permanent slave and will use any method to train and get his way. Box 439C.

MILFORD M/S. 47. 5'10". 190, 6", cut, old hand looking for honesty, realism, sobriety, and intelligence. Box 309.

GREENWICH. Cancer. S, 40, 5'11", w/m, needs good M who wants bondage, cock, domination. Experienced leather and Levi master. Tit, ass, ball play. Leather toys. Letters answered immediately. Box 451F.

GREENWICH. S. Cancer. 45. 5'11". 160. White, 6". Heavy leather scene. Has fine leather toys, seeks macho partner who knows how to serve. No phonies, fats, fms. Box 051E.

MYSTIC. S. Aries. 50s. 5'10". 175. White, 8". Old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fms. Box 329.

PUTNAM. MS. Libra. 29. 5'8". 135. White, inexperienced. Clean and experimental, seeking introduction to leathersex/bondage from sensible, discreet partner to 40. Box 101CT.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HAZING & INITIATIONS
and other cruel sports turn me on. If your fraternity, team, military school or whatever had naked fun and games, let's swap experiences. Also interested in torture, interrogation, brig/prison or reformatory discipline, any area where the hard and horny have the naked and vulnerable at their mercy. Write: John Barton, 735 Eleventh St. NW, Washington, DC 20001.

WASHINGTON, DC. M, 37, 5'11". 155, athletic, lean, muscular, rugged goodlooks. Interested similar S types. Erotic B&D, whips, your pleasure. No fms, fats. Box 408A.

READY & WILLING
Washington, MS, Cancer, 40, 5'5". 166. White, 6", knowledgeable, willing to try anything with the right person, 25-45, who respects limits. Am waiting. Box DCW101.

WASHINGTON. SM. Sagittarius. 33. 5'7". 130. White, 10". Knowledgeable. Very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner, 45 to 50 preferred. No fms, fats, long hair, body odor. Box 084D.

WASHINGTON. M. Sagittarius. 54. 5'6½". 182. White, 6". Novice. Relishes being subservient to decent, goodlooking, mature, well-educated, well-groomed Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefers cut, under 36. No beards, redheads, professionals, hairy bodies. Box 227S

WASHINGTON DC AREA. M. 38. 5'11". 170. White, 6". Handsome, masculine, muscular, lean. Run, Work out. Interested similar type S, 25-45. Box DCS-101.

FLORIDA

MIAMI NARCISSIST BODY FREAK wants heavy tongue service from stoned slaves or other Masters. Into mirror trips, heavy w/s, kinks. Must be hardbodied like me, 22-45. Am goodlooking, 36, 5'9", 155. Write with photo. Box 303CA.

MIAMI, SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 160, white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddys into police and military scenes. Only boot, breech, uniform fetish need reply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus (discretion assured). Include phone number and uniformed photo if possible. Box 408C.

MIAMI AREA MASTER
Young 40, 5'10", 142, sincere, trustworthy, S&M, requires live-in slave or houseboy, masculine, slender, 25-40, who will serve, get into humiliation, asshole/ball worship and licking, some S&M, other scenes. Novice OK. Share good life. Must relocate. Write with photo. Larry/Box 375F.

IDAHO

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS
SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165. White, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need reply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box FLW201.

WET LEVIS
Turned on to pissing in my levis, wet beds, diapers. Anyone else? Let's get together or correspond. Especially Florida/South West coast. Am 33, 5'11", 190 lbs. Box 491E

COCOA BEACH. S. Capricorn. 59. 5'6". 155. White. Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

HIALEAH. SM. Pisces. 32. 5'8". 165. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fms, fats, longhairs. Box 009.

LAKE WORTH. SM. Pisces. 36. 6'1". 175. White, 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fms, amateurs. Box 1251.

MIAMI. SM. Scorpio. 37. 5'9½". White. Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

COCOA BEACH
Muscular w/m sought by w/m, 40, for warm, secure relationship. Should be interested in light S&M, B&D and young adult not over 22. No body hair or beard. Must be submissive. Live in, expenses on problem. Send photos and desires and expectations. Box 451M.

ORLANDO, MS, w/m, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks masculine top, attractive, for permanent relationship. I am attractive, artistic, experienced, and not into heavy pain. Box 665A.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA W/M, 27, 6'3", 200, 8", seeks dominant and passive good-looking studs for hot action. (404) 633-7453

ILLINOIS

BOISE — SM. 44, 6', 1-3, uncut 7", into spread eagle, suspension submission seeks tops or bottoms with or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box 052F8.

LIKES TO SERVICE
HORNY GANGS
Hot W/M, 24, will pull group action and/or let you spank my firmly rounded buns. Send photo & phone to: Jeff, 323 S. Franklin, Suite 804, Desk 0-5, Chicago, IL 60606. Satisfaction yours!

McHENRY M. 25. 5'8", 155, 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine Master who will expect obedience and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 058.

CHICAGO. Cancer, 31, 6', 150, brown mulatto, 8", novice seeks clean, patient, hung stud. Black or White, mature father image to 50. Teach me right. Send photo. Box ILM101.

MASTER. 26, 200 lbs., 6', w/m, seeks total slave for complete ownership. Into B&D, S&M, FF and heavy punishment. Will train novice under 35. Respond to: Fred, 615 S. Maple, Oak Park, IL 60304. Call (312) 383-4290.

STUD CHALLENGES OTHER STUDS

Muscular, 6', 185 lbs., blonde hair, blue eyes, topman, 43, challenges other muscled topmen to sexual dominance/endurance contest to submission. If you are muscular, trim and man enough, I'd like to find out just who is top stud. Local area only or able to travel. Photo if possible. No drugs. Dave, Box 612/C-25, 323 S. Franklin No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606.

ALTON. S. Capricorn, 35, 6', 170, White. Knowledgeable. Versatile, muscular, hunky Stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

CHICAGO. M. Aries, 29, 5'10", 175, White, 7". Knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No fats, Box 186Z.

EVANSTON. S. Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Turned on by high heavy BOOTS and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually booted sessions. Respects limits, no fats, fats, hard drugs. Box 017R25.

SLAVE WANTED NOW!
TO OWN, BUY OR RENT!
SEND YOUR PHOTO
WITH DETAILS - OR CALL:
Mark, Box 5788, Chicago, IL 60680
(312) 642-0902

HIGH, BLACK, ENGINEER BOOTS, LEVIS and LEATHER need attention of good slave. I am W, 37, 6'1", 170 lbs. Joliet, IL (815)436-5068.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S. Libra, 35, 6', 150, White, 7". Old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master heavy into S&M, bondage, humiliation with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chickens, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132F.

KANSAS

Dorothy, I don't think we're in KANSAS anymore!

HAYS. M, Aries, 33, 6'5", 200, white, 7", good body, hairy, bearded, boot and leather lover, knowledgeable, seeks big, hairy master, 25-45, into leather, levis, w/s, B&D, jocks and boots. No heavy S&M, FF, or fats. Bikers, policemen, truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome. Box 375K.

TULSA-KANSAS CITY
Goodlooking, levi, white bottom-man moving to area in Fall. Seeks white topman, secure in who he is. Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. Box 376T.

KENTUCKY

BEST MATCH WITH BI
SM, 46, 160 lbs., 5'10", 6" cut, seeks slender, young, bisexual partners with average endowment or more. Experienced as top or bottom. Box 960KY.

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE. S. Leo, 28, 5'10", 170, White, 8". Knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 047W.

HARVEY. SM. Leo, 42, 6', 215, White, 7 1/2". Novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fats, drunks. Box 130Z.

LAFAYETTE ARIES-CANCER PAIR. 28, 5'10", 170, white, 7", 20, 5'6", 135, white, 9". Group scene. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? Box LAR-101.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON. S. Aries, 42, 5'10", 150, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bondage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to pubic shaving and being owned. WASPS specially welcome, discretion assured, long-term relationship possible. Box 253.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. 2 guys, 30's, S, 5'9", 150, into leather, rubber, W/S etc. M, 6', 165, into rubber infantilism, W/S and serving beer drinkers. Both masc. virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving W/S & receiving head. Box MAP-101.

BOSTON, MA. White male M, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs. seeks S into bondage, toys, S&M, W/S, whips, face fuck. No scat, FF, shaving. Heavy into bondage. Box MAM-102.

ORAL SLAVE. Novice seeks patient understanding leather masters for first real experience. Fantasy - yes. Brutality - No. Dig giving front and rear French. Am W/M 42, 6', 165 lbs. Brown hair and eyes. Clean shaven. Reasonably attractive. Box 15, 102 Charles St. Boston, MA 92114.

SPANKING: NEW ENGLAND NYC/CA

If your bottom's in need of red hot discipline & prolonged, sensual attention, write this W/m, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs, who is experienced & understanding. Occupant, Box 610, Cambridge, MA 02139. Phone numbers answered 1st. I travel a lot & would like to discover the innocent young guy suggested by your quivering, well reddened buttocks. Occasionally receive spkg or go both ways.

MICHIGAN

TITS - J/O
If you are really into tits and into working your tool, send photo and details to: Box 7185, Northend Sta., Detroit, MI 48202.

SM - 26. Scorpio, 7", 6'1", 230. Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please. Box MIM101.

FARMINGTON. S. Virgo, 33, 5'6", 135. White, 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

TAYLOR. MS. Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165. White, 6 1/2". Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

MISSOURI

WRESTLING
KANSAS CITY, 37, 6'1", w/m, 170, turned on by wrestling, sweat, jocks, struggle. Also into fantasies, B&D, body worship. Box 375M.

ST. LOUIS. S. Leo, 31, 5'9", 210, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW HAMPSHIRE, MAINE, MASS. - M, 28, 5'10", 145, beard, seeks B&D, physical testing, S&M in isolated settings. Box 451E.

NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY - W/m, 38, 6'2", 185, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fats or phonies. Box 291

HIGHSTOWN M, 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Blonde hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking cut dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ

JERSEY CITY. M. Libra, 34, 6', 163, White, 6 1/2". Novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spread eagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me any way he wants & let his friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ

BARE ASS THIS SLAVE and give him fifty lashes apiece with the toughest strap you can find! Box JC103

NEW YORK-NEW JERSEY. M. Aquarius, 32, 5'6", 130, white, 7", uncut, beard, attractive, very masculine bottom man seeks aggressive top man into heavy Greek and French action, including toys, FF, w/s, dirty talk, fantasy trips. I want to be totally and completely used by the right man. I'm into the leather/levi scene. No fats, fats, pain. Box NJR201.

RANDOLPH. S. Scorpio, 36, 6'2", 180, White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks permanent slave, 20s to mid-30s, to share life and private house. Into leather bondage. Willing to train and will respect limits. No fats, fats, hard drugs. Box 291.

NEW YORK

SPANKING WANTED

Goodlooking 23-year-old w/m cop, 5'11", 165, brn/brn, moustache. I dig nice feet, too. W/M's to 30 only. Photo a must. Nude preferred. No fats, fats, drugs. Correspondence on subject welcome. I am completely new to this scene. Box 362, Great Neck, NY 11021.

ANGEL FACE OR SPANISH
Be dominated by man (40) who will subdue you and work out fantasies. Must be affectionate after you have been had. Ed, Box 582, Cooper Sta., NY, NY 10003.

BROOKLYN. M. Aquarius, 33, 6', 170, White, Cherokee Indian, 7 1/2". Uncut, Knowledgeable, Smooth, body-building, talented, tight ass, slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", hairy, hung, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122

FLUSHING. SM, Taurus, 43, 5'8", 180, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch partner. Will switch roles for right person. No fats, blacks. Box 052H.

ILION. MS, Gemini, 47, 5'8", 130, White, 5 1/2". Completely inexperienced. At best when told what to do and forced by patient and understanding Master, preferably blond Aryan type. Must be cut and clean, well-endowed. Box 141.

NEW YORK. S. Taurus, 44, 6', 170, White, 7". Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND. SM, Taurus, 43, 5'9", 172, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48. No fats, fats, freaks, fakes. Box 185R.

NASSAU COUNTY. SM, Taurus, 45, 5'9", 172, 6". Uncut, White, Knowledgeable. Imaginative in either role. Seeks serious, macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spread eagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fats, fats, fakes. Box 185R

NEW YORK. 45, M, 5'8", blond, dig macho male any age, levi, leather, tattoos, motorcycles. Write: Box 285, Downstairs, 166 West 21 St., New York, NY 10011.

NEW YORK, NOVICE SLAVE seeks white Master with mustache who likes to smoke cigars. I'm 25, 5'6", 150 lbs., white. Box 408B.

FRESH MEADOWS. M, 34, 175, Taurus, White, 6". Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi, leather, construction. I can take orders. Blonde, blue-eyed German seeks anything but drag. Box 052H

NEW YORK. M, Aquarius, 38, 5'8", 145, white, 7", masculine and obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 who believes in keeping his slave naked and spread eagle and ready to service him and his buddies. Box 070T

SUPER HEAVY S&M
Way out and wild S&M given to hot, young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 418, 152 West 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

Fishermen, sewer men, etc. Hip-booted, gasmasked w/m, 25, 5'7" seeks you for heavy j/o, piss and friendship. Must own and truly love heavy black rubber hipboots, waders, raingear, even innertubes. Let's hose each other with water or piss, slosh in the rain, or slog through the mud. Call (212) 662-0447.

GYM JOCK

Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi j/o buddy. Send photo. Box 414, 166 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

BUFFALO, w/m, 25, 5'9", 185, 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for Levi wearer/leather lover, 21-35, into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNY.

WANTED: YOUNG GAYS OVER 18. I'm goodlooking, Italian, married, 29, 6', 170, hung. Daytime, your place only. Box 154, Westchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10461.

HUNG STUD w/m, 36, good body, hot tongue for young hot meat. Will travel, answer all comers. Orgies welcome. Box UC101.

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on by my type. Box 290X.

CIGAR SMOKING STUD Bearded, tattoo, 37, 6', 170, 8", into uniforms, leather, boots, w/s, S&M, FF, all far out scenes. Playroom. Want to meet same type. Send photo. Can travel. Box 451C.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS W/m, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy titted torso friend available for three-somes. Box 451B.

NEW YORK, M. Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs, 7" cut, goodlooking, clean-cut novice seeks macho, good-looking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation and w/s from masculine, clean-cut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn on. Box 220K.

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH, MS. Taurus, 37, 6'1", 170, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Butch submissive digs hung, handsome, arrogant S to 40, any race, to verbally abuse, humiliate, use for cock, piss, ass service. Versatile, mature. No heavy pain, fats, fems. Box 101NC.

OHIO

DAYTON, S. Sagittarius, 33, 5'10", 165, white, 8", knowledgeable, will provide skilled application of humiliating leather cock, ball, tit work. Leather a plus, deep throat a must. No fems, fats. To 45. Send frank letter, photo, phone. Discreet. Box OHM 101.

SM, 25, 5'9", 150 lbs., 7", cut, is experienced in both roles, have worked out with real pros. Am compassionate and mature during scenes and expect the same. Not interested in uncut, bearded, very hairy, over 30, fat or fems. Mental stability important. Box 300.

AKRON, MS. Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195. White, 6½". Knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hipsters. Box 187L.

CLEVELAND, MS. Aries, 46, 5'10", 155. White, 6½". Novice. French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, B.O. Box 017V.

COLUMBUS, SM. Taurus, 25, 5'9", 183. White, 6½". Novice. Satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

OKLAHOMA

TULSA-KANSAS CITY Goodlooking, Levi, w/m, bottom, moving to area in fall, seeks w/m top secure in who he is. Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. UC102.

TRAVELING MASTER, 32, 6'2", solid 195, 8", gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

OK CITY, S. 6'2", 32, 195, 8" cut, I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 101OK.

MUSKOGEE, S. Capricorn, 49, 5'10", 180. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Totally empathizes with partner and has complete collection for his entertainment. M MUST have boot and breech fetish. No drugs, heavy S&M, play-for-pay types. Box 189.

OREGON

SLAVE FOR PORTLAND HOUSE WANTED — No fantasy freaks. Real only, 25 to 35 under 5'9" wanting bondage, discipline. Submit permanently. No weekenders. No jack-off letters. Send photo, description, estimated time of arrival if accepted. Master calls shots, you don't. Clay, 2534 SE 23, Portland, ORE. 97202.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, M. Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210. White, 7". Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weight-lifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S. Box 023.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165. White, 7". Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

WILKES BARRE, S. Cancer, 41, 6', 170, white, 12", old hand, military disciplinarian with rural stockade, 20 years military exp., seeks prisoners from beginners to experienced for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 055.

PHILADELPHIA, M. Libra, 49, 5'10", 140. White, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Italian, stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Libra, 40, 6'3", 165. White, 7". Novice. Has assumed slave role for greater awareness of slave limits and desires. Seeks submissive partner to 45 with good basket and buns. Will not mark, bloody or shave. Box 294V25.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Taurus, 40, 5'10", 165. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Imaginative, mature, hot-looking dude seeks dark, masculine moustached or bearded novice to 50. Should have good body and teeth, must be clean. No fems, fats, redheads, slobs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 227G.

PHILADELPHIA, SM. Pisces, 49, 5'11", 175. White. Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE w/m, 23, 147 lbs, 5'10", brown hair/eyes, wants to serve white MASTERS, 30-50, into S&M, B&D, w/s, leather, levis, boots and uniforms. Am Gr passive, Fr active. C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143, Taylors, SC 29687.

TEXAS

TAURUS M SEEKS CENTAUR Am 32, into boots, breeches, leather, interested in horses and mounted police troopers. Seek fantasy lovers. Centaur, Box 2683, Ft. Worth, TX 76113

HOUSTON LEATHER SLAVE 27, 145, 7", needs suspension, prolonged B&D, whippings to put me in order. Make me serve and respect the desires of total leather Masters. Seek Masters to 38 for total training sessions. My hot ass and mind for hot Master. Box 451P.

VIRGINIA

ARLINGTON, SM, Libra, 28, 5'6", 136, white, 8", knowledgeable, masculine, well built, attractive stud seeks muscular, well-endowed partner. Other bodybuilders. Marines preferred. Box 294V50

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WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7" uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs. Box 181X.

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6½", 190. White, 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G2.

WEST VIRGINIA

SCORPIO, M, 26, 5'11", 170, 7". Clean cut ex-serviceman would like correspondence, photos and get together with masculine, stocky, dominant types (30-60) into light S&M, L/L, tattoos, beer/piss, amyl, farts, uniforms, sweat, fantasies. Be frank, uninhibited and dirty. Write: Occ., Box 772, Franklin, WV 26807.

WISCONSIN

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150. White, 7". Novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K.

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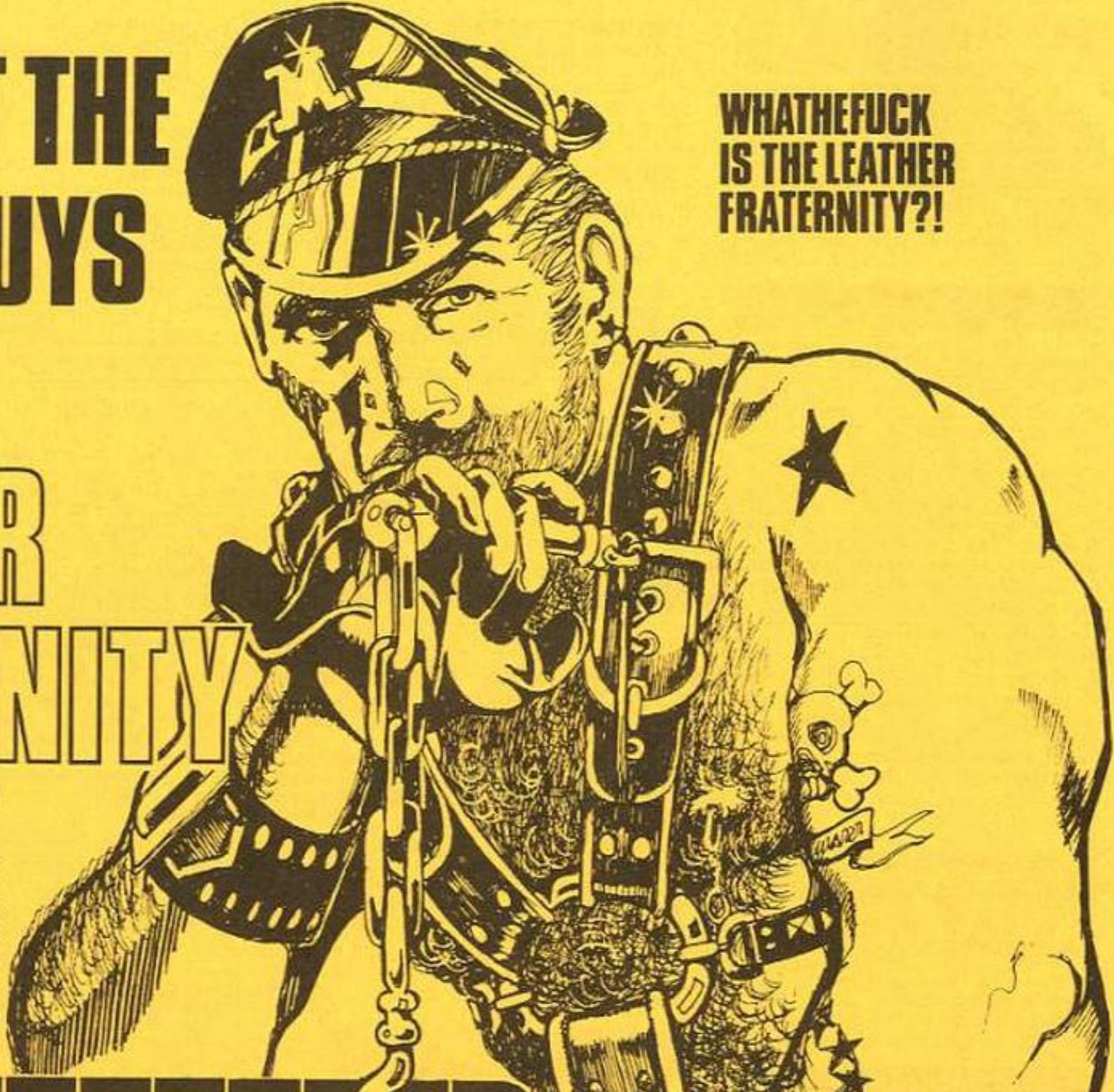
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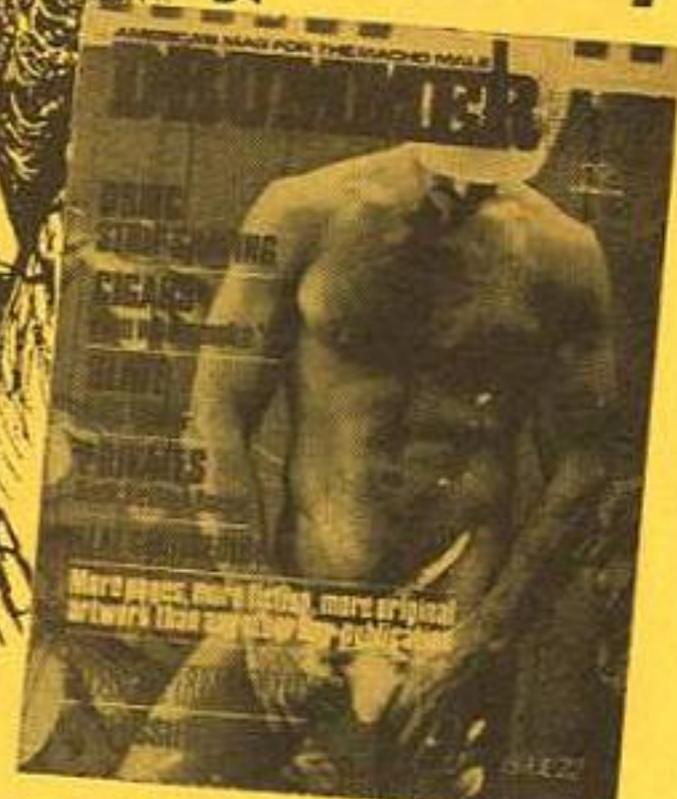
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Illustration By Mike Nafzinger

DRUMMER views the Flicks

DEATHSPORT

First, a little background. One thousand years into the future, after the great Neutron Wars, the world is divided into desert wastes and isolated City States, and between the City States roam those who have undergone genetic changes. These comprise two separate groups: the Cannibal Mutants, and the Range Guides — positive mutants whose strength, reflexes, and coordination are developed to a superhuman degree (stop me if you've heard this one before).

Second, the story. It begins when a Lord Zirpolo (David McLean), determined to wage war on neighboring Tritan, reveals his secretly-developed "Death Machines" — powerful motorcycles equipped with highly-sophisticated anti-matter weaponry.

Third, the McGuffin. "Deathsport" has been initiated as a replacement for capital punishment, a means by which condemned prisoners can win their freedom. This particular year, "Range Guides" are to be pitted against "Statesmen" (shades of "Logan's Run"!) on the Death Machines, and among those Range Guides captured for the neo-gladiatorial event is Kaz Oshay (David Carradine).

Kaz is held in a high security cell, his attempt to break out blocked by technology, but his success in the "arena" making escape possible. There follows one of those endless chase scenes, climaxed by a samurai-style duel to the death using diamond-bladed swords.

It is an idle exercise to critique such an endeavor, except to report dutifully that

there are ample masses of flesh and blood and display. Superfluous, indeed, to note that this is a New World Picture, produced by Roger Corman, with a screenplay by Henry Suso and Donald Stewart based on a story by Frances Doel. Gary Graver was the acrobatic Director of Photography, under the guidance of Directors Suso and Allan Arkush.

— Ed Franklin

THE SWARM

Just when you thought the end had been reached, producer/director Irwin Allen's computer has punched-up yet another disaster, this one featuring swarms of killer bees from Brazil which terrorize no less than a baker's dozen of aging superstars — to say nothing of Southwest Texas, and, possibly, the entire United States. Tomorrow, the World.

Now, Africanized killer bees *do* exist, and they *do* attack and kill. They have already moved from Brazil (where the mutants originated out of the escape of African forebears 23 years ago) and are now northward bound. They have killed both man and beast in Brazil, Guyana, Peru, Venezuela; and throughout Central and South America victims have fled from the incredible aggressiveness of the insects which appear to savor the plunge of their lethal stingers into animal flesh as they form themselves into great vicious swarms of winged assassins.

All of this, however, is no excuse for screenwriter Stirling Silliphant to have labored so doggedly at involving us in a

platitude of sappy "personal dramas." The unholy spectacle of 62-year-old Olivia de Havilland in a romantic involvement with 7-year-old Fred MacMurray falls, at best, into the category of flogging a dead horse. Richard Widmark, Jose Ferrer, Henry Fonda, and Slim Pickens are additional representatives of the geriatric set intended, mistakenly, to engage our attention.

Forget all those doddering human beings — the bees are the true villains, and in order to make the film, they were, to quote Allen, "leased, bought, borrowed and bred" to fill the screen with the horrifying whirr of wing. He estimates that he used 22,000,000 of them, under the management and control of handlers and stunt people and even a crew of professional de-stingers charged with protecting the actors from domestic bee stings.

By the same token, stunts and special effects are the true heroes, creating everything from a train wreck to an atomic plant blast, from the burning of the city of Houston to a blazing Gulf of Mexico. Small wonder we tend to overlook the sad fact that the very real talents of such actors as Richard Chamberlain, Bradford Dillman, Michael Caine, and Lee Grant are consistently upstaged.

"The Swarm" is based on a novel by Arthur Herzog, with stentorian music by Jerry Goldsmith and frenetic photography by Fred J. Koenekamp. It is being distributed by Warner Bros., a company once admired for the leanness and economy of its efforts.

Never again.

— Ed Franklin



DAMIEN

Those evil powers gleefully nurturing 13-year-old Damien toward his predestined role as the Antichrist have wisely chosen as dupes, in the sequel to "The Omen," the biggest bunch of dopes this side of Dade County. While friends and relatives who cross their weird "nephew" consistently meet technigory ends, Uncle Richard (William Holden) and Aunt Ann (Lee Grant) are required by screenwriters Stanley Mann and Michael Hodges to remain myopically blind to all the unseemly events: "No, I don't see anything strange going on," they profess, to great peals of incredulous audience hilarity.

As a sequel to the largest-grossing film of 1976, "Damien — Omen II" essays to top its predecessor thrill for thrill, and fails abysmally. Thrills, after all, are products of suspense, and in such a no-contest competition as is presented here, that critical element is woefully lacking. Well before the ultimate — and oh so predictable — climax is reached, gasps have degenerated into laughter, and the only unresolved question is "how long will it take those nerds up there on the silver screen to catch on to what we knew hours ago?"

Heavy-handed subtleties abound. We first see Damien (Jonathan Scott-Taylor, a British boy-actor whose eyes immediately — and wrongly — reveal his otherness), for example, through a curtain of flame. Later, just as a knife plunges into the birthday cake depicting a frozen lake, the camera pans to the entrance of Lew Ayres. Sure enough, Ayres meets his doom when he crashes through the ice on that very lake some few sequences later!

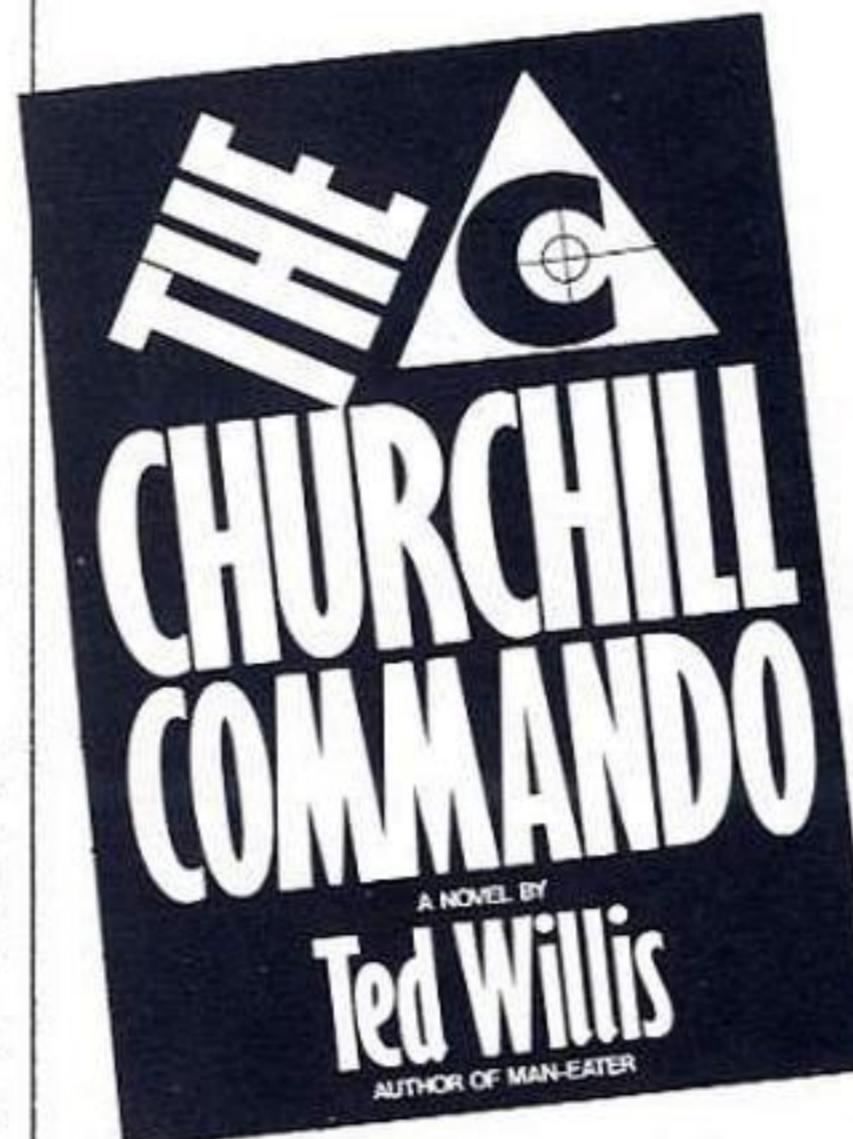
The middled plot, little more than a jerry-built platform to support the "effects," attempts to combine the manipulations of the Antichrist with the maneuverings for power in an international corporation headed by Holden. Appropriately, the settings are breathtakingly opulent, as nouveau riche Twentieth Century-Fox lavished millions on the enterprise (how else could they have enticed a William Holden to lend his prestige to such sorry shenanigans?).

A major disappointment are the scenes at "Davidson Military Academy," where the young Damien has been enrolled for honing. This is surely the mildest military school since Romper Room, and peopled with a passel of the most unattractive boys this reviewer has seen since "Lord of the Flies." Casting Director Lynn Stal-master should go back to sweeping up. Don Taylor took over the directing when Dick ("The Omen") Donner accepted a better-paying offer from Paramount to do "Superman." The music, which relies heavily on choral effects derived from Gregorian chants, was composed by Jerry Goldsmith, who won an Oscar for his similar assignment on "The Omen."

Oh yes, let it be noted, with some reluctance, that Damien gloats triumphantly in the last frame of this sequel, undoubtedly presaging yet another excursion into the misadventures of the Anti-christ. *Caveat emptor!*

— Ed Franklin

DRUMMER Reads The Books



THE CHURCHILL COMMANDO, by Ted Willis. William Morrow & Company, Inc., 105 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016. Hardbound, 224 pages. \$7.95.

KIDNAPPING, VANDALISM, FOOTBALL HOLLIGANISM, MUGGING AND PORNOGRAPHY are the foci of Ted ("Man-Eater") Willis in his latest novel, "The Churchill Commando," set in the immediate future and intended as an exposé of the varieties of violence in contemporary society.

The protagonist was an idealistic General who raises a private army which takes the law into its own hands and metes out very rough justice, indeed. Although the activities of the group alarm those in authority, they delight the "silent majority" who are "sick of the slide in morals and standards," and are scared shitless that their own stability is in danger. A similar theme lay at the heart of such films as "Death Wish," "Walking Tall," and "Dirty Harry" (to say nothing of countless other spin-offs, run-offs, and just plain rip-offs).

At the opening of the book, a group of young men who, after a soccer game had rampaged through the streets of a London suburb spreading terror and destruction, is dealt with by the newborn British vigilantes: "The masked man with the cockney voice took over. He was squat and heavy, and he stood before them like a bull, lifting his massive head towards them in an aggressive manner.

"Hear me!" he bawled. "I shan't say it twice. Start stripping off. The lot — right down to your underpants. We'll let you keep them on — don't want you to catch a cold in your vitals, do we? If you haven't got underpants, that's your bad luck. Right — get cracking. I'll give you

two minutes. Anyone who takes longer than that will get the sharp edge of a rifle in the guts! . . .

"One by one the youths began to pull off their clothes, prompted by the armed men who moved along the flanks of the group prodding viciously at those who were slow or seemed reluctant to start . . . The pile of clothing grew rapidly . . . There were a dozen lengths of bicycle chain, several knives, even a piece of brick in a sock and a couple of knuckle-dusters.

"Time! Stand still there! Stand still!"

"The Cockney moved forward and ran his eye along the rows of white, shivering bodies. Most of them were wearing underpants of one sort or another, but there were several who were completely naked and most of these were making pathetic efforts to shelter behind their friends, as though they felt ashamed or vulnerable . . . There was a momentary pause and then, from out of the darkness two great jets of water began to play on the corwd by the wall. There was a kind of collective yell of shock, and they pressed together more tightly as if this would give them shelter."

PORNOGRAPHER HUMILIATED

Next, it is the turn of a pornographer: "Two of the men moved in on him. He tried to struggle, to shout, but as they spun him round he felt something chop at the base of his neck, his spine arch in agony, and he fell unconscious.

"He woke up some time later, as though to a nightmare. Lights were exploding in his face like fireworks and he could hear the murmur of voices. He shivered violently, and suddenly became aware that his clothes had gone, that he was completely naked. Naked! He found it impossible to comprehend, he shook his head violently as though this would bring some order to his thoughts . . .

"He tried to scramble to his feet, but as he did so he felt a sharp tug at his ankle and looking down he saw that one of his legs was chained to a thick post. He pulled at the chain in panic but it would not yield and, exhausted by the effort, he fell forward. The soft earth squelched beneath him, smothering his face and body in dark, foul-smelling mud; he could taste it in his mouth, feel it clinging to his hair.

"He lay there, retching and heaving, until he was roused again by the sounds of movement nearby and wiping the stinking mess from his eyes he saw a low yellow shape edging towards him. Behind this shape, in the darkness, there were others, grunting angrily, threateningly . . . He felt the sudden pressure of rough skin against his own, the lights flashed and popped again momentarily blinding him, and, overwhelmed with terror, he lost consciousness again . . . He was discovered at about 1 a.m. . . . in a pigsty . . . crouched in one corner, his

Continued on page 76

MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

been staring at me every time I looked in the mirror, only I was so busy being rude and trying to look pretty to see it. So I set out to show the world that I am a man, but I had been around young people so long I wouldn't know where to begin. So I would just have to go and seek out help to reach my goal. So one day while passing a bookstore I noticed a magazine in the window — it was called DRUMMER and above DRUMMER it said — America's Mag for the Macho Male. With the picture of a really butch guy on the cover, so I said "That's it." I bought it and it showed macho guys doing macho things and being themselves, as well as a bar guide for which I used to find out where all the macho guys go. Well that all took place in Dec — Jan 77-78. Since then I joined the Service and became a respected man now. And I'm happy. I owe a lot of thanks to you at Drummer Magazine for it. Right now I'm stationed in Germany and would love to hear from some other macho men around the world. And I'm glad to be a part of the macho gay community.

Drummer — I would like it very much and appreciate it if you would print my letter and forward mail to me — if possible.

A change for the better
B.E.H.
Katter Bach. Ger.

UNIFORM INFO, PLEEZ

I have a few questions that I need answered. I've been reading your magazine ever since its birth and I think it has got to be the best magazine ever printed!!

Anyhow, tonight I reread every page of every single issue (for about the millionth time!) and coming upon the article on uniforms in Vol. 1, No. 11, the interview-ee, Chuck Stiehr mentions the Gay Uniform Club. Is there really such an organization? Where can I write to get more info? Also, he mentions the uniform bar "The Headquarters." Is DRUMMER mag ever gonna do a piece on this particular watering hole? It sure as hell would make a whole lot of us uniform/boot devotees shoot our rocks!! Hot Damn!!! Partial to the uniforms of Training Instructors in the Army, Air Force and Marines, (just cum from looking at a "Smokey-the Bear" hat worn by one of the three or even a Highway Patrolman!) I've always wished the DRUMMER would provide a small place within its pages to list a few of the places where "specialized" pieces of a particular uniform could be purchased such as the above mentioned hat. God knows I've tried Army-Navy stores out here on Long Island and N.Y.C. but they seem to have no outlet for such pieces. Can you help??!! Sure would appreciate it. Also, spit shined CHIP motorcycle boots (like Larry Wilcox wears on the TV show). The police outlets here will only sell wholesale and to police departments. Throw this out to your readers, if you could — what are brothers for anyway!!! Thanks a bunch! I'm loyal to you

and yours til death do us part!

J.P.
Long Island

ED: That uniform bar in L.A. called "The Headquarters" had turned in its patches over a year ago and is now called "The Wrangler." We will try to contact Chuck Stiehr for some answers to your other questions. The best bets for uniforms in N.Y.C. are Weiss and Mahoney, and Kauffmans. Any additional info from you uniform dudes out there would also be appreciated.

MANURE

Issue 22 was great, the greatest!! My first time, with a hardon every page!

About that letter in Issue 22, p. 7 from JIM in Kalispell, MT (COWBOYS AND HORSES): you ought to take him up on his offer of the true facts of life as the basis for a REAL cowboy report especially the horse sex.

A horse is awfully big and powerful with a mighty kick. Sounds like mucho danger to get near that kind of twat, and that's gotta be the machoest there is.

So do it with all the details. You'll have us climbing the walls . . . of the nearest stable, that is. I'll be looking.

IMPATIENT READER =
GOOD CUSTOMER

ED: Check out DRUMMER No. 9.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED, SIR

Your anniversary issue No. 23 of DRUMMER has just arrived and you did the usual great job in the publication.

I have read many issues of DRUMMER and it seems to me that in your "Malecall/Dear Sir:" over a period of time, the Master who writes in seems willing to tell how he has punished his slave and the slave who writes in seems willing to tell how his Master has punished him. This frankness and openness has seemed to develop in time because it was not there in early issues; frankness does prevail!

One of these events happened to me last Friday night; as a slave I had just prepared a Scotch and soda for my Master and served him in the den. He drank and placed the glass on the coffee table next to the copy of DRUMMER and continued to watch TV. I went out for peanuts and when I came back I clumsily knocked over Master's drink as I set the bowl of peanuts down. We had both read that issue of DRUMMER but Master was angry just the same. As I moved fast to excuse myself and clean it up, Master got a full glass of water and threw it at the stomach section of my tee shirt and the water drained downward into my drawers. Action began to happen: Master yelled, "Get a 2 ft. length of rope and strip buck naked!"

I got the rope from the utility closet, returned to the den, stripped off my duds and handed him the rope, thinking he would whip my ass good with the rope. Master threw the rope on the floor.

Master: "On all fours, crawl into the

bedroom and get me the wooden paddle and bring it back between your teeth."

"Yes, Sir," I replied; so it would be the paddle and not the rope. I made my way to the bedroom crawling and returned with the paddle and got it to Master in my teeth. Master grabbed it and in a flash laid some 9 quick, heavy wooden lashes across my ass. After finished with the paddle and a rough kick in the ass, Master ordered: "Make 3 knots in the one end of the rope." I moved to do this quickly. Completed he yelled: "Open your cheeks wide." I did this kneeling on the floor before him and in a flash, he shoved the 3 knots up my ass to form a dangling tail.

Master, now satisfied, said: "Now the clumsy donkey has a tail he can wear to remember not to waste good whiskey; get over in the corner and stay there on all fours until midnight."

"Yes, Sir," was my demure reply and I moved to the corner like a good slave taking punishment.

b.g.
L.B., CA slave

DRUMMER GOOD BUDDY!

I thought you might be interested in the following event.

About a week ago I was driving down from Wyoming to Boulder, CO where I go to the university. It was hot (93 degrees) and I was driving along all oiled up with suntan oil and wearing just a pair of swimming trunks. As usual I was very horny and listening to my CB on channel 19 for Colorado smokey reports.

Just south of Fort Collins I picked up a CB'er with the handle "DRUMMER"! I asked if he had heard of the magazine and he said he did. So I knew he was a stud. I started gaining on the signal and spotted a blond guy in a white 4WP pick-up. As I got closer I could see him in his rearview mirror — a blond stud about 25 with a mustache — he was Drummer. So I pulled off my trunks and slowly passed him while I beat my meat, he was so turned on looking down at me that we almost had a wreck.

I pulled off at the next exit and he followed me, where I found an old abandoned house where I went in (still nude) he went in after me with his cock hanging out of his levis. Not only was he good looking but he had a cock that would choke a horse, I thought I was big but his was almost an inch longer and thick. We had a great jack-off trip and he fucked the shit out of me — Wow!

After we finished I asked him why he chose DRUMMER for his handle and he said he wanted a handle that gay studs would pick-up, but queens and straights wouldn't recognize. What a trip — "DRUMMER" strikes again. You're well represented here in Colorado if your readers are studs like this. Thanks Drummer.

Bill

DRUMMER inadvertently omitted the credits from REDNECK BIKER that appeared in the last issue. Robert Opel was the photographer and Jack Fritscher the author. Apologies to both.

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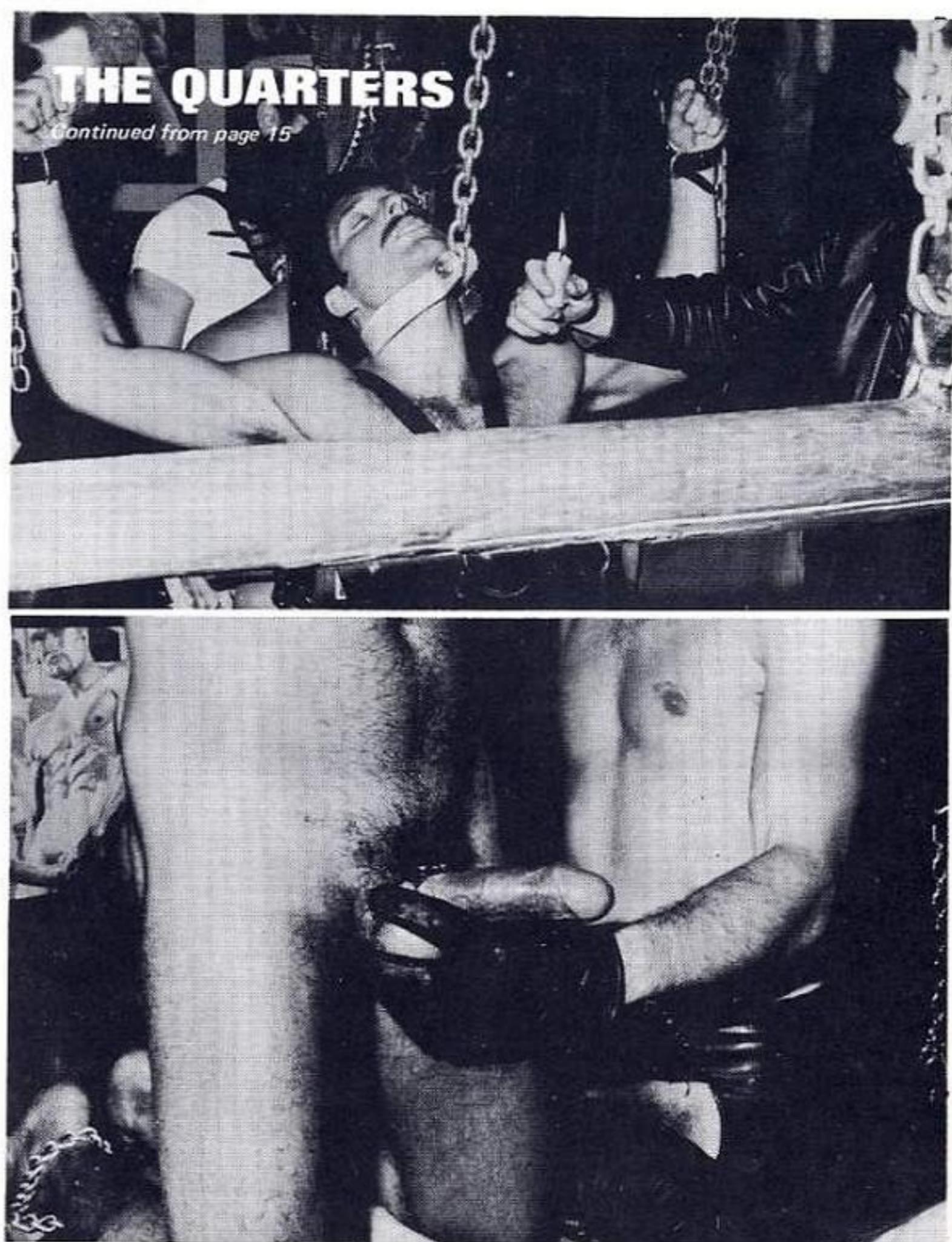
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THE QUARTERS

Continued from page 15



SEE THE EQUIPMENT, BOY. THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE GOING TO BE FOR
THE NEXT FEW HOURS, MAYBE THE NEXT FEW DAYS, MAYBE THE
NEXT FEW MONTHS.



ready have a sense of trust in me I will try to give it to you before we get down the dark passageway between two buildings and to the padlocked door of the Quarters. You won't be able to see when you get inside, boy, because there won't be any lights on in the rough wooded hallway and I'm not going to turn any on either. I know where everything is and you're not going to be allowed to for a while. A while can be a long time.

You're going up against the inside of that door once it's locked anyway and if you don't know how to assume the position it will be the first thing you're going to learn. I don't intend to just pat you down. You get the full frisk and I'm taking that jacket off in the process. Don't resist. With your hands and feet spread like that you're vulnerable.

Now you're going to feel those handcuffs you've been looking at. One hand at a time. Easy now. By pushing your chest up against the door like that when I have the first hand behind you and cuffed I maintain control. Now the next hand. There! Your realities are now fantasies and what were your fantasies have just been recruited and are eligible to become your realities.

You have only the choice between submitting like a man to your detention and training or fighting and resisting the fact that you are about to find out some new things about yourself and the kind of things a confidential and serious group of men can make into realities. Be warned. The more you resist the bonds the worse the strain on your muscles. Save your energy for the training you are about to receive. I expect no less than your best. If I didn't want you to do well you wouldn't be here. If you do as well as I know you can, you will stay.

I know your eyes are adjusting now and you can see those rays of light struggling through the cracks in the boards of that wall. You're going to go through the door in that wall, into the light of the training Quarters. In there we will both see how much you are ready for.

See the equipment, boy. That's where you are going to be for the next few hours, maybe the next few days, maybe the next few months. You're afraid? Good! I've seen men cry in this room. Not from pain, but from being afraid of giving themselves completely and being taken totally into ownership as property. If the Quarters didn't intimidate you we would have wasted a lot of planning and careful preparation. These Quarters are designed to provide me with the equipment necessary to take you from freedom into ownership and, if you want and are willing to work for it, on to the point of having the privilege of seeking bona fide new trainees.

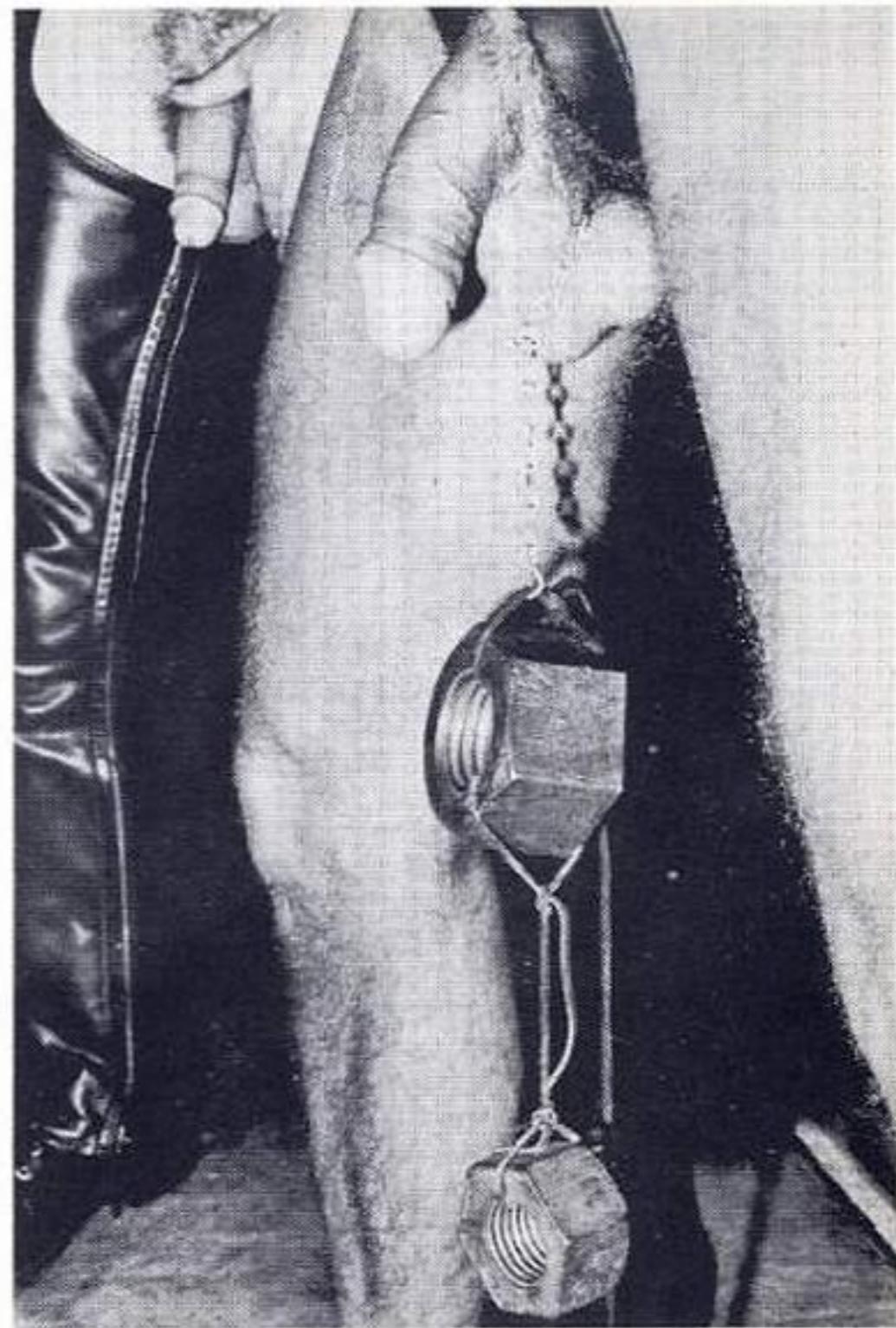
Take a look at the guys we brought to the Quarters last Wednesday after one of the hot weekly events held in the local bars. THEY knew what we were there for and we took them out of the bar to give them a taste of their fantasies. Oh ya, some of them we had to TAKE, but even they didn't resist too much when they saw that we meant business and knew what we were doing.

We know that not every leather bar is full of hot men all the time. But when a good leather bar supports an activity, you can be sure that some real leather men are going to show up looking for other men to do it too, or looking for men who will do it to them. You can usually bet that one or more of the D.I.s from the Quarters will be there looking for new recruits. Take a good look. You can see that we're not talking about vanilla sex, shithead. After this group saw the Quarters they belonged to us, were glad to give and thankful to get a maximum training experience during the session.

That document on the wall that you are being stood in front of lists the rules of the training Quarters. Read them and don't be slow. Don't be stupid enough to forget them while you are in this room, fuckup. And right now you'd better start thinking about how you're going to please your D.I. That's me, mister. My cock is getting hard and my boots are needing attention. You've got some earning to do before you even get the boots. Now get on your table.

All correspondence kept strictly confidential at:

THE QUARTERS / P.O. Box 3119 / San Francisco, CA 94119 ▲



BE WARNED. THE MORE YOU RESIST THE BONDS
THE WORSE THE STRAIN ON YOUR MUSCLES.



GETTING OFF

Continued from page 6

REFUSE to kneel to his avowed god Cock because he doesn't want to stretch out at the knees his perfectly tailored fit?

Shit!

Authentic leather knows how to get down.

Try walking up to a dude who drips with leather, chains, and six handkerchieves, and you find the only way to get an honest reading these costumey nights is to ask him: "Do you mean all those signals, or are they only junk jewelry?" Some of these frauds cruise under so many flags they look like the semaphore version of *Hello Dolly*.

LESS IS MORE (OR LESS)

Romance sidles in quietly. Just like the hunter hunts the hunted quietly. How you ever gonna fuck an Authentically 90%-straight man when you're decked in gay apparel? How you gonna get into a straight bar-n-grill wearing even macho-fag drag? How you gonna "pass" in order to hunt if you drop in at some hot after-shift factory bar, not as an adventurously alone hunter, but accompanied by one-too-many macho-gay pals? Remember that in an Authentic straight joint when gays enter and are noticed, the straights calculate you not arithmetically, but multiply you geometrically. More than two macho-gays entering a redneck bar tilts up on the locals' pinball minds like a battalion — and from outer space, at that.

The point is, if you live in an upfront gay city, and if you want to ball an Authentic 90%-straight man for a refreshing change as well as for a celebration of *his* macho style rather than always *our* macho style, then you're better off cruising out by yourself, *alone*, to bars that cater to Authentic cops, Authentic ethnics, Authentic truckers, Authentic military types, Authentic bikers, Authentic jocks, Authentic factory workers, even Authentic upwardly mobile straight swingers.

COCKSUCKERS UNLIMITED

Ain't no man alive don't like his dick sucked. Hit the right bars, county fairs, bowling alleys, athletic events, gyms, and you'll see these Authentic straights hanging out together in one big romantic herd. And they're all available. But first you've got to cut them out of their crowd. It's as true as Confucius and Dean Martin: "Everybody wants some gay action sometime." You've got to be clever enough, all alone, to signal: *Have Mouth, Will Suck*. You signal; then you back off. Let him cut himself loose. Give him space to friendly on up to you. The Code of the Authentic West is: *You must help him keep from tipping his hand to his buddies*.

A loner-type gay man down in Lompoc singles out, one by one, all the factory workers he can handle. He knows them all; none of them knows the others know him at all. Up in Sonoma, a not-so's-you'd-notice gay biker tramp named "Beemer Len" sorts out and sucks up all

AIN'T NO MAN ALIVE DON'T LIKE HIS DICK SUCKED. HIT THE RIGHT BARS, COUNTY FAIRS, BOWLING ALLEYS, ATHLETIC EVENTS, GYMS, AND YOU'LL SEE THESE AUTHENTIC STRAIGHTS HANGING OUT TOGETHER IN ONE BIG ROMANTIC HERD. AND THEY'RE ALL AVAILABLE.

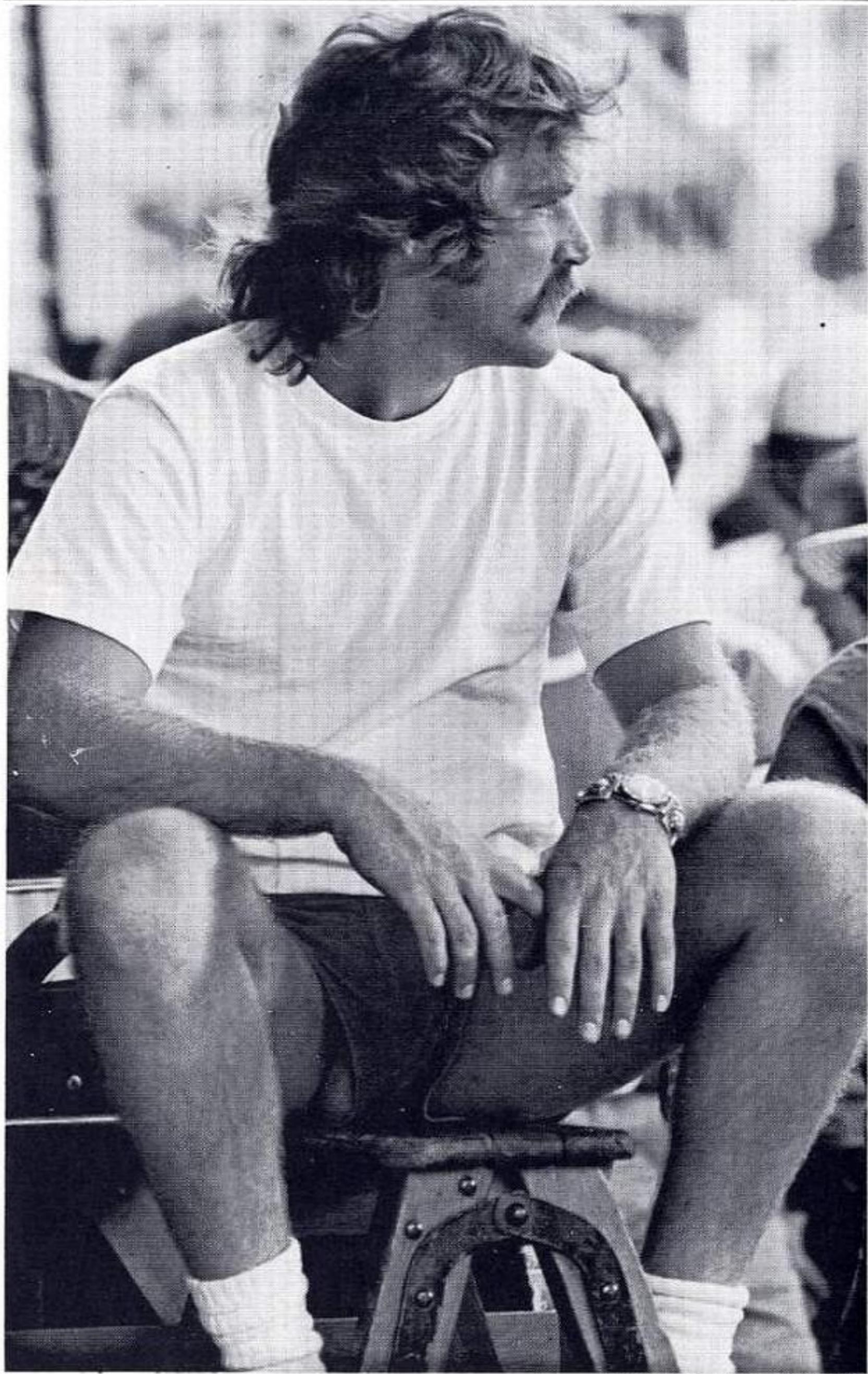


PHOTO BY EFREN RAMIREZ

the scooter biker trash he wants. He rides as an independent, sometimes with a few left-over Hell's Angels, sometimes with the really mean and greasy Vagos,

but all the time with an eye open to the dick that's ready at the right time in the right place. Often, Beemer rides alone at night; he gets recognized by aspiring

younger bike tramps in their mid-20's who want to learn Authenticity from him and be like him because he himself is so Authentic. Then that something subtle happens, without any of that middleclass boywasdrunklastnight crap, and his own very real Authenticity gets him the Authentic biker he hunts down alone.

A 1000 WAYS TO BE GAY

Fucking Authentic Straight Men is not to lessen the value of the Practiced Purchased Macho of our Certified Gay Brothers. Whatever's right. Whatever suits a man's taste at the moment. Sometimes a guy's just too tired to go out to hunt down an Authentic trucker. Instead, he settles for a pleasant plop on an authentic impersonator wearing a Peterbilt teeshirt. Besides, sometimes, Authentic can get a bit dangerous — especially when Mr. Authentic hasn't fully come to terms with what your mouth is doing to his peepee.

To be gay is to be on a spectrum from Butch to Nelly. To be gay means to live a completely gay lifestyle all the way to the polar opposite percentage of being gay for a fast 14 minutes once a month. What the hell is "gay" anyway? If we who call ourselves gay know no more about it than that being gay is a very special gift, then how the fuck are outside straights poker around in the hand that's been dealt to us supposed to know a pair of Jacks from a pair of Queens?

Hell, the point is: when a 90%-straight man calls you to his cock, if you don't go, that maybe is a real crime, or shame, or sin. Since we're almost 100% gay, we need to lend a helping hand to the adult males begging us with one come-on-or-another to help them acquit that percentage of gayness all men, when they're honest with themselves, know they have and can enjoy.

GAY ABS & STRAIGHT BELLIES

Gay Macho holds its stomach flat, pushes its chest out, pumps its biceps, and tucks in its chin in the Best Cadet Tradition. Gay Cadets stand at attention in bars just the way their dear old Dads wanted them to straighten up (in every sense of the term) when they were slouchy little sissies. Now, liberated and on their own, the Cadets embrace the very rigid posture they resisted when Daddy ordered his Little Soldier to stand up straight and take it like a man. Our believing this kind of war-surplus crap is really the only number where we macho guys can be faulted for being on the edge of unnatural.

Young Authentic Straight Macho, on the other hand, is more natural and certainly more relaxed. They celebrate a hint of a beer gut, a sunburned redneck, and grease crescents under the nails no manicured Cadet would be caught dead with. Even though Authentic prefer to fuck with their white socks on, they have an adaptability that 100% Gays have lost.

Authentic know how to "pass."

Authentic, and this is the lesson Authentic can teach Gays, have the PASSING ABILITY to cross over from the world of straight values to the world of gay sexual values. Authentic don't

necessarily give a flying fuck about gay subcultural values: they stop somewhere on the Tammy Wynette side of Grace Jones.

Authentic have the best of both worlds.

Gay Cadets, even when spiffed up in a three-piece business suit, still shine with an aura, if not a haircut, concentrated in a ghetto camp of their own making. This limits us in a way no freewheeling Authentic Straight would ever let happen to his head.

Fucking with one's own gay kind is perfectly okay; but it's limited if a gay man in a big gay city forgets that a lot of 90%-straight men are out there, outside the gay ghetto, waiting to be hunted down and tongued to death.

Gays can learn from the Authentic how to "pass" — not in the sense of hiding our gayness because we are ashamed of our difference, but in the sense of tastefully signalling both our macho sameness as well as our availability to help a man who's only 10% into what we dig 100%. Authentic must bash Flaming Faggots; but when a gay man who is not a stereotype presents himself, more often than not Mr. Authentic is going to harden himself to take a little walk on the wild side.

To be remembered in our Meccas of SFO, NYC, and LAX is the fact that not only are 90%-straight men a slightly different kind of fun in bed, they are also our best political allies. Consider this

analogy. Their 10% gayness, closeted to the degree they feel it must be, is still enough of a sympathetic percentage that in the closet of the voting booth they can there, as well as in our beds, privately choose/elect what they wish.

The bedroom and the voting booth are the two most private and closely linked sanctuaries in America today.

DISCREET TRUE CONFESSION

There is an intimate group of men in SFO with a list of the hottest straight places to harvest dicks of willing husbands and daddies. You can betcher ass we're not printing it here. Discretion rules. And besides, why deprive you DRUMMER hunters of the adventure of finding something Authentically alternate to your nightly gay lay?

Offered as Exhibit A is a "passing run" currently being celebrated with a 23-year-old Air Force man — married and a daddy of a six-month-old baby. My flyboy will never live a gay lifestyle, but for the two hours once a month when he's down from Travis Air Force Base, it's a perfectly balanced relationship. For two hours once a month he's "gay" — whatever that means. When that man goes to vote next time and there's a Briggs or a Bryant around, I know for sure where his privately consenting sympathies will put his vote.

With us. You and me.

Go out and lay an Authentic 90%-Straight Man today. All at once, it's sex, it's fun, and it's politics!

And that's action!

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D-24

RICHARD LOCKE

Continued from page 30

interested in erotica. They go to see a film and they're used to slick Hollywood films where the soundtrack is not garbled and there's no overexposed and underexposed film, and there's clarity. And they demand plot.

Fucking is nice and proverbial "dirty old men," whoever they are, will watch that; but the younger audience is willing to pay the money to see a good film. The distributors are the ones responsible for holding the industry back because they won't give a good deal to the producers to produce a good slick film. One model who dances at a gay theater between films insists that a lot of the theaters themselves have been known to pirate films and steal profits from the filmmakers.

Erotic films are hot. People often snicker at erotica which is too bad, because it's an art. One of the reasons they snicker is they see it as filthy and dirty, which also has something to do with its allure.

Smut, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

Take a look at Aubrey Beardsley. His is beautiful work, nothing to snicker at. Oscar Wilde, D.H. Lawrence: all those people had been dealing with "pornography." Look at the walls of Pompeii, the graffiti and some of the fantastic murals. When the mores of a country relax enough to let stuff happen, art becomes recognized as art.

Today you can sell just about anything, but you can't sell fist-fucking in L.A. Wakefield Poole had to cut fist-fucking scenes from *Take One* because in order to make a film profitable, it has to be shown in L.A. So, because the police department down there won't allow fist-fucking, he wasn't able to fulfill his artistic expression. That's fascist censorship.

L.A.'s a big S&M town, and I think that those people liked having Ed Davis (L.A.'s anti-gay ex-Police Chief) there because they enjoy getting picked up in the restrooms.

How much money did you earn from "Kansas City" and "El Paso"?

Kansas City was my first big film so I didn't get much. *El Paso* was a much bigger film for me. I was star material by then, so I got more money — which still wasn't enough. I don't know about the ethics involved, but it wasn't enough. I know that the film's making baskets of money. To be frank, I'm getting a business manager to handle those things from now on. I guess my contract judgment isn't that good. Anyway, I don't consider being a movie star as my main career in life. I can't make a living as a gay star. By the time the money filters down to me there's very little. There's a message here for any young numbers hoping to make a fortune. They ought to sing a couple choruses of "Beautiful Dreamer."

How did you like working with Jack Wrangler on "Kansas City"?

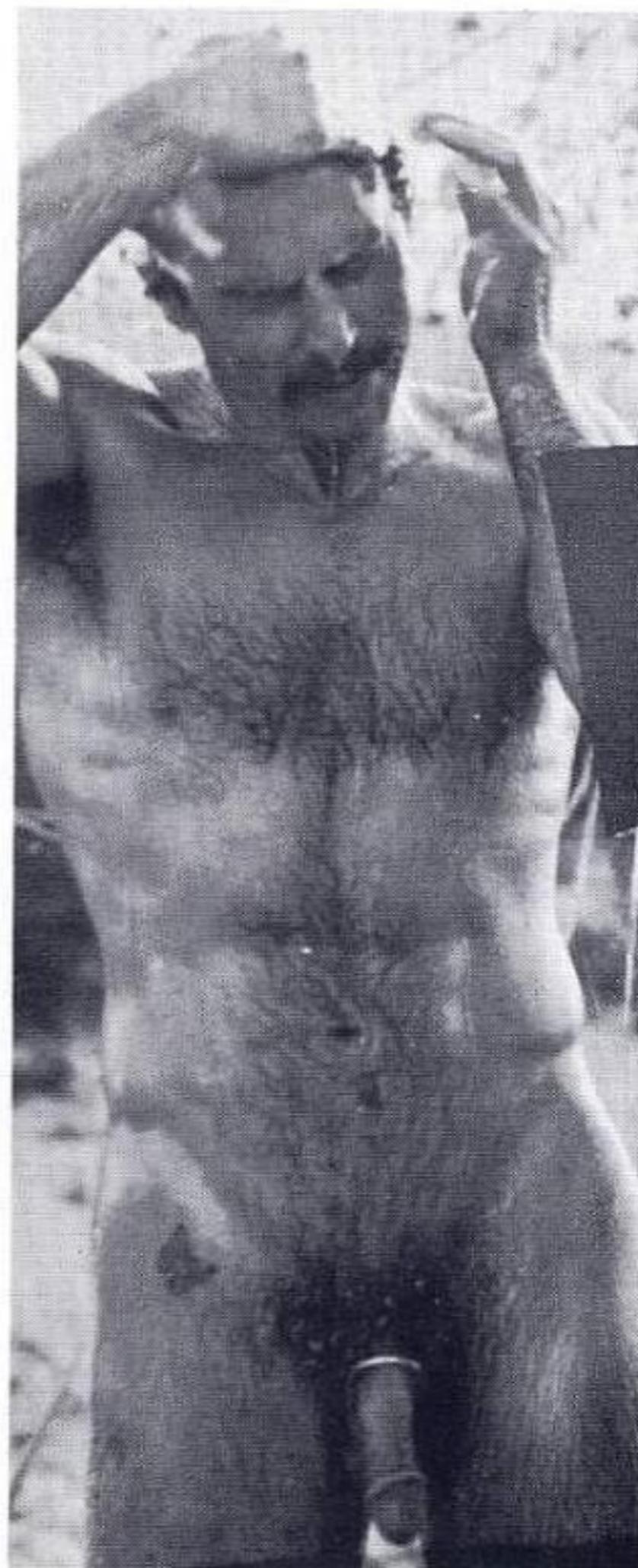
Jack Wrangler is wonderful in the way

he puts himself out on a film. The director tells him to do something, and he puts his heart, soul, and various other parts totally into it. I fucked Jack Wrangler while he was fucking somebody else on a pool table. That fantasy we made real. Actualizing fantasy is hot. How many times have you seen a hot man standing by a pooltable in a bar. Makes you want to fuck him over the pool table. As I get more mature, I'm getting fewer and fewer fantasies; life is narrowing down to where I act them all out either on film or at night on my own.

How about working with Fred Halsted

When I first heard Fred was going to

... once I came out, I couldn't stop touching guys. I have beautiful hands. They love to touch, and they have a good feeling. I've always had people tell me how nice it is to be touched by me.



Richard Locke sudsing off the desert sweat. A scene from "TAKE ONE." Photo courtesy of A REEL TO REAL PRODUCTION.

be my co-star, I was very disappointed because I was expecting Gordon Grant who I thought was very hot. I'd read several interviews with Fred. I'm not into S&M and I thought some of Fred's philosophies were, not to be judgmental, "sick." So I was apprehensive and I didn't know how well we were gonna work out. But the moment I met Fred I picked up on his charisma. He has a beautiful personality that shines through his tough exterior. He's carefully manufactured his own public image. Fred is a sweet little teddy bear. He's a fine, fine man. And he's one of the great American filmmakers. His *L.A. Plays Itself* is a piece of art, a really good piece of gay popular culture.

Would you like to do a film with Roger?

Roger. I think Roger is very interesting. I haven't met him, but he excites me. I'd like to do it with him. Who wouldn't?

You said you didn't come out 'til you were 24. Did you have any kind of sex life?

Very little. I was asexual. Just my hand. I still love to masturbate; I think masturbation is wonderful. How can you dare to make love to somebody else unless you know how to make good love to yourself?

What were you doing with your life at that time?

I was going to Chico State College in Northern California. Even the closets had closets. We started Gay Liberation the last semester I was there. There were three of us: me, a dyke, and another friend.

What reactions did you get when you came out?

I was slow in coming out. The first person that knew I'd come out was me. Once that was accomplished, the rest was easy. I told all my friends, and eventually I said, "How can I be a Gay Liberationist if I haven't told my parents?" I told my brothers and sisters, and then I told my father and then my mother. This was over a period of six years. My mother didn't take too kindly to it. She's adapted to it now. One of the reasons is that my younger brother is gay, also.

Did you know before you came out that your looks, your body were something that men really responded to?

Men never responded to me that I noticed and therefore I felt all alone. I knew there were gay people in the world, but they were all drag queens and I knew I wasn't a drag queen.

Where did you go after college?

I got my Bachelor's degree in 1968 and I left for San Francisco. When you're gay and living in a small town like Chico, you don't stick around. You go to the big city for the anonymity and freedom.

I knew when I got out of college I'd come to San Francisco. I've been here except for the time I've spent in the desert. How nice to be born right across the bay from the Gay Capital of the World in East Oakland Hospital!

What about moving to the desert? What brought that on?

I was fired from my job at Traveler's Insurance when I got hepatitis and wanted to leave for three months. I was an insurance claims adjuster. I was doing a good job for them. Some dude rumored I was gay, but they wouldn't tell me why I was fired. I had a "Holden Caulfield" nervous breakdown. I was doing a lot of drugs — shooting like you wouldn't believe. Finally one day somebody said, "Birds of a feather flock together," and I looked at my flock and decided to leave.

I went to Hawaii. I hated it. I was on my way to Puerto Rico when I dropped by Palm Springs and fell in love. I went out and bought myself a desert shack. That was four years ago. I've not paid a utility bill in three years because I've developed a system of living with the environment. I have a wind generator for all my electricity. I designed and built the whole system myself. I use solar energy to heat and cool the house, the water and showers. I developed my own water heater. You can see it all in Poole's *Take One*. The home-movie version of that film is much hotter than the theater version.

Is there much gay life in the desert?

God, yes. Every weekend we have a new group from New York, Chicago, Seattle, Washington, D.C., Paris, London, San Francisco, L.A. It's fun. We have a disco and several gay motels.

When did you get interested in massage?

After I'd pursued solar energy to a point where I thought solar technology might become my career, I found I was stymied by the educational bureaucracy to such an extent that I would've had to go to school for another four years. I said "No." I thought, "Well, what do I like to do? I like to touch." So I decided to go to massage school. I found the Massage Institute here where they have a 10-week course. Instant gratification in almost instant graduation!

I've been interested in massage all my life. I guess being repressed for so long, I dig touching another body. When I was younger, I would get on a bus and if my knee came in contact with a guy, I would jerk it away. For the longest time I wouldn't touch another man. My parents have never been demonstrative in their affection. But, man, once I came out, I couldn't stop touching guys. I have beautiful hands. They love to touch, and they have a good feeling. I've always had people tell me how nice it is to be touched by me. The massage school has given me the knowledge of anatomy and the knowledge of sensual massage. Sensual massage is pleasure; it's not like Rolfing where you have pain.

Where do you draw the line between sexual and sensual? I'm sure sometimes when you give a massage, the man gets turned on.

I thought *sensual* was synonymous with *sexual*. But they're not, and I didn't find that out til I took the course. One of the instructors at the Massage Institute said when someone gets a hard-on, all she gives is a little corrective direction like:

DRUMMER: "How can you say you're not into S&M and then turn around and do that catalog for Hanging Tree Ranch, posing as a "bottom" man? Isn't it opposed to your rough trade image?"

LOCKE: "Most people don't think of pornstars as actors. But they are. I was given a role and I did it. Simple. I also don't like guns, and when Sam and Joe Gage told me about the opening scene in *EL PASO*, I didn't go along with it. I didn't want to handle guns, until I realized this myself: I am an ACTOR IN A ROLE and I do my job as best I can. What I do in my own private bed I may never tell." Photo courtesy of HANGING TREE RANCH.



"You're allowing all the pleasure I'm giving you to be concentrated in a 7-inch piece of your flesh. Why not take that whole feeling and spread it throughout your body?"

When people get on my massage table and either make comments or reach out and grab me, I'll avoid it til I can't avoid it any longer. I'll say, "This is a massage table, and massage is my bread and butter. If you want a massage, stay on the table. If you don't want a massage, then get out." It doesn't happen that much; it's almost negligible.

Lately I've been working in Palm Springs. My massage table is out in the trees under the date palms. It's very sexual because palm trees are very phallic. They thrust out of the ground; they have a big head on them with big lumps of fruit.

The massage I do is very balletic: smooth, flowing movement. It's like a dance around the table. It's a good show. People walk by and see me giving a massage under the trees and they're like children in a candy store. They say, "I want a piece of candy." It's very good advertising.

Will you do more movies?

I talked to my director, Joe Gage, and

we'll start filming *L.A. Tool & Die* in January. It'll be the last of the trilogy started by *Kansas City Trucking Co.* and *El Paso Wrecking Co.*

From what I understand, I'll be traveling all over the country again, probably by truck. I fall in love and chase this guy all over the United States, until I finally get ahold of him and we live happily ever after. Just like the straight movies!

How can you top "KC" and "EP?" What do you do after those pissing scenes?

Joe is very good. There are only so many basic plots to deal with. The same stories are retold, so you have Romeo and Juliet, and you have Paris and Helen of Troy. Same story. If you look at *Kansas City* and *El Paso* what makes them stand out from other films is not the story, but the way they're done. They're done professionally. The Gages and Wakefield Poole: they're pros through and through.

I'm not sure what we'll do next. I know I was never into piss scenes before. But when I saw *Kansas City* I was ready to go out and try it. I tried it. It was fun. Today: piss. Tomorrow: what? Life keeps unfolding. Gay life keeps getting better. ▲

BONDAGE

Continued from page 23

"Put your ass where your mouth is," he says. "You read about bondage. You jerk off in movies to bondage. You talk about bondage. You study bondage. You write about bondage. You're a bondage top; but you'd be a better bondage top if you, for one good time, were a total bondage bottom."

"You know what you're doing," I say. "Our mutual friend respects your space."

"To quote your quote," he says, "'There's nothing more frightening than ignorance in action.'"

"You sure as hell ain't ignorant."

"So what do you say?"

I look around his apartment. Everything is in perfect readiness. I might say yes. I might say, "Let's call up one of your regular bottoms and both tie him up. But then again if I only go around once in life . . ."

"So what do you say?"

"I say: You're a big six-four and two hundred pounds. I say: I'm easily seduced by a man who can talk his way into my head. I say: I like a man who tries to top a top. I say: I think we both have a sense of humor about this. I say: we're never into anything too far that we can't turn back. I say: I notice you're unplugging my cassette recorder."

"You sure say a lot," he says.

"I say: this is the sexy part in the movies where the camera moves away from the couple and focuses on the waves crashing on the shore, on the trees blowing in the wind . . ."

"And," he says, "on the train rushing headlong into the dark tunnel." ▲

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BOOKS

Continued from page 68

body blackened and stinking with mud.

"He was gabbling a string of incoherent words, as he thrust desperately at the jostling, curious pigs . . ."

"Early on Monday morning all the principal national and provincial newspapers received . . . an 8" x 10" print of a photograph, attached to which there was a brief caption. . . . This is Carl Henry Heslop, a specialist merchant in the corruption of children, in perversion and in pornography. Let others of his kind be warned. We offer our profound apologies to the pigs . . . The photographs . . . showed the naked Heslop on all fours, wallowing in the mud, looking up in fear and astonishment towards the camera, with two large pigs muzzle at his legs."

Writer Willis's style ranges from the energetic to the enervating, and there is devastating irony in the fact that the audience at which his efforts are aimed is not noteworthy for its frequenting of bookshops. Still, Stanley Kubrick might make something of it — if he already hadn't, that is, in "The Clockwork Orange."

— Ed Franklin



DRUM BEATS

(Editor's note: HARRY CHESS is on vacation and will return, raunchy 'n rejuvenated, in the very next issue of DRUMMER!)

There once was a Libra
named Ace,
Who offered Hell's Angels
his place.
They sat on his nose
and dumped on his clothes.
Now Ace bandages his
(smile) "Angel" face.

jt

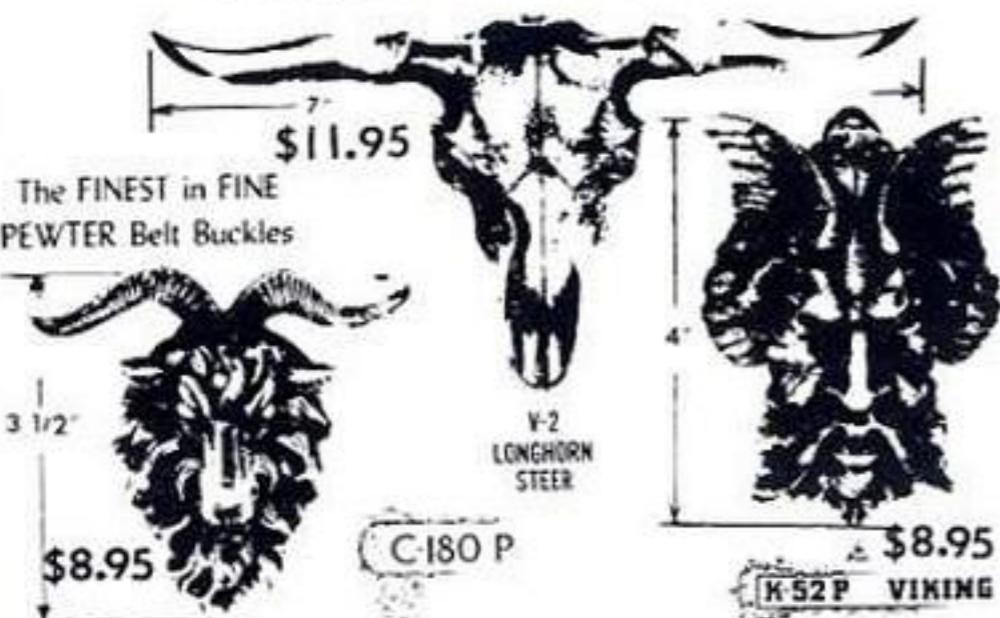


"Please Mom . . . Can I call you back later? I've got my hands full!"



"Hmmm . . . Perrier."

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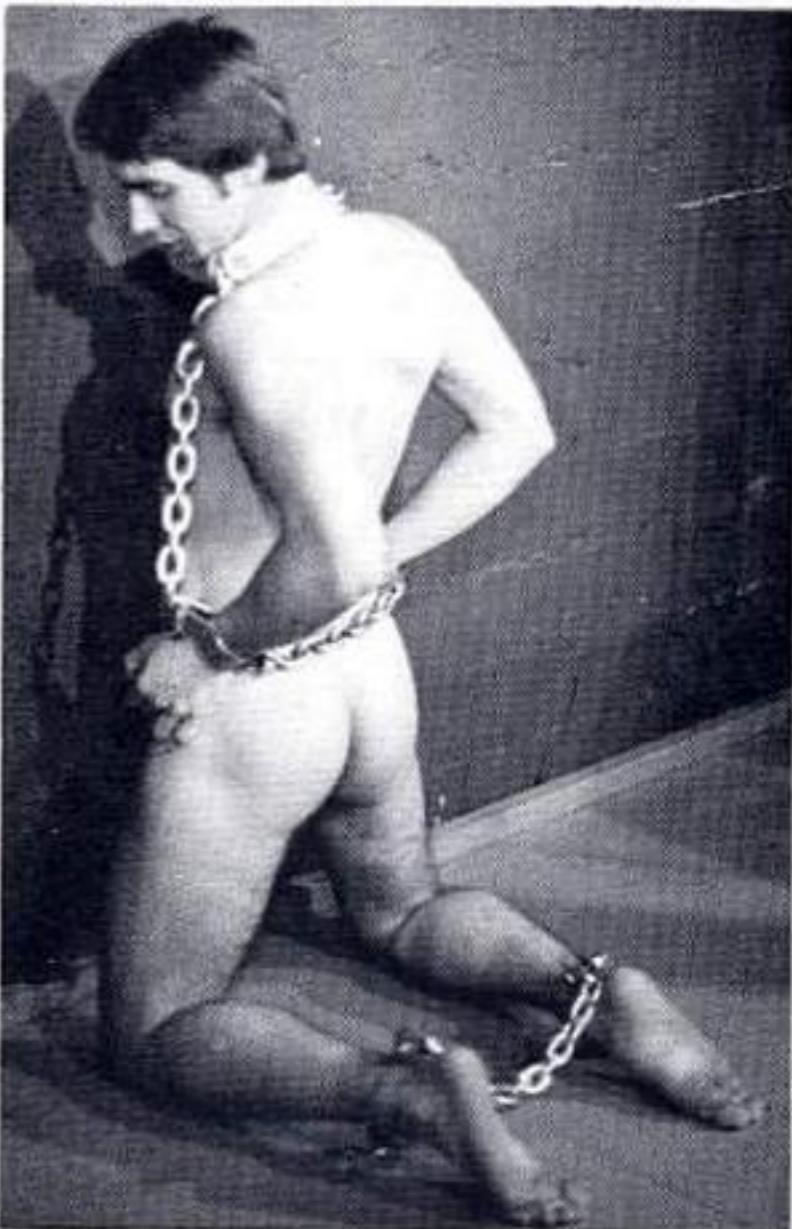
"One of the few New York porn stores you can be seen entering without horrible embarrassment."

—The Village Voice

"New York's only semi-respectable x-rated bookshop."

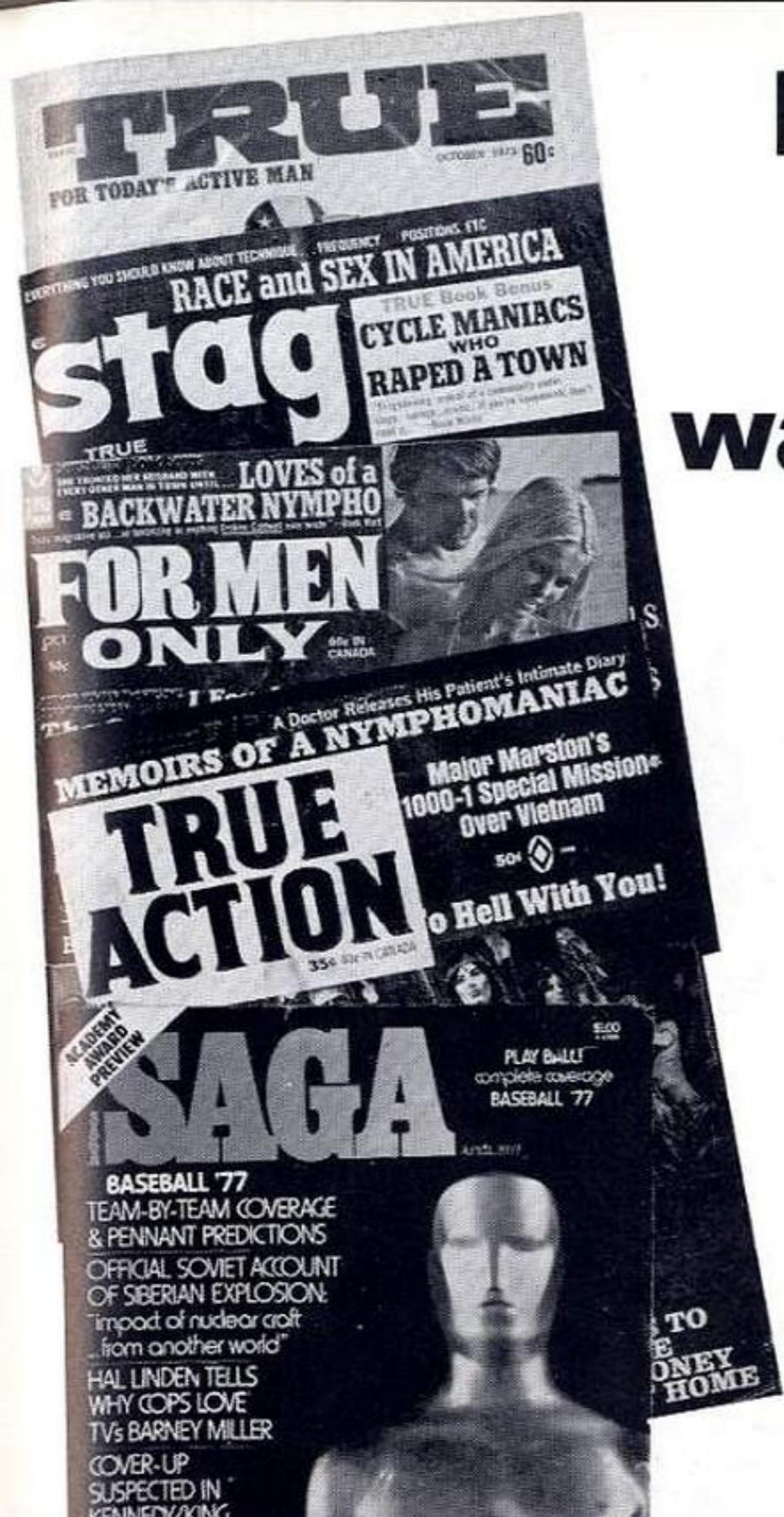
—Time Magazine

SHACKLES OF HUMILIATION



Humiliate Some

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Ever wish one of those ballsy men's mags was for gay guys?

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We do feel that it is time for Gay publishing to grow up. Gays constitute the largest single minority in the country. They have the largest buying power, are the most imaginative and responsive and are the biggest trend-setters of most any group.

The ALTERNATE has aspirations to being the most important gay publication around. Toward that end we have sought the best writing, photography and art available on the gay scene. We are combing the country for everything and anything that would be of interest to our readers. We have broken with the trend toward the fey and the glossy in gay publications.

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Sold into slavery at age 16, his master was great as a slave. This is

THE STORY OF 'Q'



Illustrated by OLAF

Robert Payne

SOLD INTO SLAVERY AT SIXTEEN, HE WAS A SLAVE ALL HIS LIFE.

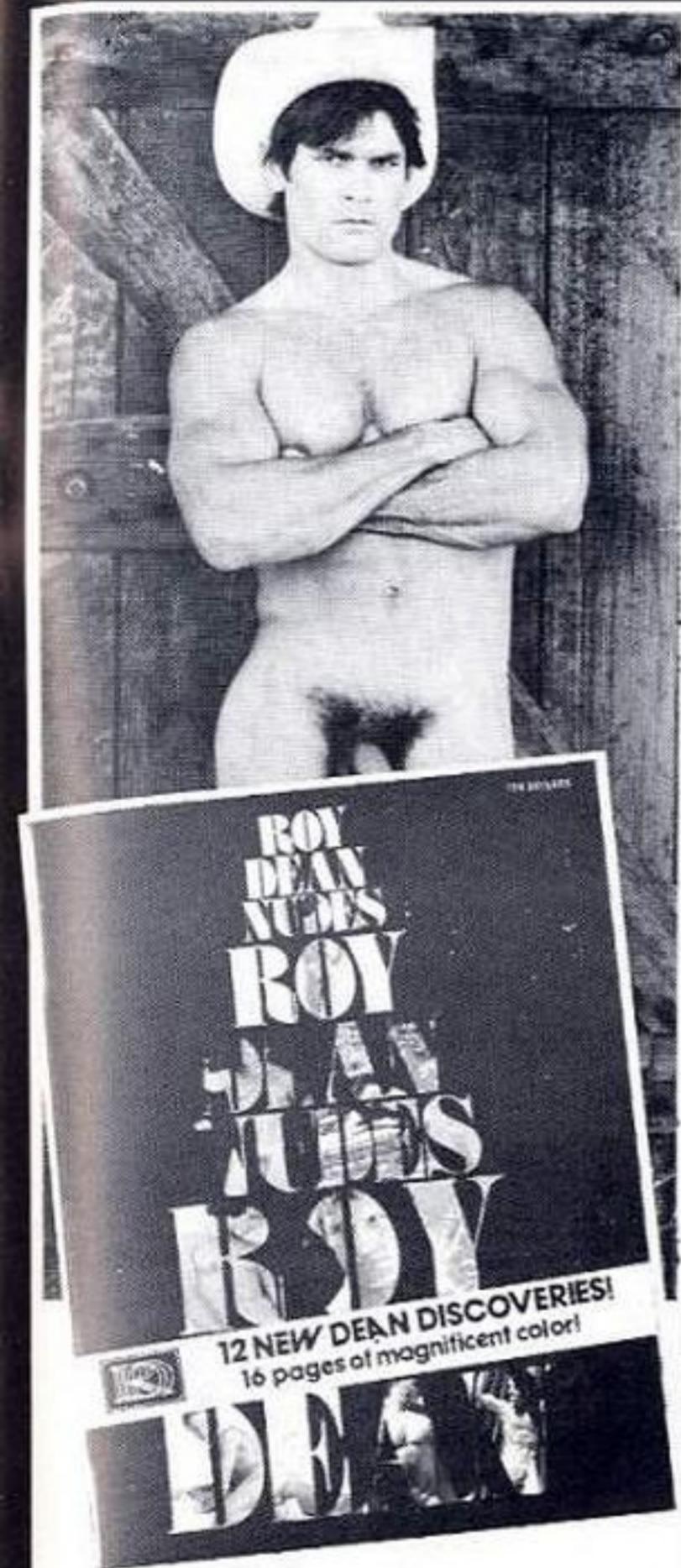
This new version of "THE STORY OF 'Q'" has been re-written, re-edited and was two full years in the making. The illustrations by Olaf, took much of that time. At the book's center is a four-page foldout, presumably for framing. Graphically, it is a beautiful effort and stands muscular head-and-shoulders above most of its contemporary genre.

"THE STORY OF 'Q'" is 8½" x 11", 61 pages on heavy book stock. Slick cover with all original illustrations by Olaf. Cover price is \$10.

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Semen dripping from his fingers, he put his hand down to the Indian to lick clean, but the beer had taken its effect. The cowboy and Indian sex was more than Tex's muddled brain could take. He pulled his bare, sooping and bloodied foot from the Indian's mouth, feeling the tooth pull loose with it. What the hell!

The Apache seemed to have passed out, so Tex got off the crates and reached for a beer can. His bare feet stepped on the feather fan, and one bare foot broke the beaded handle in two with a loud crack and dark pebbles, objects, peyotes, yeah, those ancient mushroom buttons or whatever they were the Indians chewed to give themselves a new 'high'! Why not?

Tex put three of them in his mouth, chewed them fast because they were so bitter, then swallowed them down with beer.

Nothing! Nothing happened to him. He did feel great though. He wanted to beat on his chest like Tarzan. Or do some wild weird funny thing.

Tex reached downward for his wet, chewed-on socks. Maybe he'd throw the stinking things away and wear his bare feet in his boots back to the motel.

And it was then that the Apache's eyes opened. Like live coals they seemed to glow. A bloodied smile slowly seemed to spread his lips.

"What the hell were in those things, you red Injun bastard. I'm gonna kill you." He held his head and the night sky seemed to reel about him, faster and faster. His arms, then his legs went numb and he attempted to reach into his side pocket for his hunting knife — but he never made it. He collapsed onto the grass, spread-eagled and then lay still, breathing only slightly.

The Apache lay still on the ground, but only for a few minutes to make sure. He knew the cops patrolled these alleys often during Pow-Wow, so he had to work fast.

Toward Tex he crawled forward on hands and knees. By the hair of his head he pulled the head upward, but it fell back to the ground seemingly lifeless. He reached for Tex's wallet and shoved it into his own pocket. He stuffed the sloppy-wet white man's socks into the white man's mouth. Then he reached for Tex's knife.

Working fast, while the blood spurted, he inserted the point of Tex's knife into the brown curly head of hair and started cutting away the scalp. Like the movies. Like the old days. Like history. Six inches wide and eight inches long, the scalp of beautiful hair was up-rooted from the skull, never to grow again, he hoped, at least not for many years.

Reaching for his peyote feather fan, he also retrieved the cowboy's truck keys. He spat onto the still live body, pulled the socks out of his mouth so he could still breathe in case the blood filled the nostrils, then stuck the scalp lock into one of the boots, standing them at attention by the moaning form.

Into the truck with a cloud of dust, and a horse as an additional reward, he drove away.

REVENGE!

It belonged to him. ▲

Tough Shit!



THE TWO WINNERS IN THE 1978 ANNUAL POLISH SUNDIAL SITTING CONTEST

INCREDIBLE SHIT

Will the REAL pervert please stand up?

Washington

The Supreme Court has let stand a lower court decision permitting states to use sodomy laws to prosecute consenting adults for private homosexual acts.

In the case on which the court acted, a Jacksonville, N.C., police detective had testified in court he had planned to "set up" the massage parlor operator. Eugene Enslin, by enlisting the cooperation of a 17-year-old Marine stationed at nearby Camp Lejeune.

The detective, Sam Hudson, had told the trial court:

"This was a deliberate and planned attempt on my part using this 17-year-old prosecuting witness . . . to set Mr. Enslin up so that I could prosecute him for homosexual conduct."

According to trial testimony, the Marine at Hudson's direction, ap-

proached Enslin at the store — a combination massage parlor, pornographic bookstore, bar and sporting goods store — and told him he was looking for "extra excitement."

Hudson, carrying binoculars, watched from some nearby bushes as the Marine then entered the store. Later, out of view in a windowless back room of the store, Enslin performed an oral sex act on the Marine, the Marine testified. The detective had given the Marine marked money to give Enslin, but the money was not used.

Enslin was arrested, tried, convicted and served nine months in prison for violation of the state sodomy law, which forbids crimes against nature "with mankind or beast."

North Carolina authorities defended use of sodomy laws to prosecute homosexual acts. They said that this case did not really involve "consenting adults" but instead involved the "blatant and open pandering and solicitation" of a 17-year-old youth.

PISS BUZZ

TEL AVIV — Israeli scientists believe that they have found a cure for pants wetting: Electronic underpants.

The underpants contain moisture-sensitive electrodes and a buzzer. At the first drop of urine, the electrodes cause the muscles to contract and stop the flow. The buzzer then sounds.

The device has been tested successfully and is to be produced commercially, a team of scientists from Tel Aviv's Ichilov Hospital announced the other day.

REUTERS

REALLY TOUGH SHIT

NEW ORLEANS — A malpractice suit has been leveled against doctors at a major American hospital where an electric surgical knife that cauterizes as it cuts ignited abdominal gas causing the young, Caucasian male patient's intestines to explode fatally.

ASSOCIATED PRESS



LOS ANGELES — An alleged male prostitution ring using young 17-and-18-year-old Marines from Camp Pendleton is under investigation by Los Angeles police and military intelligence.

Los Angeles Police Lieutenant Dan Cooke said the ring allegedly brought young Marines to Los Angeles for homosexual prostitution and pornography.

"We first came across this nine months ago," Cooke said. The ring apparently has been operating for three years.

Cooke said a Marine sergeant "was used as a recruiter, wooing them over into this thing for the money."

No civilian arrests have been made, Cooke said.

At least 12 Marines have been given administrative discharges in connection with the case, "for the good of the service," a Marine Corps spokesman said.

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FROM THE BOOT RACK

BY ARNELL LARSEN

Tex sat there on the crate playing with himself, feeling the Apache's bloodied tongue, licking those boots clean, from toe to heel, stopping now and again for a sip of beer as his tongue went over and under the boots, making them shiny wet in the moonlight. No one had heard anything from the other side of the bar window yet. Tex pulled his levi legs up so the Indian could really give the tall boots a good tongue bath — make 'em clean for the parade tomorrow.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

... on this second night a pair of line-riders, Pete and Coyote had come in from two days of checking the herd. We had our supper and had returned to the bunkhouse. A few oil lamps were burning and most of the men had already thrown themselves on their bunks. They hadn't bothered to take off their clothes, a habit they got from sleeping on the ground while on the range.

"I heard a vile curse and the next thing I knew Pete and Coyote were at it, fists smashing right and left. The other cowboys leaped out of their beds, pushed bunks aside, and formed a circle around the two men.

"No holds were barred. When one man used his thumbs to gouge the other's eyes when he was down, cheers came from the spectators. Finally Coyote got Pete down. But Pete's knee came up, catching Coyote in the groin and sending him stumbling back screaming with pain. Pete leaped up and caught Coyote with a right to the jaw. Coyote went down, still holding his groin. He lay on his back, unable to get up.

"Then came the brutal climax, something I saw many times afterwards, but which always gave me a sick feeling. Pete leaped into the air and came down on Coyote's face with the sharp heels of his cowboy boots. He did this several times and nobody in the circle of spectators raised a voice in protest.

"This was called 'heeling' your victim, a privilege that came to every winner. Many cowboys had marks of that vicious practice on their face and neck. Some even lost their eyesight as a result of it.

"The next day Coyote and Pete were as friendly as ever. I asked Harry Styles, the foreman, what had caused the fight. 'Nuthin', kid' he answered. 'Pete just had a mean feeling, and when you get that, you got to explode somehow.'

"It wasn't long before I began to understand that 'mean' feeling. It was a rebellion against the heat and dust and

loneliness. You couldn't fight these, so you took it out on the person nearest to you. I know, because after some years I would get that same feeling of 'meanness'...."

Tex-All-Around-Cowboy said the words on the buckle of his leather belt that surrounded his slender, mean, muscular waist and he slung the Western magazine he had been reading about Pete and Coyote onto the floor of his truck, grinding the underslung high heel of his worn cowboy boot against the pages of the magazine, tearing the paper. "Shit, I'd sure like to do me some 'heeling' as they call it. All I ever do is fist-fight, I never think of using my boots on a guy's face and scarring him up for life." He heard his horse stomping about in its trailer behind his truck, already for the Flagstaff Pow-Wow days that began tomorrow with a Grand Parade. He felt the hardness of the coins in his pocket and knew that his thirst had to be quenched. He also felt the hardness of his cock in the crotch of his well-worn levis, threatening to burst through the buttons and come out all hot and steaming, and ready to have a little action of its own. He glanced down at his needle-pointed, tall cowboy boots and wondered if anyone would care to service those fuckers. They smelled of his feet, but he'd make them get down on them and do what he wanted them to do. He smelled, but he'd take a bath tonight, before tomorrow's parade and rodeo.

Flagstaff was an Indian town, cool in summer, but cold as hell in winter, yet it still was a damn Indian town. Four days of rioting and drinking and Indians. He wondered how many Indians were already in town, some dead-drunk and lying on the sidewalks. He could tell the tribes just by their appearance, maybe the way they dressed — and their women.

Let's see, there were Apache, Aztec, Cheyenne, Hopi, Kowa, maybe that one there was a Laguna, Navajo or Zuni. Dusty, dirty, in ragged street clothes or in highly colorful Indian wear they walked the streets, feathers, ribbons, beads and decorated strands of buckskin blowing gently in the wind. They came by foot, on horseback, in non-descript old rattletrap cars and new pickup trucks already damaged by the reckless drivers. It was the same as in Gallup on a Saturday night. As you walked down the old cracked sidewalks, you stepped over the dusky-skinned first Americans, who lay sprawled out on the ground along with their empty cheap wine bottles beside them or littered with empty beer cans scattered in the tall weeds concealing puddles of vomit.

The rodeo meant \$25,000 prize money, open to white and Indians alike. Bare-back and bronc-riding — bulldogging — bull riding — calf-roping and team-tying. This was for white tourist freaks who came once a year to take pictures, but the violence and smashing of plate-glass windows sometimes scared them off, and they never returned. But they had their day-time bazaars.

Damn, but his cock was hard. It was so swollen, he had a difficult time pushing it back over onto the other leg, its heavy

head leaving a trail of pecker juice to mat down the hair on his leg. It was getting dark and he was still thirsty.

Tex thought of the nighttime and the dances. He had witnessed several striking, spectacularly colorful ceremonial dances, lit by huge pine log bonfires. Ancient rituals were performed by dancers from many Indian tribes, and hypnotic chanting and dancing re-enacted age-old tribal traditions filling the night with flickering mysterious shadows, and he had had three blow-jobs that night behind the trees and in the bushes. It could have been from booze and it could have been from ancient drugs known only to themselves. Drums beat, gourds rattled, and prayer feather fans fluttered the air, dispelling the night insects that annoyed unless one was covered by a native blanket. He remembered fucking one Navajo brave in his blanket all through the night, but in the morning he had more flea bites than he could count.

Tex squinted his eyes against the setting sun and noticed the corner bar. It once might have been called KELLEY'S — but the rain and snow had beat against the lettering, washing them down like tears. Tex lifted his hat and wiped a band of sweat off his brow, his fingers ran through a thatch of thick brown curly hair. He was proud of his hair, for girls and fags loved to play in it, and beside it felt good. Curly, it was always glossy with natural oil, and once or twice he had even been called Curly.

Tex was good to look at, not handsome, but average and he stood six foot three in his boots, faded levis, sweat stained shirt and levi jacket. He came from windy country, so the crown of his hat was high, but the brim narrow, less likely for the wind to blow it off. He'd like not to wear any hat so the world could see his curly hair, for that, like his boots were his status symbols — like the way you drank your suds, with the left thumb in the back pocket and right hand closed about the mug or can of beer.

So, up the three steps of KELLEY'S he went now, three cracked and broken steps for the snow not to reach the doorway, but three steps too dangerous to descend if you had a snootful. Thank god for the crooked iron railing to hang onto. An ugly-visaged Apache was sitting on the bottom step trying to string some beads together, and going up, Tex brushed him roughly aside. "One side red man, you're in a white man's town."

The first can of beer went down fast, because you were thirsty; the second one you savored, drinking the water and hops for their pleasure. Then that beer demanded another and after that it was beer-pissing time. You peed up against a wall with a trough of slightly running water beneath, and one little white tourist 'queen' was standing there, slowly 'milking' down her already shriveled cock, and when Tex turned around to show him what a man's half horse-sized cock looked like, he fled from the rest room and probably out of the door of the bar. Tex was disgusted because he hadn't quite stopped pissing yet, and the remaining drops splattered all over the toes of his boots. He cursed. He had to find a shine-stand tonight or give them a good

brushing off tomorrow. Perhaps he might start oiling them now to preserve them, for they were showing signs of tiny cracks. Lexol that he used on his saddle might be just the thing.

Back to the bar and three more cans of beer, and that should make him sleep like a baby. Cans of beer instead of bottles. Less damage when thrown by someone in his cups, he figured... He took his wallet out and a few bills, wary of prying eyes who say if you were loaded.

The beers felt good, tucked warmly under his wide buckled belt. A six-pack under his arm for maybe that night thirst and he slowly meandered his unsteady way out of the bar.

Through the swinging doors and on the top step he halted, glancing downward at his grimy, saw-dusty boots, a few drops of his own piss still moistened the needle-pointed toes. He cleared his throat and let loose with a glob of spit which landed on the bottom step, some drops splattering the faded, dirty levis of the same Apache Indian. Only this time he was wiring feathers to a peyote ceremonial fan he hoped to sell to tourists for cash. He needed beans and beer to fill his already growling belly... The Apache wiped off the spit hurriedly with the back of his hand, almost unmindful of its being there.

"Shee-e-eit, you have got to be the ugliest Indian I've ever seen." He took another step down and this time landed a wider, bigger blob of spit right on the Indian's knee where it splattered over several parts of him. The Indian looked up curiously, then he also observed the beer.

"Oh, you like that beer, huh, Injun? Want some of it?"

The Indian nodded.

"You speak English, ugly?"

No remark.

"Speak white man's savvy amigo?"

He nodded, "O.K., I guess. Why you do this?" He wiped the moisture from his knee.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," Tex answered. He held onto the bannister, shoved his smelly boot up on the Indian's knee and pressed down hard with his boot sole, wiping the spit in deeper.

He saw the Indian quickly take his handful of small wrinkled brown peyote buttons and pour them into the beaded handle of the feather fan he had been working on, then screw it closed again. "You want a beer?"

The Apache quickly nodded.

"You got some of those brown nuts that put you out of your mind, huh?" The Apache tried to get up but Tex's boot held him down. "You can have a beer if you lick my boot, lick the toe of that fucking boot." He raised the boot slowly up to the Indian's face and the man went down on it, leaving a wet trail over it with his tongue. Then he held out his hand for the beer.

The cowboy's cock started to swell with excitement. "I think you and me are going to have us a little fun. Not here though, too many people walking up and down. C'mon, let's walk down this street."

The Indian dutifully followed, trusting the white drunk for his beer, maybe a

bones, and tore a small corner of skin from around the eye. The Indian raised his head, but a bloodied boot sole pressed it firmly down into the ground again.

Another can of beer was tossed beside the Indian, then up onto the boxes again, only to jump down onto his face with the boot heels again. One boot heel stomped into his ear, the other boot heel hit him squarely in the mouth, breaking in one of his lower teeth. Tex could feel the tooth break off clear through his boot, tall as it was, and grabbed his cock in time to keep it from jumping, throbbing and cum'ing. "That's enough 'heeling'! I just wanted to know what it felt like and how I plan to do it next time."

Tex opened a can of beer, took a sip, then poured a little over the Apache's face, giving him the rest of it to rinse his mouth out. Then he opened another can that was on the ground to give to the Apache to sip from.

"Now then, Injun, you've been 'heeled' by a white man. You just hold these boots in your lap and lick 'em clean. You got your beer, now I want something. Go on, lick 'em, lick off those piss stains, that wet blood, sawdust, and that horseshit stuck on the soles. I got a hole in one of my boot soles, and I want to feel that tongue of yours up inside it. Go on now, and I'll open you up another can when that one's dry."

Tex sat there on the crate playing with himself, feeling the Apache's bloodied tongue, licking those boots clean, from toe to heel, stopping now and again for a sip of beer as his tongue went over and under the boots, making them shiny wet in the moonlight. No one had heard anything from the other side of the bar window yet. Tex pulled his levi legs up so the Indian could really give the tall boots a good tongue bath — make 'em clean for the parade tomorrow.

"Now then," he cracked the Indian under the chin with his boot. "I want you to pull off my boot, and chew on my stinkin' boot socks for a while. They smell bad and got holes in 'em, but I want you to suck out all that stinkin' sweat."

The Apache started to shake his head, but another beer was forced on him, and with a boot sole planted firmly in his face, his hands held fast to the heel of the other boot as it slowly slipped free from the cowboy's smelly, sour foot. "Now pull those socks off with your teeth and chew on them for a minute. Swallow that sweat and chew... chew... here's more beer to keep your mouth wet."

The smell of dirty socks and boots lying by the bloodied Indian was not so strong now. "Now open that mouth of yours wide, spit out those socks and start licking my dirty feet clean. Lick those bare feet, suck on my toes and clean off all that dirt and crud in between each of my toes." He reached down and grabbed the Indian's hand, putting two silver dollars in it. And that was it.

The Apache started licking the four-smelling feet and that was about all the cowboy could stand. His cock gave a heave and started throbbing, shooting wad after wad of cum down on the Indian's head and all over his own hands. The greatest sensation Tex had ever had.

Continued on page 82

DRUMMER 87



The Cowboy Boot — in praise or damnation!

little more.

Around the corner from the var was a very dark alley with bushes and many heavy large packing crates strewn about. They went deep into the alley, among the piled up crates into a darkened area, very dim light from a dingy high up bar-room window shone down on the weeded ground. Tex climbed, with only a little difficulty onto two of the packing crates, then pulled a beer out of the six-pack. He pushed his hand down toward the ground. "Down on your belly and crawl for this beer."

The Indian understood and crawled on his stomach toward the wicked-looking boot toe pointed at his face. Tex had the buttons of his levis open and was groping himself. "Now open your mouth, I want to feel the toes of my boots in your mouth."

The Apache shook his head and started to get up.

In a flash Tex had one boot planted firmly on the Indian's head and kicked him savagely in the face with the other boot toe.

The Indian's head flew back on his body and he rolled over on his back in pain. "Perfect! Just the way I want you." He dropped a beer beside the Indian, then raising both levi-booted legs, jumped down heavily onto the Indian's face. Tex's cock gave a jump and a drop of preliminary oozed from the head of it. The small sharp leather boot heels scraped the skin from the high cheek

MEN'S BAR SCENE

GOODBYE TO LARRY'S

Since its inception, LARRY'S has been an institution in Los Angeles, a city without very many of them. A little over five years ago, Larry took over a fluffy-sweater bar and restaurant named Zachary's, ripped out the booths, tables and Melrose-Avenue-elegance, replacing them with stone walls, heavy dark beamed ceilings and such wonderful innovations as an honest-to-god rack that really works. There were heavy iron manacles hanging at the proper height from the walls (with the pins removed since the night Robert Payne went around attaching customers to them), an iron cage above the entrance to the pool room and lighting that gives the effect of a properly run dungeon. The place was well managed, personally supervised by Larry himself, even to a point of having a reputation as a bar where everyone posed, rather than made out. You conducted yourself like a gentleman in LARRY'S or else.

LARRY'S made a monthly occasion of the full moon, packing the place and giving plaques for 'best of breed.' LARRY'S was the place that leather people checked out first when they came to L.A. You could go west a couple of blocks to GRIFF'S, once a favorite hangout of the old-line bike clubs or later drive east on the same Melrose Avenue to the STUD. But LARRY'S had the atmosphere to set the pace for the evening. The place was hot and it prospered. Larry would patrol the parking area and the alley outside the bar later in the evening to make sure his exiting customers behaved themselves. There is certainly nothing about Larry himself to remind you of a mother hen, other than his attitude about his people.

And in Los Angeles you need a protective attitude. The LAPD, whose slogan is 'to protect and serve,' does little of each. Their boys in blue are more into labels and did they ever read

LARRY'S as a threat — what with all those whips and chains and leather.

Across and down the street are straight bars that you take your life in your hands to enter. Drunks stagger in and out, fights start over women and if it gets too wild, they call the cops. One might finally show up if he isn't too busy hasselling LARRY'S.

Larry has had no such situations to worry about. "I can't remember ever having a fight in this place," he says. Drunks? "We throw their asses out." All he had to worry about were the cops his taxes paid for.

And they made a lot of visitations to LARRY'S. Occasionally there was an arrest, one of those "you and you" confrontations that the LAPD is famous for. Afterward the cases were dismissed, usually before going to court. Most gay bar owners are used to that.

However, according to Larry, the LAPD went to the owner of the big self-serve gas station that doubled as a nighttime parking lot for bar customers. They tried to get the owner to sign a paper allowing the cops to tow away the customers' cars. The owner told them where they could go. Then came the time-honored tradition of black and white cars following customers leaving the bar. This writer was stopped one night while pulling out of the lot. The one cop said, "You were weaving."

"How could I be weaving when I hadn't even gotten out to the street to weave?"

"How much have you had to drink?"

"Half of a scotch and tonic." The mention of that combination made him blanche, as it had me when I managed to down less than half of it.

"Can anybody at the bar verify that?"

"Sure, the guy that bought it for me and the bartender that made the mistake. And Larry."

"Who's Larry?"

"The guy who owns LARRY's."

The other cop said, "How convenient," and they walked away, back to their car to return to LARRY'S to bug somebody else.

We asked Larry how many arrests he had had. "Over the five years we have been in business, there have been about sixteen arrests." Larry did much of the bailing out and furnished an attorney where necessary. How many of those arrests actually stuck?

"None. They all got thrown out," says Larry. "The city attorney wouldn't even prosecute them."

Larry has appeared before the L.A. Police Commission to protest the harrassment. It even cooled for awhile. But police chief Ed Davis paid very little attention to the commission. And he was running for governor and needed some arrest numbers. The new chief shows no promise of being any better. It was under his regime that twelve able bodied men were sent to the bar's last raid.

That's when it happened. Six black and white secended upon LARRY'S and the manpower contained therein made its collective entrance. In a city where, if you call the police your chances are good of getting a recording instead due to "lack of manpower," twelve cops came in and arrested two customers.

Larry had had it. He closed his place of business when they exited and hasn't reopened it. Nor does he want to. The hell with it.

Has there been an outcry to the authorities from all the people who liked the place well enough to make it the most popular in town? Remembering the Black Pipe in Los Angeles, which died a slow death after its big raid due to lack of support, we rather doubt it. ▲



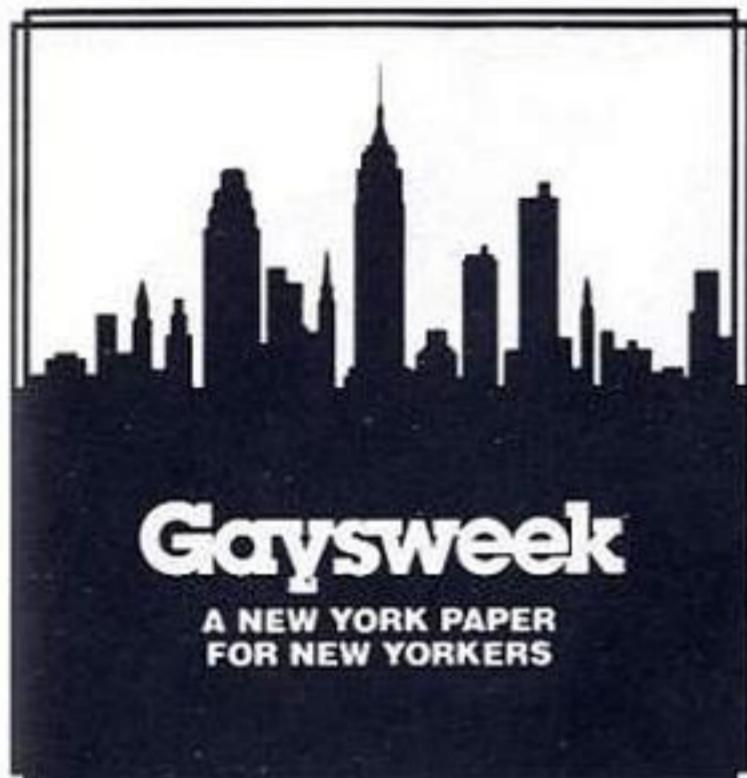
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Manhandler 2692 So. La Cienega

ONE WAY 612 No. Hoover

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527 Club 527 Bryant

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Midnight Sun 506 Castro

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RAMROD 1255 Folsom

The Slot (hotel) 979 Folsom St.

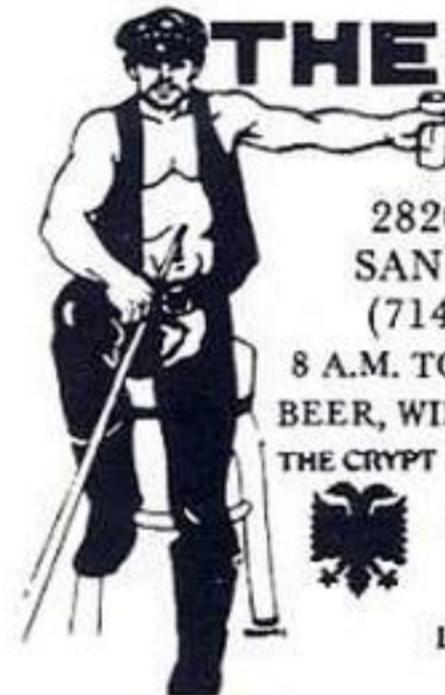
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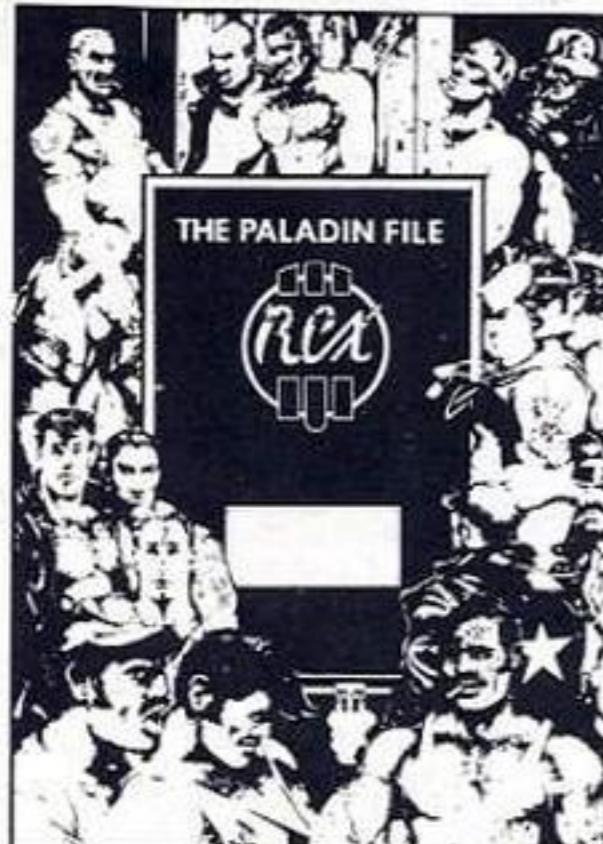
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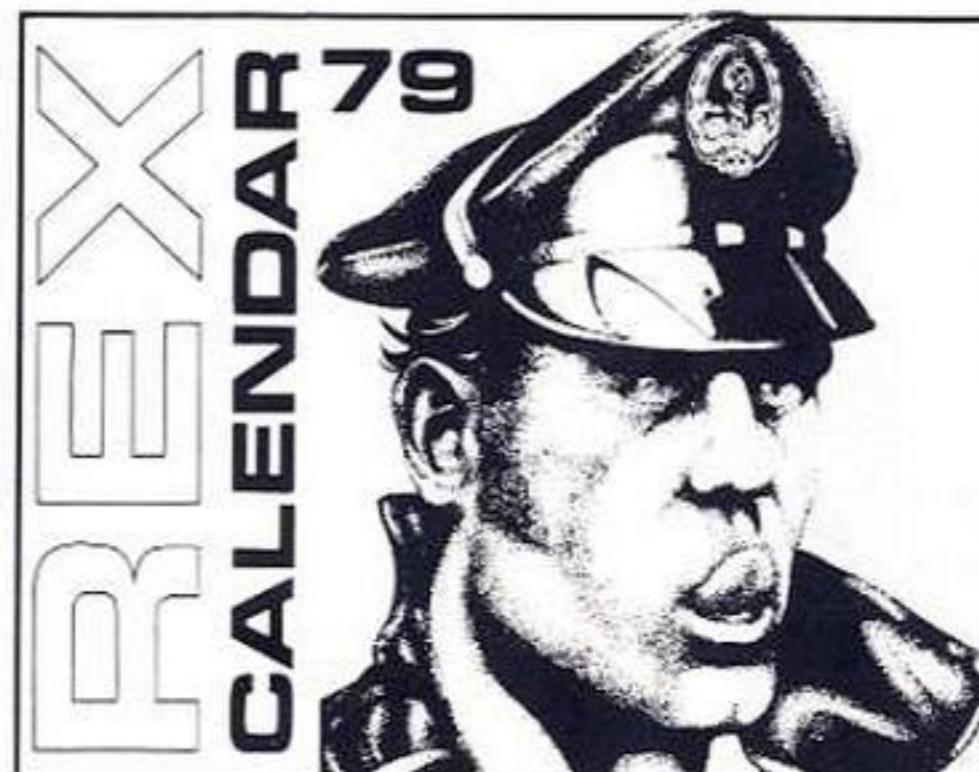
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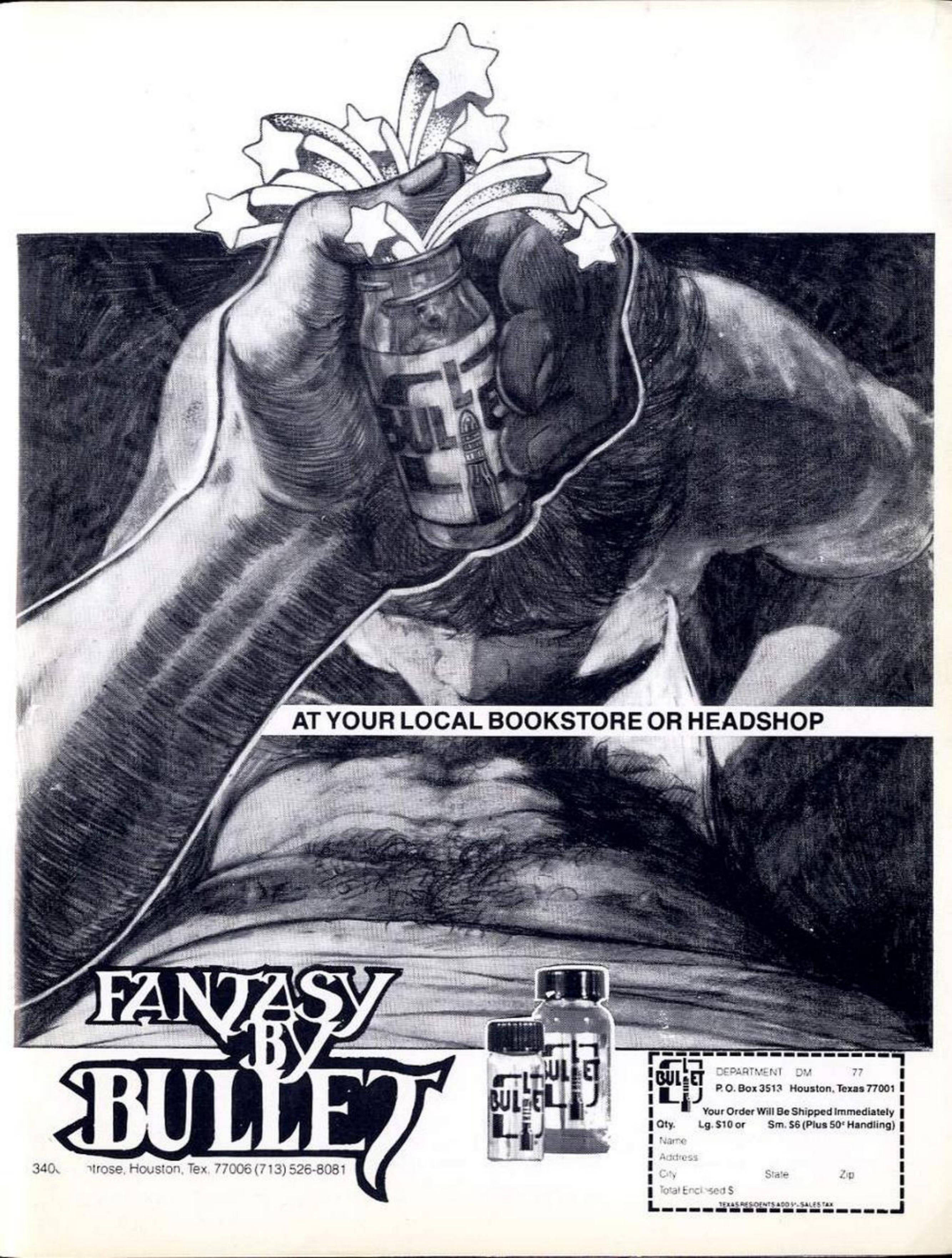
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